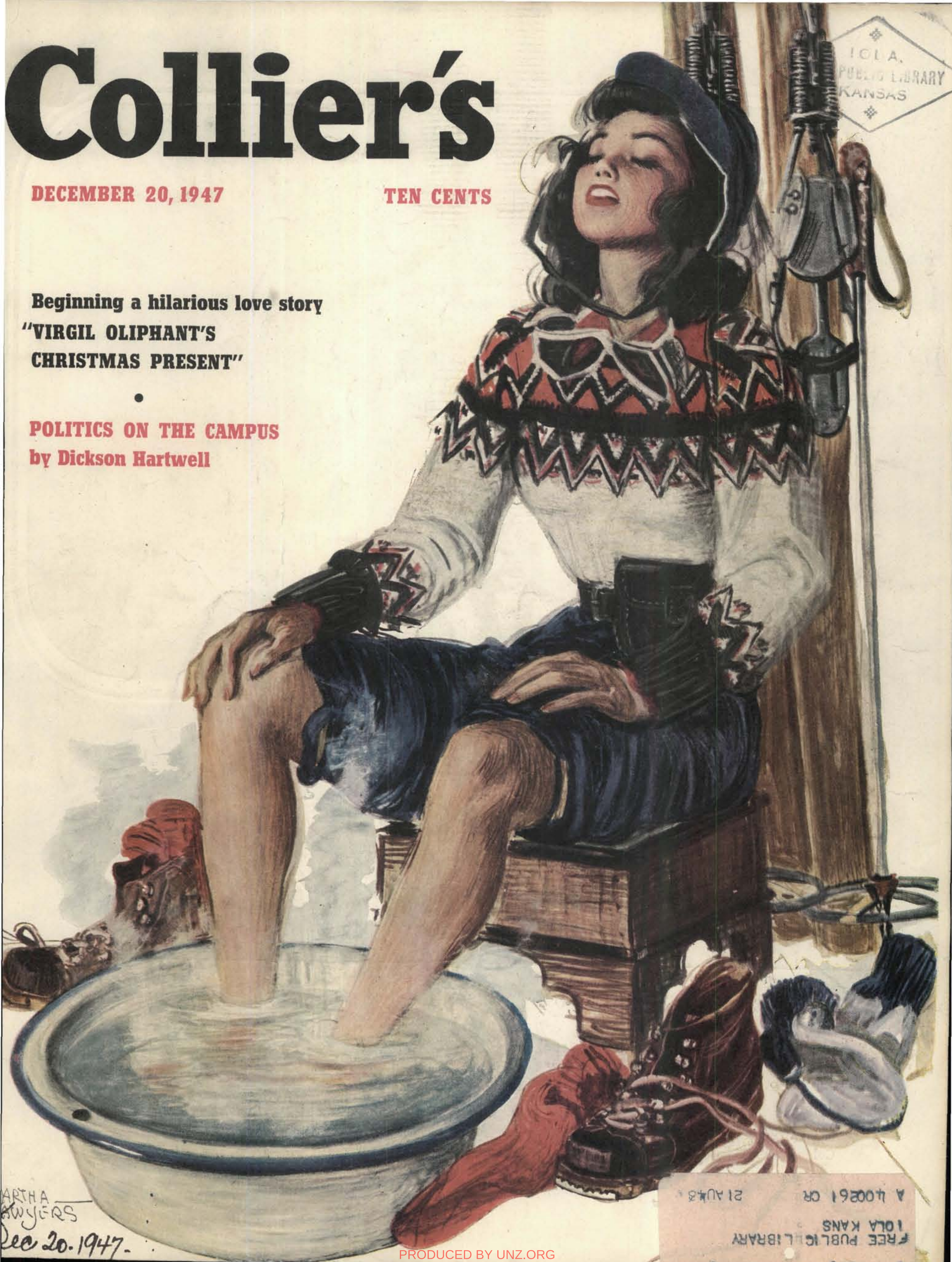
Collier's

DECEMBER 20, 1947 **TEN CENTS**



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Beginning a hilarious love story
"VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT"

●

POLITICS ON THE CAMPUS
by Dickson Hartwell

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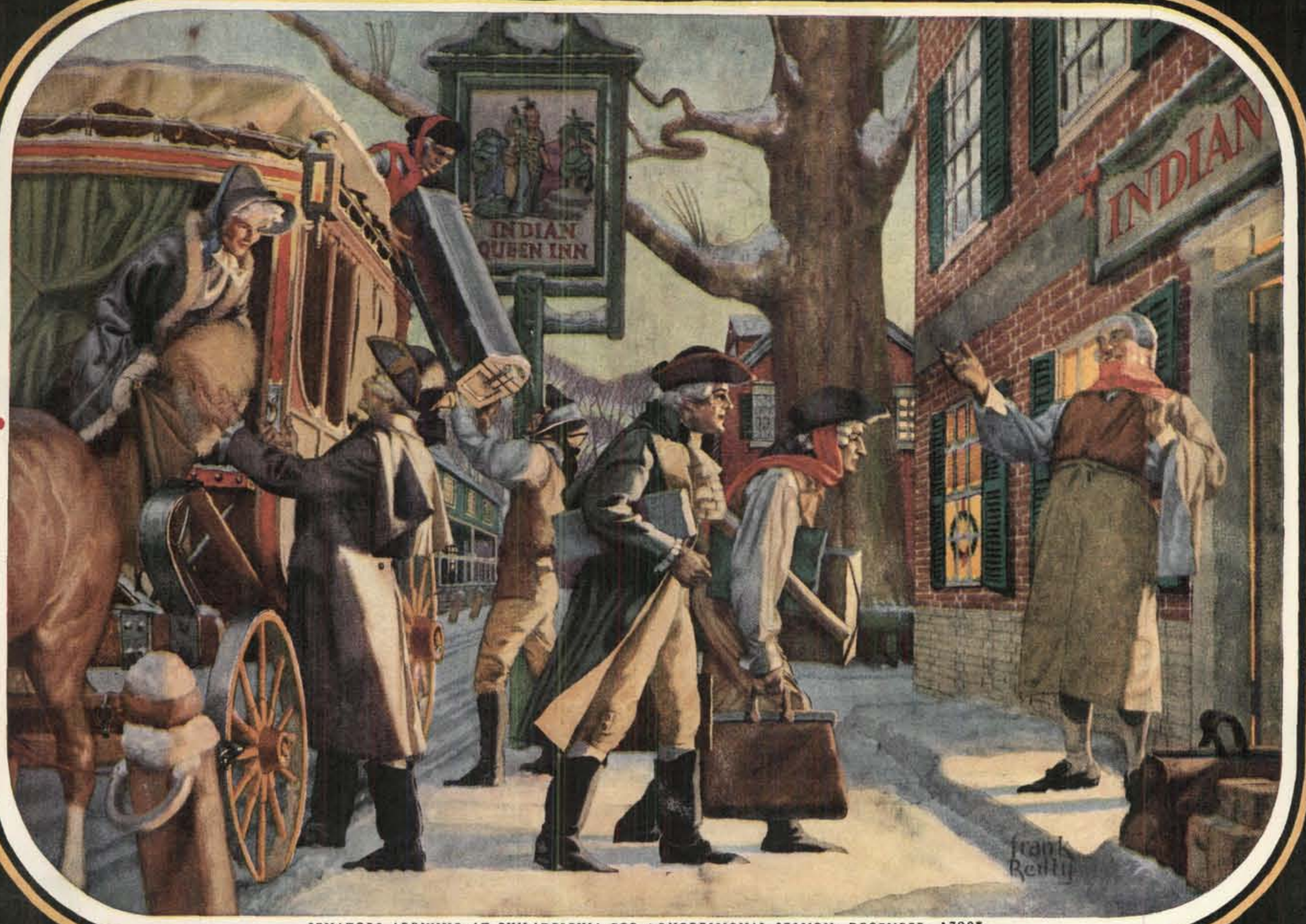
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INDIAN
Frank Reilly

SENATORS ARRIVING AT PHILADELPHIA FOR CONGRESSIONAL SESSION, DECEMBER, 1790*

Philadelphia

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The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"Made the President the compliments of the season . . .*
> *I was asked to partake of the punch and cakes . . ."*
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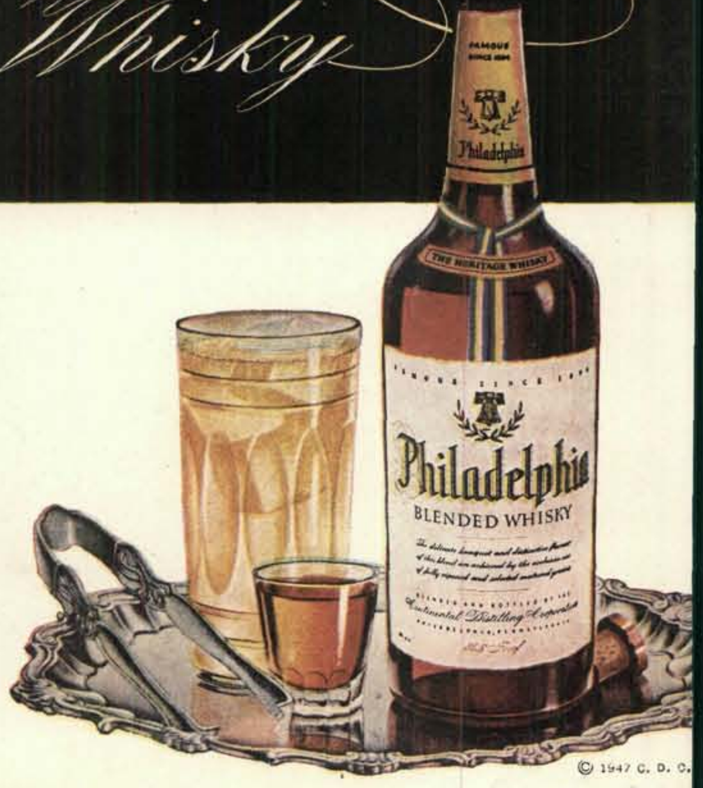
> . . . FROM A CONTEMPORARY SENATOR'S DIARY

Nowhere were the season's festive moments so sumptuously celebrated as in Colonial Philadelphia. A gracious tradition, indeed, that has come down to us today in the agreeable qualities of Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. It is whisky of such exceptional character, such outstanding flavor, it adds distinction to any occasion. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.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THE HERITAGE WHISKY
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*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

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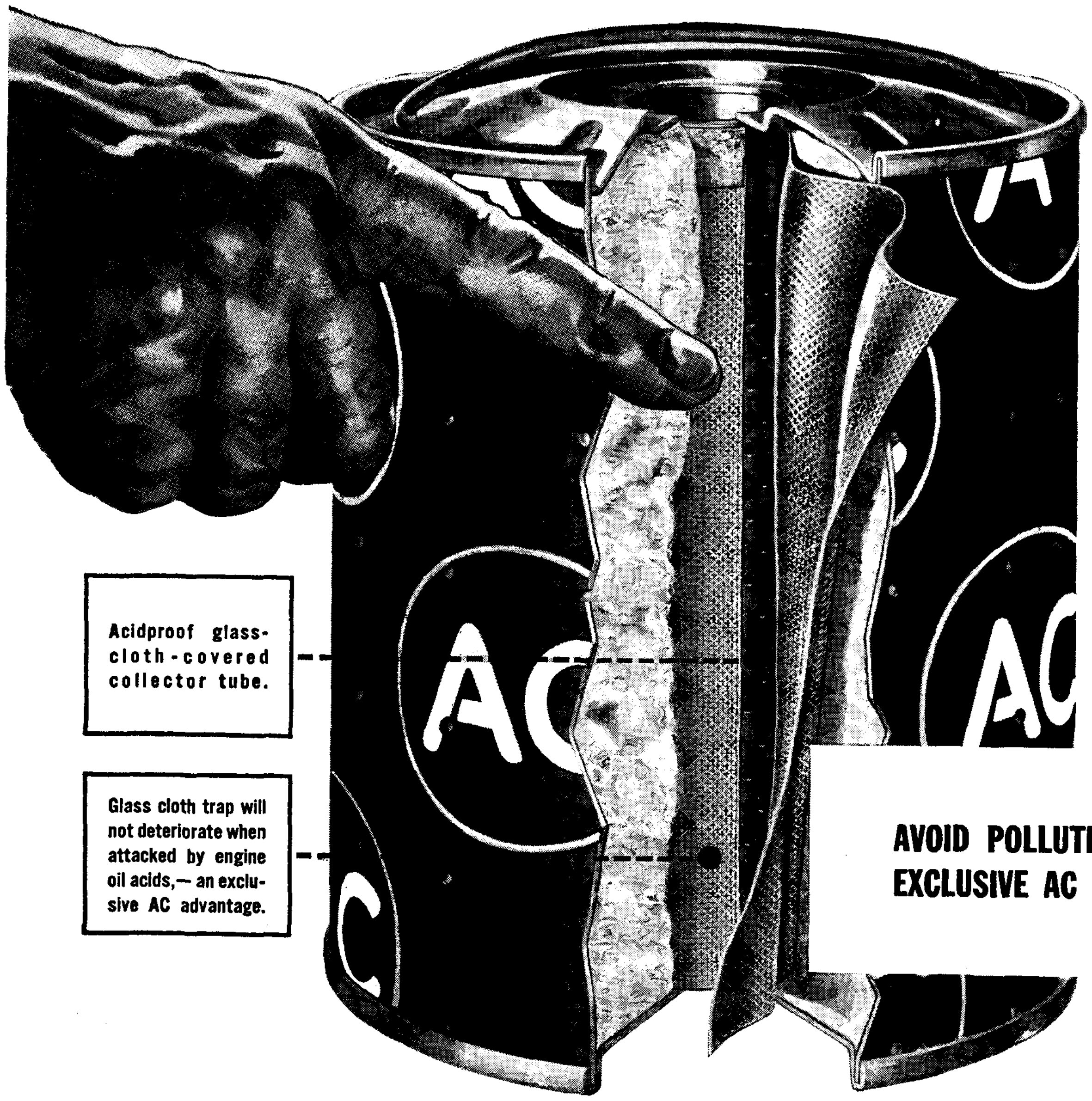
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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"GOOD NEWS"

JUNE ALLYSON • PETER LAWFORD

PATRICIA MARSHALL • JOAN McCRACKEN

RAY McDONALD • MEL TORME

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Based on the Musical Comedy by LAWRENCE SCHWAB, LEW BROWN, FRANK MANDEL, B. G. DeSYLVA, and RAY HENDERSON

Directed by.......CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by...... ARTHUR FREED

If ever a picture was perfectly titled it's "Good News". No matter what the headlines are saying today, there's "Good News" on the screen. M-G-M gives America a youthful, tuneful, joyous shot in the arm in the form of the gayest, fastest-paced film ever brightened by Technicolor's magic. It's good news for 1948!

All of us at one time or another have hummed the song hits which were made popular by one of Broadway's best musical shows. The motion picture version is far better than the original, a really bang-up job. You'll like the way they do "The Best Things in Life Are Free", "Varsity Drag", "My Blue Heaven" and the title song.

The cast couldn't be improved upon. June Allyson gives an acting, singing and dancing performance which makes us remember how she first caught the public eye. Peter Lawford, teaming with her, fulfills his promise as the most personable romantic lead on the screen. With them are a group of lively young Broadway personalities from musical comedy hits who justify their invitation to Hollywood, including Patricia Marshall, a new find; Joan McCracken of "Oklahoma" fame who is, in a word, great. Bing and Frank also had better look to their laurels after seeing and hearing Mel Torme, the newest croonsmith. What with its marvelous songs, wonderful dancing and bevies of pretty girls, you're bound to agree that "Good News" is just that.

The direction by Charles Walters, who is himself no mean stepper, has breakneck pace. Producer Arthur Freed, who will be remembered for "Meet Me In St. Louis", has presented another sure-fire attraction.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green, two Broadway talents responsible for "On The Town" and "Billion Dollar Baby", have handled the script in a way that keeps you feeling young and gay and wanting to live your love all over again.

It is unquestionably the picture of the month and the musical of the year.

COLLIER'S

December 20, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

THIS WEEK

FICTION PAGE

VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS 11
The Serial Story. The first of two parts.

INCIDENT ON THE BRIDGE AT ENNS By PAT FRANK 18
The Russians and the Americans had a problem—a girl, this time.

RELIC OF FORT TEJON By KENNETH PERKINS 22
Boy gets camel. Girl meets camel. Boy loses girl—almost.

BIG DEAL By LOUIS KAMP 26
He was more than willing to bargain for the other man's wife.

EMERGENCY By CHARLES CARVER 75
The Short Short Story.

A DISH OF APPLES By WALTER C. BROWN 80
Only one thing was important to Chris: that someone needed him.

ARTICLES

POLITICS ON THE CAMPUS By DICKSON HARTWELL 14
Never before have college students had a keener grasp of the nation's problems.

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS By LESTER VELIE 16
High-pressure entertaining is a "must" of big-time salesmanship.

EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT By AMY PORTER 20
Jerome Robbins' ballets spark the hit show, High Button Shoes.

OPEN HOUSE IN CANADA By EDWARD P. MORGAN 24
Immigrants from Europe are being received there with open arms.

THE WINNER OF THE COLLIER TROPHY By FREDERICK R. NEELY 28
Introducing the successful contestant—Lewis A. Rodert.

INDIA'S AGONY By WELDON JAMES 56
Ancient feuds of Moslem and Hindu claim millions of victims.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT By ARCH MURRAY and HY TURKIN 82
Scouting plays an important part in modern basketball.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

EDITORIALS: *Real Peace Workers Rewarded* • *Let's Be Nice to De Gaulle* • *Make It Unanimous* • *Keep Punching at T.B.* 98

COVER By *MARTHA SAWYERS*
Ski clothes by Whitestag.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

LOW-DOWN HIGH-UP HARTWELL

EDITOR: In Low-Down on the Slowdown (Nov. 8th) Dickson Hartwell handles the truth very carelessly to say the least. Are we building tradesmen so expendable that we must work at a speed that so completely tires us we cannot enjoy family or social life after a day's work? Is twenty-eight dollars a day too much to pay a mechanic? (I don't know any who are getting that.) Does not Hartwell average much more than twenty-eight dollars a day, the year around? Does he do anything of a constructive or lasting nature to earn his money? Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire.

W. J. REID, Washington, D. C.

. . . Too bad the American public is so "spineless" that they will just read it and say, "How awful! Something should be done," but will pass it off and say let the next guy do it. Soon Americans will have to get a union card to breathe fresh air.

HAROLD S. ROWE, JR., Auburn, Maine

. . . Congratulations to Dickson Hartwell on a magnificent piece of work. It would be a simple solution if Congress would pass a law discontinuing "wages paid by the hour." . . . RAY DAY, Cocoa, Fla.

KIDDIE KARNIVAL

DEAR EDITOR: I share the concern of that fellow in The Week's Mail who complains about the crackle of Cellophane and the crunching of piñon shells in movies.

But for real goings on, take your youngster to a children's matinee on Saturday. Westerns are the order of the day, and whenever guns stop barking and horses galloping (while the characters on the screen talk plot) all dialogue is drowned out by a roar of chitchat in the audience.

The posse springs to the saddle and is off. There's a moment of silence followed by another drone of kids asking, in unison, "Where are they going now, Daddy?" Daddy is in the middle of explaining that he has no idea what's going on because of the foregoing chitchat, when some youngster yells, "Shut up!" This strikes several other people as a good idea, and kids yelling, "Shut up!" are then urged by other kids to shut up, and they in turn are shushed.

Eventually, after much flashlight-shining and threats by ushers, order is restored. Then the 25 kids who got free roller skates for being the first to arrive don their skates and try them out, up and down the aisles. After more flashlight-shining and more threats, things settle down again, and then there is a mass migration to the rear, where the candy stand has just opened up. Hard

(Continued on page 87)

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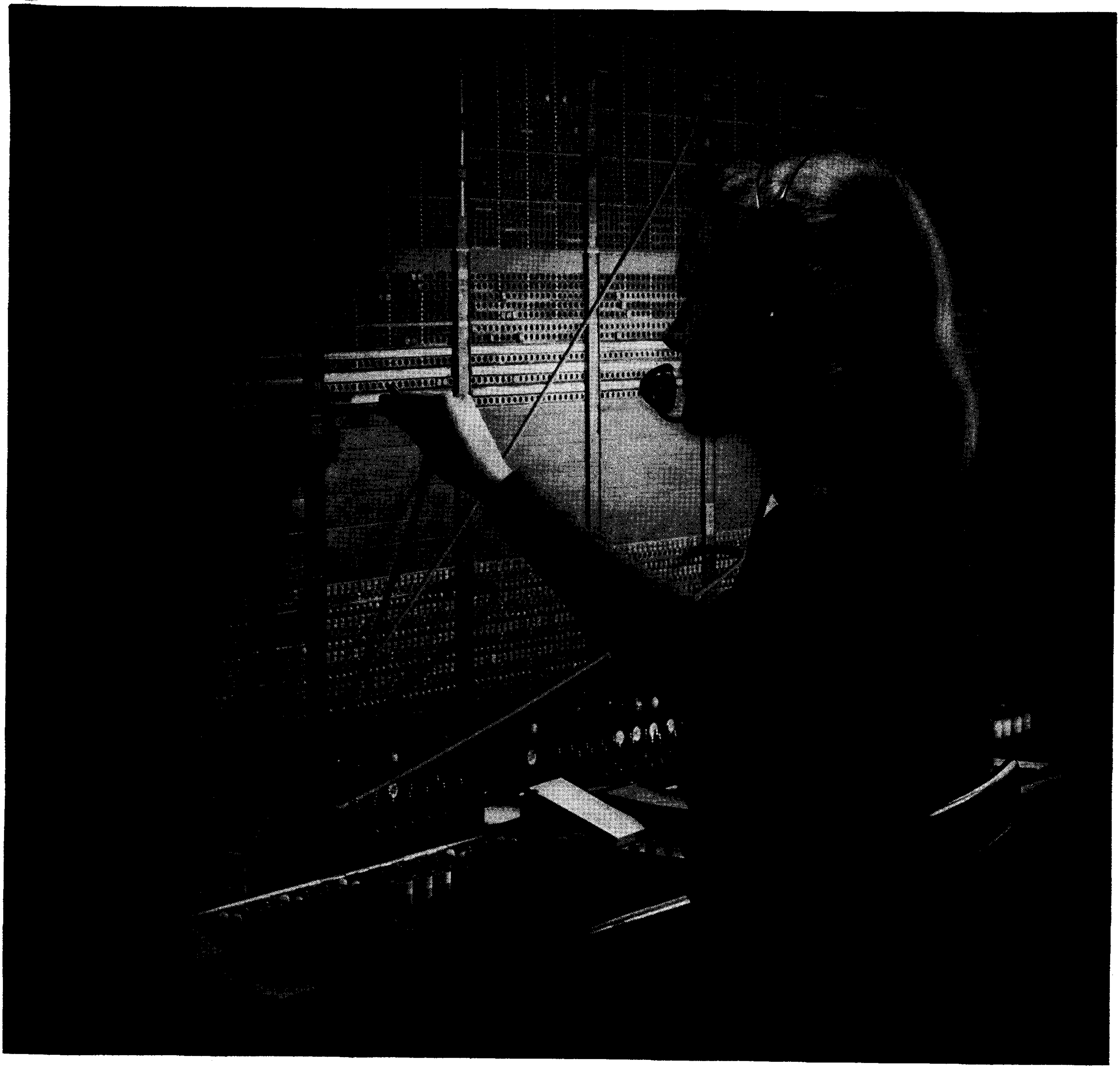

IN THE DARK SILENCE OF THE NIGHT

Bell Telephone service isn't a 9 to 5 service. It is one of the few services in the world that are always available to the public . . . twenty-four hours a day, Sundays and holidays.

In the dark silence of the night there is one light forever burning—one voice that is never stilled.

That light is the light of the Bell Telephone Exchange. That voice is the voice of your telephone. Its very presence brings a feeling of security, whatever the need or the hour.

Service in some countries shuts down with the end of the day. Bell System service keeps on going the whole twenty-four hours of the day and night, Sundays and holidays.

It costs us more that way but we know that is the way you'd like to have it.

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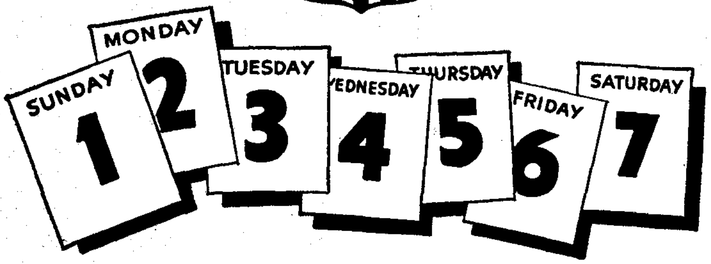
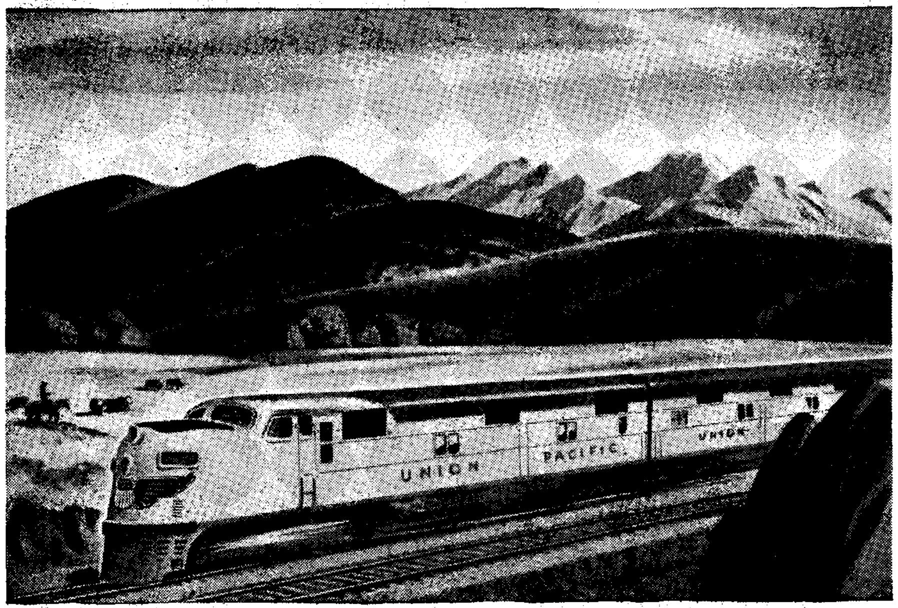


DAILY

Streamliner

SERVICE

to and from the WEST



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These time-saving trains provide the utmost in travel comfort and pleasure. There's a choice of spacious Pullman accommodations and restful, tilt-back coach seats.

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Through cars to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland.

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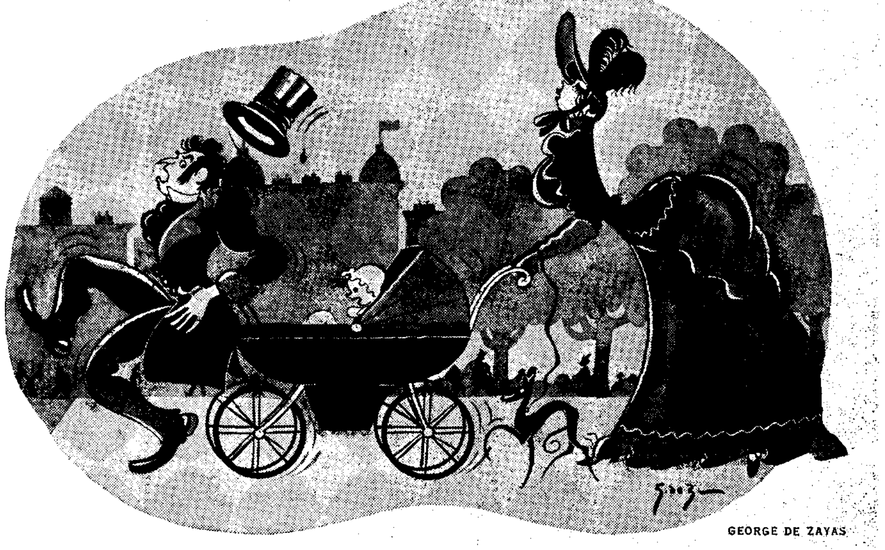

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

When the world's first factory-made baby carriages appeared in New York in 1848, so many people complained of being struck by these new vehicles that the manufacturer, in disgust, moved his plant to England—and made a fortune.

In criminal cases in Ireland, the jurors are known to the press and public by numbers, instead of by their names, as a precaution against bribery and intimidation.

Sometime during his life, every man in Siam is required to spend at least two months in a Buddhist monastery, practicing complete abstention from indulgence in pleasure.

A vaudeville act that mystified Europe in the early 1900s was the Educated Horse whose specialty was solving problems in arithmetic. After "reading" a problem written on a blackboard, the animal would tap out the answer with his forefeet, tapping three times with his left and then twice with his right, for example, when the answer was 32. The horse had been trained to tap each foot until signaled to stop by his master through some movement, such as crooking a finger, that was so imperceptible, the trick was not discovered for years.

During a recent campaign to kill by ridicule the flagrant misuses of the word "engineer" in this country, lists compiled showed that it was being employed as a title by persons engaged in nearly 2,600 kinds of work, most of which had little or nothing to do with engineering. Among the many absurd titles were Pajama Engineer (manufacturer), Exterminating Engineer (rat catcher) and Appearance Engineer (beauty parlor operator).

FM radio waves, unlike those of AM, can be received in some parts of a room and not in others on a set with a built-in antenna. To avoid cases of poor reception, a special portable receiver is now used, before a new FM set is installed, to determine whether there is a satisfactory location in the room or if an outside antenna is necessary.

One of America's smoothest card sharps was William T. Frad who, aboard Atlantic liners between 1929 and 1941, specialized in "taking" millionaires, knowing they would not report their losses and reveal their gullibility. On the first day out, he would get acquainted with the sucker selected and pose as some well-known man of immense wealth whose friendship might be highly beneficial. Frad would then shun the sucker for a couple of days while three confederates worked on him, eventually suggesting a game of cards in which they "hoped" to be joined by the great and exclusive gentleman. Eager to know him better, the sucker would seize the opportunity. On about 50 voyages made before he was convicted and imprisoned, Frad swindled his victims out of more than $1,500,000.

The outstanding hoax of the 18th century was that played on Dr. Johann Beringer, professor of natural philosophy at the University of Würzburg, Germany. As he had the obsession that fossils were "capricious fabrications of God," his students made and planted, in a near-by hill, hundreds of grotesque clay tablets, including one signed by Jehovah. Upon finding them, the doctor was so convinced they proved his theory that he wrote and published a book on the subject, despite the confession of his class which he believed was an attempt to rob him of his glory. Shortly after the book was out, he discovered stones bearing his own name and, realizing the truth at last, spent the rest of his life and fortune trying to buy back the existent copies.

Several centuries ago in Russia, many artists, when painting icons of sacred personages, employed a strange method in order to give complete individuality to each figure. They would first paint the skeleton, then add the body organs, then the skin and, lastly, the clothes.

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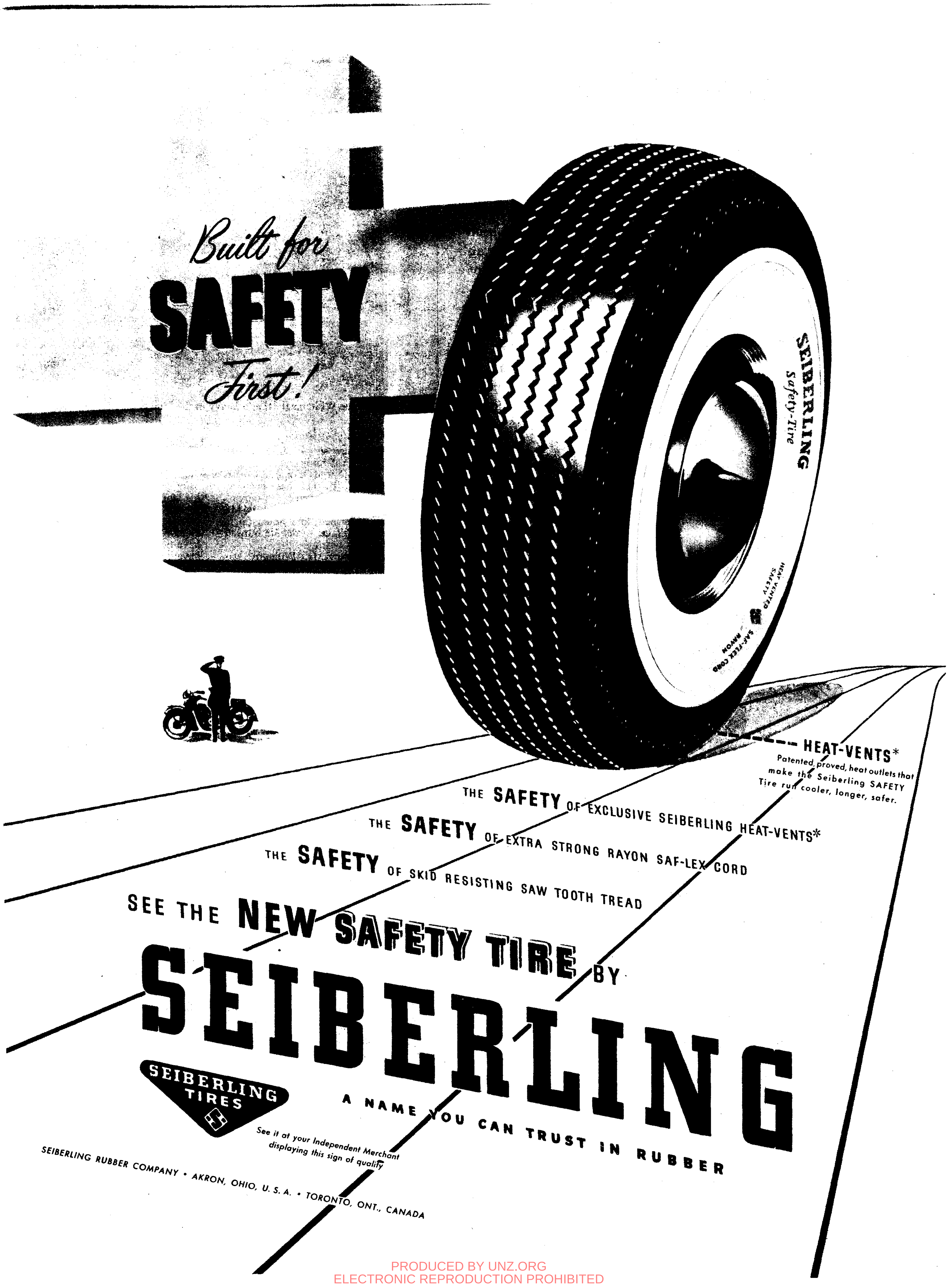
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THE WEEK'S WORK

Lawrence Williams (left) as a heavy in the film, Nancy Drew, Reporter

THE new serial: Since last we wrote of him, Lawrence Williams (Virgil Oliphant's Christmas Present, p. 11) has been to Hollywood and played in 35 movies, mostly leering heavies. Recently Mr. Williams reformed, and holed up in Greenwich Village, to devote himself entirely to his writing.

Last summer Mr. Williams was lunching with our Mr. Kenneth Littauer, listening to Mr. Littauer tell of hearing himself for the first time on a home recording device. It was at a party, and instead of coming out high-squeaked and nasally impeded, Mr. Littauer confessed his utter amazement at hearing a soft, deep, resonant voice out of a lullaby (no surprise to those of us who know that behind the benevolent Bela Lugosi exterior of Littauer lurks the soul of the gentle Dante).

This in turn set Mr. Williams wondering whether anybody really knows what he sounds or seems like to others. "I know that the first time I saw myself on the screen," he says, "by way of proving my hypothesis, I threw up. I suppose everybody in the world has himself wrong, I thought, listening to Littauer.

"Supposing, for instance, there is this kind of beat-up guy, see, who has worked for years at a little job, getting kicked around, see. But supposing he is not really . . . After placing a kiss on Mr. Littauer's brow for his cosmic mind, I hurried home and got working on little Virgil Oliphant. I forgot to say Ken had also said something about needing a Christmas story, which made it easier. Any resemblance between Littauer and Oliphant is purely coincidental."

POE wrote for liquids and Byron for love, but Kenneth Perkins (Relic of Fort Tejon, p. 22) broke into the writing game at fourteen with a piece about San Francisco's streets and the pioneers for whom they were named. For this he received a book of tickets on the Sutter Street cable cars.

At the time, young Perkins was living with his granddad, a big barkentine and schooner man at the time, and also a colleague of said pioneers. "Every port, ship and cargo was, and still is, a story to me," says Perkins. "Later I went to sea myself to nose out more material."

Born and partially educated in the Madras Presidency in India, Perkins taught equitation (hossback riding to you!) in the artillery in the war. So using animals as main protagonists in his stories, as he does in Fort Tejon, is simple for him. "Elephants, pals of my India days," he says, "make almost human characters. Horses have been heroes many times, and so have dogs. This is the first time I have used a crochety, gurgling, grotesque and drooling camel as the leading character."

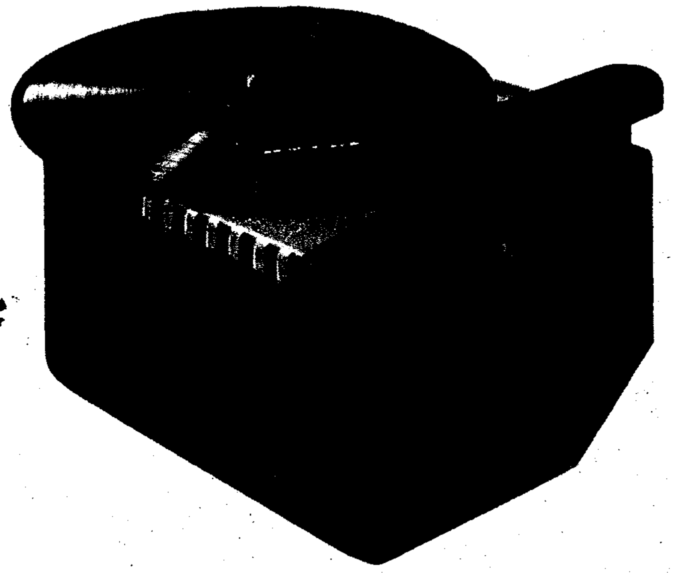
SPORTS writers on New York papers are notoriously out-of-towners, but Arch Murray and Hy Turkin (Settled Out of Court, p. 82) were both born on lower Manhattan. Hy's with the Daily News and Arch is with the New York Post.

Hy's collegiate sentence was served at Cooper Union, where he got his B.S. and E.E.; while Arch is all-Princeton, where, when he tried to get a job on the university's daily paper, he was told, "You don't know how to write well enough." These backgrounds qualified them as sports writers.

Unlike most sports writers, whose exercise is confined to horizontal bars, Hy won his intramural basketball numerals at school, while Arch, weighing almost 117 pounds, reported for opening football practice at Princeton. "This caused the new coach in '32, Fritz Crisler, to moan, 'If that's the kind of material I'll get, I'd better grab the next train back to Minneapolis!' " says Arch modestly.

Of the Hy-Arch team, only Hy, thirty-two, is married. Hy has a child. Arch, thirty-seven, has a book, Going Back—all about Princeton's undefeated football team of '33. Arch published it himself, sold out every one of the 2,000 copies.

This week's cover: Young Lady in Hot Water. Artist Gilbert Bundy's wife, Grace, posed her shapely tootsies, and Martha Sawyers, who comes from nonskiing territory and doesn't ski, drew her. "I illustrated a murder story once," says Martha, "but I didn't have to commit murder to get it authentic." Martha painted the scene on the hottest days of August, confesses the water in the tub was cold, and a huge fan blew through Mrs. Bundy's woollies to help keep that happy expression on her face. The steam is strictly ersatz . . . TED SHANE



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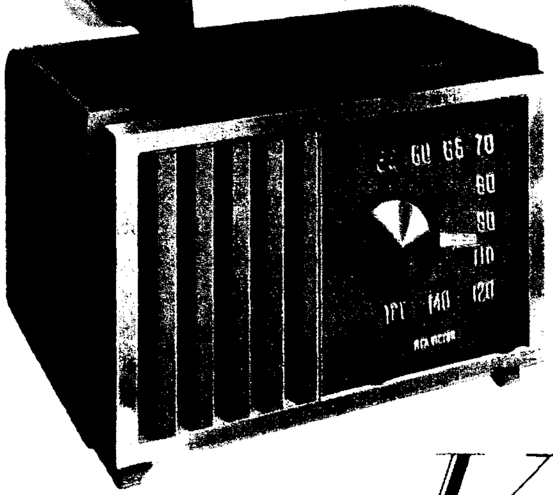
Twice-welcome gift

This handsome table model 68R3 tunes in *both standard and FM radio* with the richness of the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. The smoothly simple classic-modern cabinet is finished in finest, selected walnut veneers. There are built-in antennas for both FM and AM, automatic volume and 3-point tone control, even a place to plug in a record player! It's up to the minute in styling and performance!



Gay as a holly berry

This tiny table set points to many bright listening hours. It's the 75X11, only 10 inches long with top and enclosed back of smooth walnut-plastic. The novel, clear-plastic dial-face and pointer glow when the set is on, make station selection easy. Big 5-inch speaker brings you standard radio programs with the clear, true tone of the famous "Golden Throat." See also the 75X12 in dainty, ivory-finish plastic.

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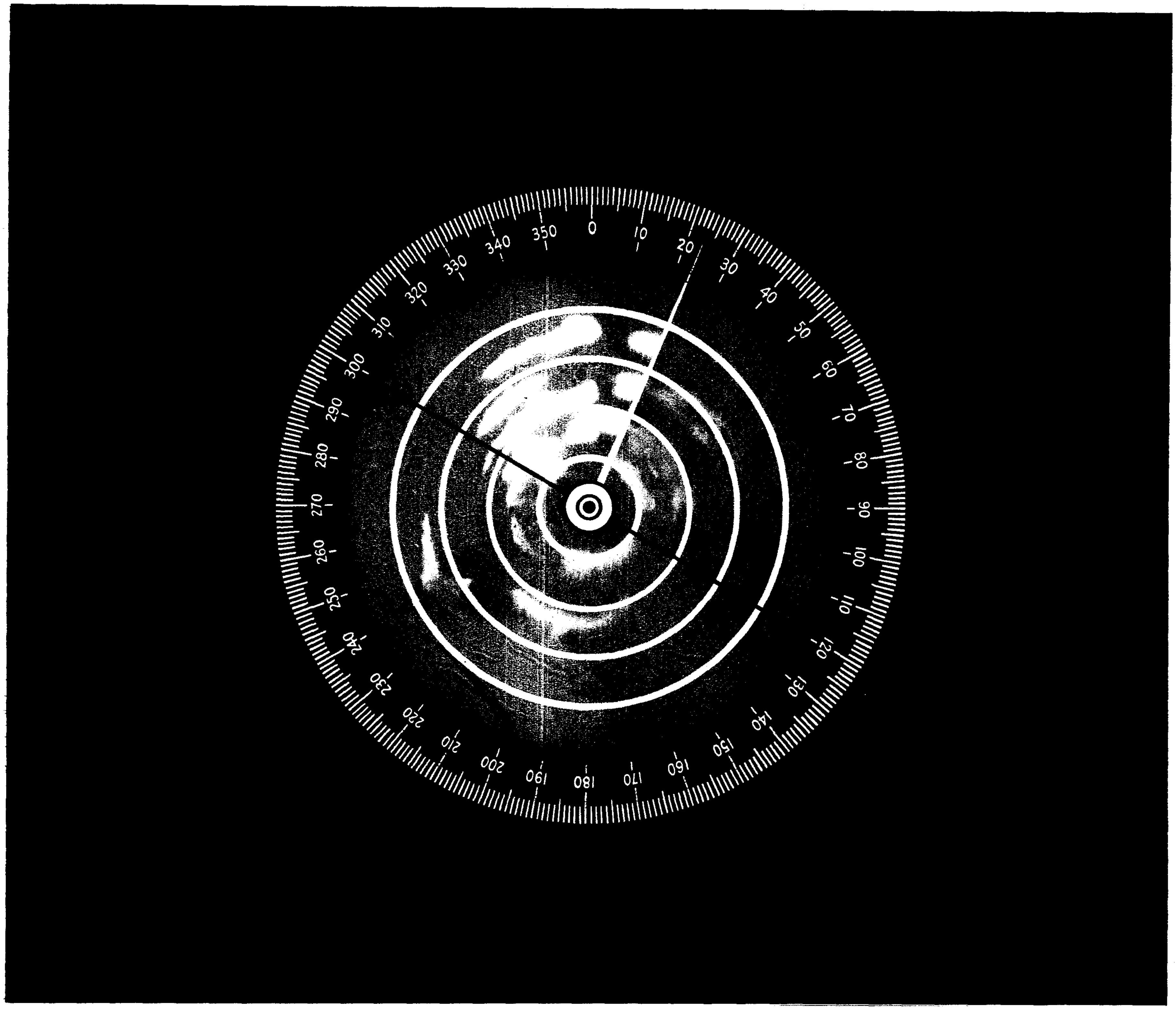
RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Why my wife is glad I understand this —

THIS is the Plan Position Indicator of a surface search radar. Known—in the seafaring jargon—as a "scope."

When I was captain of a mine sweeper during the war I learned what a lot of vital information an expert radarman can get from studying his scope. Information a tyro would have right before his eyes but be unable to read.

Even in fog or darkness, the expert can tell the captain where islands lie. And reduce the danger of going aground.

He can cut down the chance of collision by discovering other vessels in the area and quickly working out their courses and speeds.

He can enable the captain to conn his ship into port easily and safely under conditions which would formerly have kept it at sea.

When I returned to my old civilian job of captaining a family, I carried back my appreciation for the value of an expert. And I have one I ask for advice and help on many of the problems every man faces in trying to provide for his family and the future.

My expert is my Travelers agent—a really able insurance man who's put his life into studying problems like mine. He's got plenty of experience, interest, and knowledge.

I remember when I got married how carefully he advised me on the exact type and amount of insurance I should carry. And ever since, he's been dropping in with suggestions for keeping my coverage up to date. My wife and kids are well protected—in case anything happens to me.

My wife is glad I understand the value of my insurance expert. She says it makes her feel a lot better to have me take the advice of somebody so able and sincere. And I can tell you, it makes me feel better, too.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

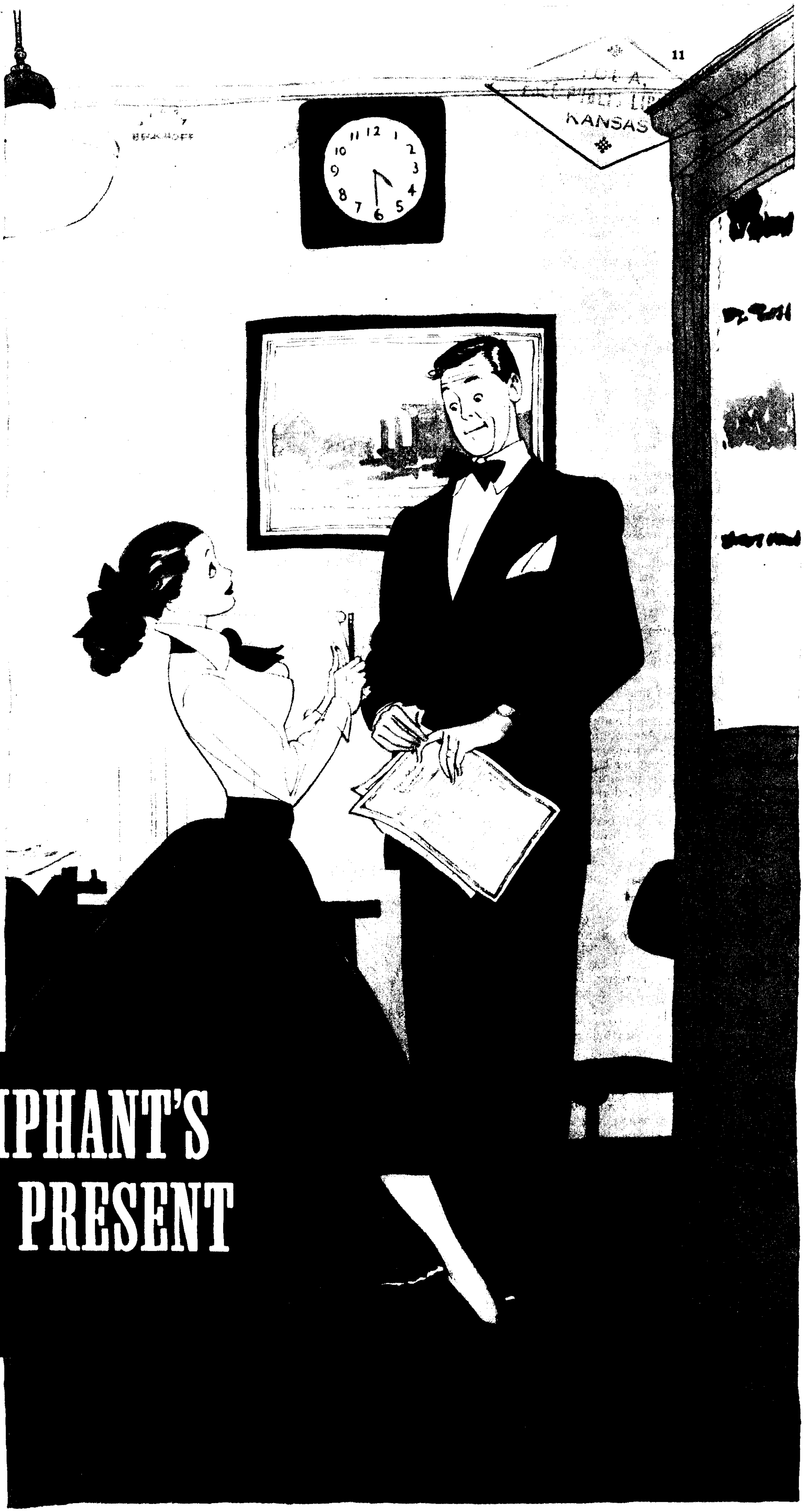
VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Presenting the poignant and pensive romance of Virgil Oliphant—a shy young man who, as any enterprising girl could see at a glance, needed to be shown his own strength. This is the first of two parts

NOW that he had reached the age of thirty-three years, Virgil Oliphant had been forced privately to admit that there was about the Christmas season something vaguely oppressive to him.

It was difficult for Virgil to explain exactly why this should be so. It seemed to him that he had enjoyed Christmas as a child—and he hadn't *wanted* to change. It had simply happened to him. Certainly he wanted to feel as festive as anyone else, but he was a shy young man who had grown shyer with the solitary years, and the heightened camaraderie and breaking down of social restraints brought on by Christmas frightened him, invaded his private world, and made him feel even more inadequate than he felt during other seasons of the year.

Every year for eleven years in the offices of the Alumni Life Insurance Company, where he worked with much pleasure, Virgil had said, "Merry Christmas!" as heartily as he could to anyone who would say it to him first, but for some reason, the phrase had a bleak and hollow sound as it issued from his lips. And every year at Christmastime, in the late-afternoon gatherings around the water cooler, Virgil had dutifully drunk raw whisky out of paper cups with the other men in the Statistical Department, listening to them tell about the



Virgil's breathing refused to function normally when he encountered Miss Brinker. "Hello," she said, "I've got to hurry" presents they had bought for their wives and about the parties they planned to attend, and laughing as hard as he could manage at the jokes. But Virgil had found on each successive year that he could not truthfully tell himself that he was having a good time on these occasions. They made him uncomfortable and unhappy because he knew inside himself that he was not really a piece of them. And the whisky upset his stomach so that he had to take some bicarbonate of soda when he got home.

It was too bad, and Virgil knew that Miss Brinker, the lovely new secretary in the Statistical Department whom Virgil dared to look at only when Miss Brinker was looking elsewhere, would not approve of such an attitude—that is, if she bothered to think about it one way or the other, which seemed unlikely.

It was too bad, and Virgil felt very sorry about it; but now, a week before Christmas, as he walked slowly down the snowbanked avenue during his lunch hour, staring listlessly into the gaudy, brilliant shop windows, he wished that Christmas were over. Then he frightened himself a little by wishing there weren't any such thing as Christmas. And then Virgil looked into a particularly brilliant shop window and saw the recording machine.

The machine was very beautiful, and Virgil stopped in front of the window to look at it. He could see easily over the heads of the crowd because of his excessive height, which he generally regarded as a deformity and had spent his adult life trying to conceal by drawing his neck down as far as it would go between his shoulders; but it did come in handy at parades and other public gatherings. The entire show window was devoted to the recording machine and to its mysterious appurtenances. The machine itself was encased in a handsome cabinet of some sort of light wood and, if the top had not been raised to show the mechanism inside, it would have looked exactly like a sideboard. It had been highly polished, glistening in the colored lights which played upon it, and around the whole thing was tied a huge red ribbon with a neat bow, from which were suspended bunches of artificial holly berries and a placard, reading "Merry Christmas to YOU! Every day is Christmas if you have the magnificent new Ribbon Recorder in YOUR life!"

VIRGIL was so appalled at the idea of every day being Christmas for whatever reason that he turned away and had almost passed the shop altogether when he saw a clerk inside smiling at him over the heads of the crowd and beckoning with his hand. Because he was polite and made it a practice to smile at anyone who would smile at him, Virgil smiled back at the clerk and was astonished to see the young man inside the store burst into a frenzy of smiling, walk to the door, open it and call to Virgil, "Hello, there! Nice to see you! Come inside for a minute and warm up. I want to show you something."

"Hello," said Virgil, uncertainly. He was sure he had never seen the clerk before, but the young man seemed so very friendly that he thought he must somehow be mistaken. "Thanks," he said, "but I'd better be getting back. I'm late."

But the young man, who had a neat little blond mustache, a pin-stripe suit and a tie with a very big knot in it, seemed only to be spurred to greater effort by Virgil's show of reluctance, as though getting Virgil into the store were some sort of challenge to him. "Oh, come on, it's early. There's lots of time," he went on, smiling mightily. "It's Christmas, isn't it? Right?"

The people in the crowd had begun to pay halfhearted attention to this interchange, and, because Virgil would have preferred anything at all to becoming the object of a crowd's attention, he hurriedly accompanied the clerk into the store.

The shop was warm and filled with festooned tinsel and recording machines. "You won't be sorry you came in," said the clerk, who still held Virgil firmly by the elbow of his coat. "Now let me show it to you."

"How do you mean?" said Virgil.

The clerk looked up at Virgil as though Virgil had made a particularly splendid joke, laughing and smoothing his little mustache to show he appreciated it. Then he led him over to one of the biggest and shiniest machines and, before Virgil had a chance to stop him, began to talk very rapidly, exposing cleverly concealed inner compartments, pushing buttons and turning on lights as he talked.

"It's impossible to overestimate the advantages of ribbon recording over the old-fashioned platter-pressing method," he said, with great earnestness. "No irritating needle scratch, no bulky storage problem. Thirty minutes of your favorite entertainment can be recorded and stored on this little spool no bigger than the average salad plate. Record your favorite programs directly off the air—entire symphonies, comedy programs, great moments in history! Record your own voice at home. It's a barrel of fun at parties! This revolutionary little ribbon that looks as harmless as ticker tape. . . ." The clerk's eyes glowed ecstatically as he continued to talk about the machine, using words like "filtrovoxic amplification" and "manidex selectone," which made Virgil dizzy.

FINALLY he stopped and, abandoning for the moment the mistreatment of dead languages, said, "Well, what do you say? How about making a quick recording?"

Virgil had begun to look hunted. "You see, you don't understand," he said patiently. "Through the window I thought I knew you or—"

"Well, you *do* know me now, don't you?" said the clerk happily. "My name's Messkill, Harry Messkill. It's a real pleasure, Mr.—ah—?"

"Oliphant," said Virgil. "But—"

"Oliphant like in elephant?" the clerk said, bursting with pleasure at the quickness of his mind.

Virgil, who had lived for thirty-three years with this witticism, smiled dully. "But, you see, I couldn't possibly use a recording machine. I only have a one-room place—"

"What home," asked the clerk, raising his shoulders, "can't use a beautiful piece of furniture?"

"—And, anyway," Virgil continued, "I couldn't afford it, even if I—"

"*Anyone* can afford it," the clerk interrupted severely. "Easy credit terms are cheerfully arranged."

"But I don't—"

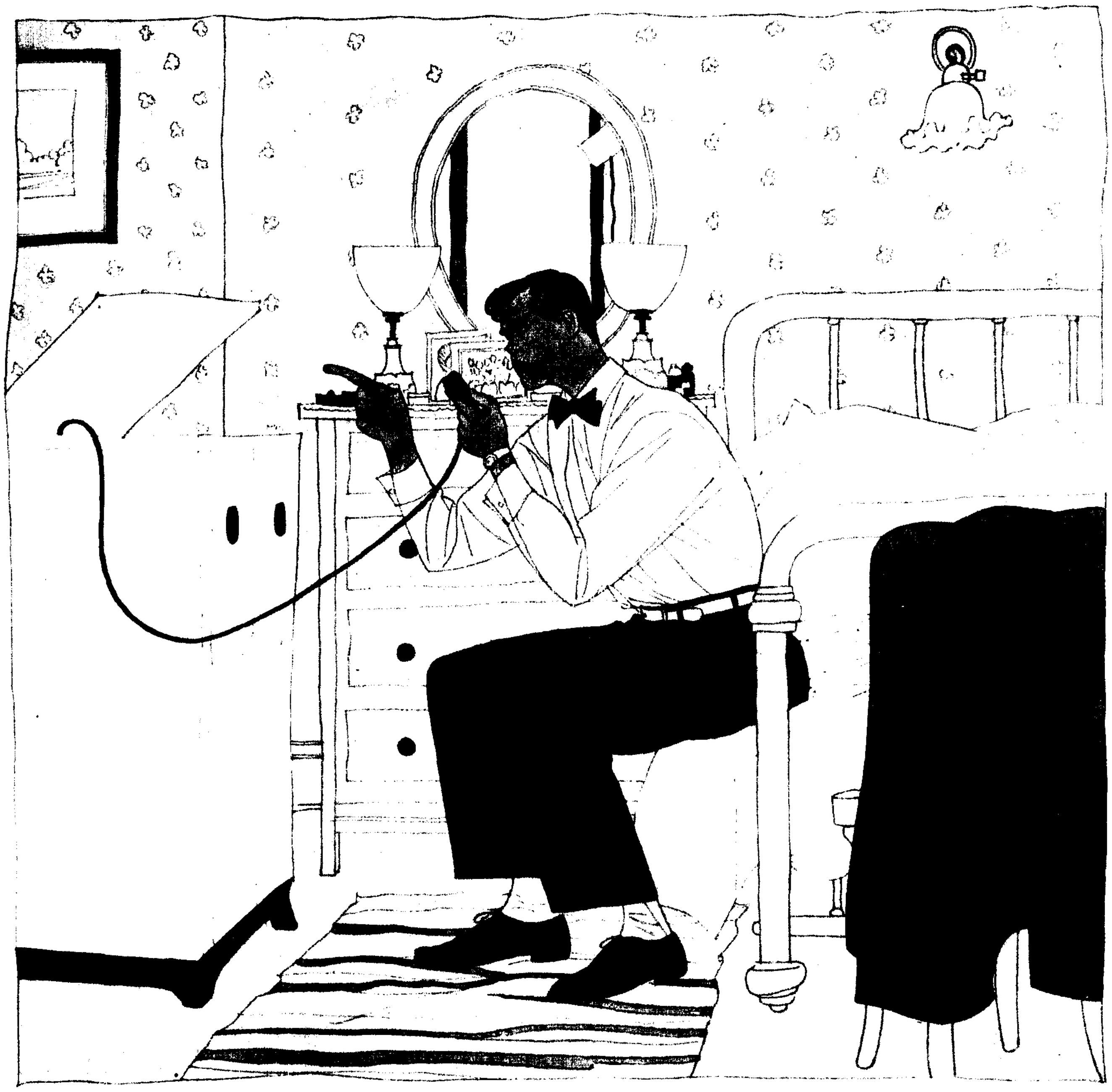
"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said the clerk, in the voice of one who is about to settle everything. "You make one voice recording—just one little one—and then if you don't agree with me that the ribbon recorder is the greatest invention since electricity, I'll apologize for taking up your time and let you go on your way in peace."

"You will?" said Virgil.

"But I know I won't have to," said the clerk, and he took Virgil's sleeve again and led him hurriedly to a little glass-enclosed booth at the back of the store where there was set up another machine, this one with a microphone plugged into it. Virgil ducked his head as he was propelled into the booth. "Now, I push the magic button," said the clerk, doing so; "the magic ribbon begins to turn on the magic reel, and—you're recording!"

"Wait!" shouted Virgil, thoroughly alarmed by now. "What shall I say?"

Virgil frowned and went on: "I am an old customer, Al. I should think that would entitle me to some consideration . . ."



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

"Anything," said the clerk, and he went out, closing the door.

Virgil stood and stared glassy-eyed at the microphone as at a coiled adder. After a while he cleared his throat carefully, and said, "Hello?"

Nothing remarkable happened; the little glass room was as still as a tomb; the little white ribbon unwound on its spool as inexorably as the hands on a clock. Virgil felt the perspiration break out on his brow. He gripped his hands together until the knuckles were white, to keep them from trembling. At last he cleared his throat again. "Fourscore and seven years ago," he said, "our fathers brought forth on this continent. . . ." And he said the speech straight through to the end, not because he had intended to say even half so much, but because he couldn't stop. Then he almost ran to the door, flung it open, and clutched the clerk by the arm. "Stop it!" he said. "Please!"

SMILING indulgently, the clerk went to the machine and pressed the magic button. "A little mike fright, eh?" he said. "You'll get over that. Now, I reverse the spool, and—listen!" He pressed another button and the ribbon began to rewind.

There was at first utter and complete silence, and Virgil was beginning to think that perhaps the machine was broken, when there was an ominous grating sound and a completely unrecognizable voice said, "Hello?" Virgil started and looked about him furtively as though some unbidden presence had just entered the room and was addressing him privately. Then, "Fourscore and seven years ago," boomed the machine, and Virgil's jaw swung open; his eyes began to pop; his body stiffened convulsively. He stood rigid until the speech was ended.

Then he closed his mouth gradually and stared at the machine. "That wasn't— I mean, are you sure that was *me?* There must be something—"

"Of course it was you," said the clerk. "It sounded just like you to me. That's what you said into the mike, isn't it? Why do you suppose it is that the Gettysburg Address is the only thing people—"

"I wonder," Virgil interrupted, a new urgency in his voice, "I wonder if—if we could play it again."

Smiling still, the clerk pushed the button again, and as a man might, in delicacy, leave a scene of intimate reunion, he tiptoed out of the booth and took up his post outside the door.

Virgil sat down as he listened to the second playing, and there remained on his face an expression of bewildered and exquisite enchantment.

It was not, directly at least, the awesome works of science which caused Virgil Oliphant to behave like a man in a trance as he listened to his voice, speaking someone else's words. Nor was it merely narcissism. For it seemed to Virgil that he was listening to someone else altogether, a man, a stranger, whom he didn't know at all. A man who was no more like Virgil—at least as Virgil thought of himself—than black is like white.

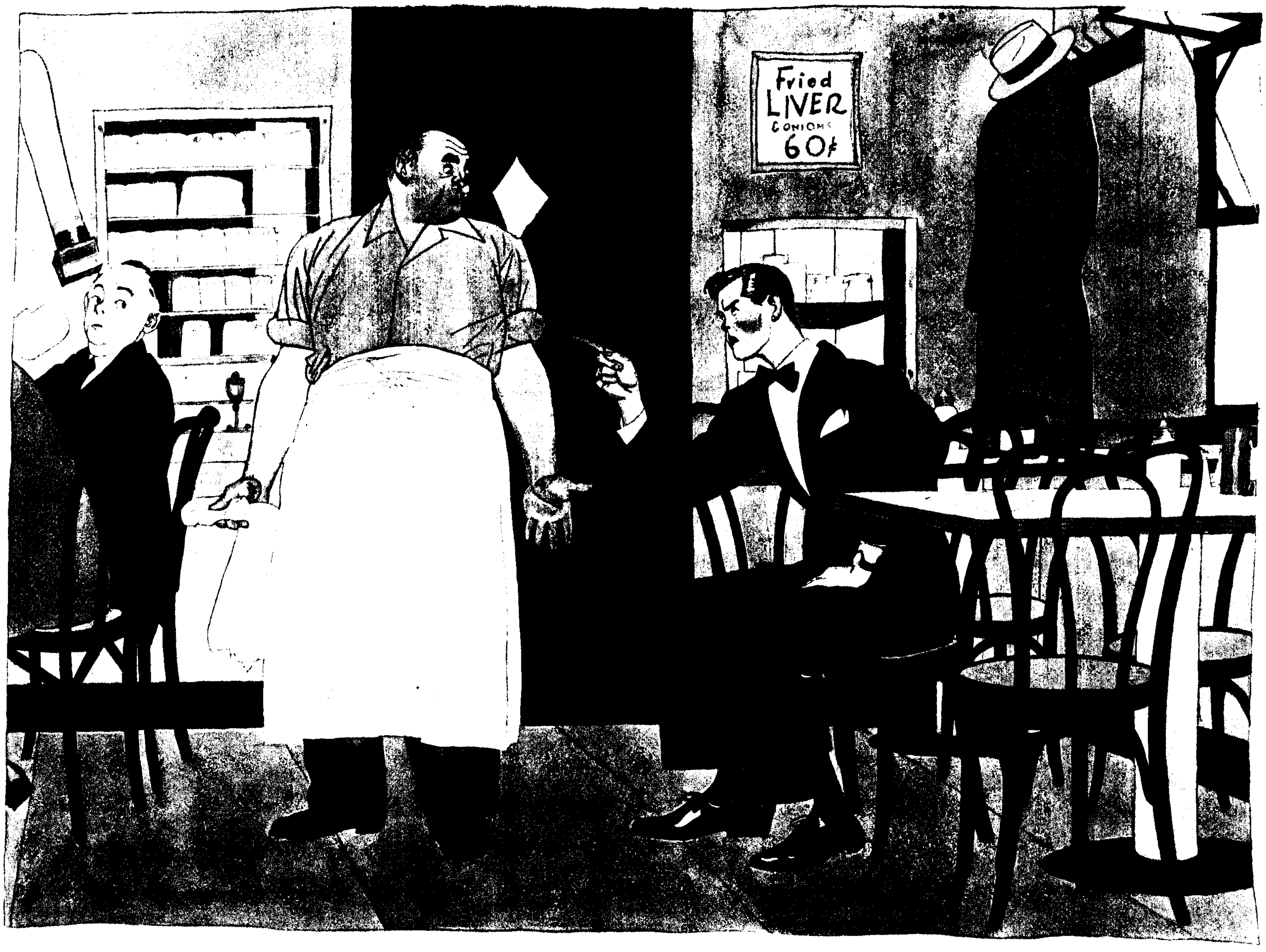
FOR twenty years, or since he had left behind his childish voice, it had been Virgil's conviction that his speaking voice was of a thin, rather wispy timbre, an illusive sound, ineffectual in the utmost. But this other voice which spoke to him out of the machine was in every respect the opposite of Virgil's fancy. It was deep and rich and warm, and it rang with authority like a hammered bell. It sounded at once strong and kind, delicately modulated yet firm. In brief, Virgil could not believe that the recorded voice was his; yet his logical mind told him that it *had* to be his.

He sat transfixed, listening to the voice, and as he listened there began to form in his mind the image of a man who would own such a splendid voice, and the first thing he saw was a black Homburg hat. Then, beneath the hat, a face gradually took shape—a lean, handsome, cleanly modeled face, a distinguished face whose clear dark eyes smiled gravely back at Virgil, whose firm mouth, under a neatly clipped mustache, seemed forever ready to speak rare and final wisdom in his beautiful manly voice of authority. The man in Virgil's mind was tall and athletically built, and wore, besides his Homburg hat, a black Chesterfield overcoat with a velvet collar, gleaming black shoes, gray antelope gloves with black stitches on the backs—and he carried a Malacca walking stick.

That was the sort of man who would own the rich strong voice coming out of the machine. Would such a man have stood meekly by for eleven years and watched three younger, less experienced men be promoted over his head in the Statistical Department of the Alumni Insurance Company? Would such a man have been afraid to confront Harold B. Weaver, Jr., and demand the justice he was entitled to, just because Harold B. Weaver, Jr., happened to own the company and might fire him? Unthinkable! Would such a man tremble like a miserable adolescent at the very idea of asking lovely Miss Brinker out to lunch? Ludicrous picture! If he wanted to have lunch with Miss Brinker as desperately as Virgil did, he would simply ask her and have done with it.

(Continued on page 64)

"Okay, okay, Mr. Oliver. Don't get sore," said Al. "All you got to do is tell me what you want, you know. I'm no mind reader. You got to tell me"



POLITICS ON THE CAMPUS

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

Today's college student is more politically mature than ever before. He is absorbed in national and international affairs and remarkably level-headed

University of Missouri students arranged a debate on Palestine between two Jews and two Arabs. Left to right, the debaters are Yural Elizur, George Saliba, Elias Cassis and Hillel Schwefel. The two facing the camera are Arabs

Robert Fogel, leading Communist on the Cornell campus, discusses Marxism in his dispassionate manner at a meeting. Of the 55 who attended, not more than ten belonged to the 25-member Marxist Discussion Group that Fogel heads

Janis Tremper, secretary of the new National Students Association, is shown with other NSA officers sending **promotional** material from their offices at the **University of Wisconsin.** Miss Tremper, **seated,** is a student at Rockford College

ILLINOIS is about to embark on a $15,000 investigation of Communism in its state-supported colleges. The people of Ohio have just narrowly missed spending $25,000 to expose un-American influences in 53 colleges in that state. In Washington, Texas, California, Missouri, Michigan, Colorado—in fact, in almost every state in the Union—lawmakers and otherwise ordinary citizens have discovered that our colleges are "riddled with Communism" and that revolutionary political theories threaten to undermine our democracy, our capitalism and even our homes.

There is indeed enough Communism in our colleges to supply Congress with months of oratory.

There is also in these same colleges—and this perhaps Congress doesn't know—sufficient student political acumen, maturity and keen interest to contain the radicals, to envelop them, or if necessary to beat them at their own game. All over the country students are organizing into dozens of political clubs—some leftish, many middle-of-the-road liberal, a few reactionary—and giving voice to their convictions.

Their meetings are no Coke-and-soda outlets for effervescent, juvenile opinions. That small core of four or five per cent of college students who qualify for leadership is today more interested in Greece than in Clark Gable. Spark-plugged by student veterans wise far beyond their years, undergraduates want the score on Europe, on China and on inflation. When they find out, they want action.

To learn what these college students are thinking I recently visited representative universities, including several where Reds are said to be rampant. Talking with scores of students I discovered Communists and reactionaries. I found youngsters who want to unite the world behind Henry Wallace and youngsters who want to unite it behind almost anybody but Wallace. I found Communist-front organizations and others which front for Stassen, Taft and Truman. But above all I found something that never before existed—a vast body of politically mature young people absorbed in national and international affairs, with a practical workaday approach to world problems.

The college of 1947 little resembles the prewar institution. Half the students are veterans with the astonishing notion that a college is merely a place to learn something. The freshman cap is gone and with it infantile concepts of hazing. University of Missouri freshmen, under some compulsion, customarily whitewash the huge stadium M. This fall the job was done by eight upperclassmen. At one swank Sigma Chi house where Negro waiters have always been employed, meals are now served by working fraternity brothers, who suffer no social stigma.

Perplexed by the complicated problems of the Palestine question, students at Missouri arranged a debate of the issues, which drew an overflow crowd of 500, largest ever to hear a debate on that campus. The contestants, also students, were two Arabs and two Jews.

Though students shun traditional campus activities because, as the dean of Minnesota put it, "they're too grown up to play with paper dolls," they can take action when necessary. Postwar students at Cornell found that Ithaca, a nondefense area, lacked rent control. Rents had skyrocketed. Led by F. Clifton White, one of their number, students called a mass meeting, took radio time, addressed civic groups, demanded a hearing with the mayor, insisted on a community survey by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor and went into a knockdown, drag-out six-hour session with the stern opposition in the Ithaca Chamber of Commerce. Result: rents students could afford to pay.

When rents were jacked up at Columbia, Missouri, student Gene Smemo got on the local OPA board, forced the resignation of two other members, demanded a Washington investigation and effected a general reduction.

Nor did student veterans delay this fall when high food prices threatened to drive many of them out of school. At Kansas State College, for example, veterans sold $6,000 worth of stock in a co-operative grocery store and got regular wholesale discounts in return for substantial cash-and-carry business. Savings are passed along to student co-op members.

The unexpected nation-wide increase in religious interest is another example of the increased maturity of college students. At Cornell, 100 or more undergraduates are turned away every Sunday from services in the largest chapel in the country. It seats 1,000. On one campus the fraternities are for the first time showing spontaneous interest in charity work. Several are planning Christmas parties for children of underprivileged townspeople. One house will give its party exclusively for Negro children.

The Senator Was on a Spot

But it is in political interest that the vast and inspiriting change in college students is most concretely manifested. When Senator Joseph Ball spoke at the University of Minnesota recently, a capacity audience of 1,000 students showed up, listened attentively and then, during the interrogation period, bombarded him with questions. Not only did Ball have to defend in detail the Taft-Hartley Act, which he supported in the Senate, but he was made to substantiate every vote he had cast on major legislation since his election!

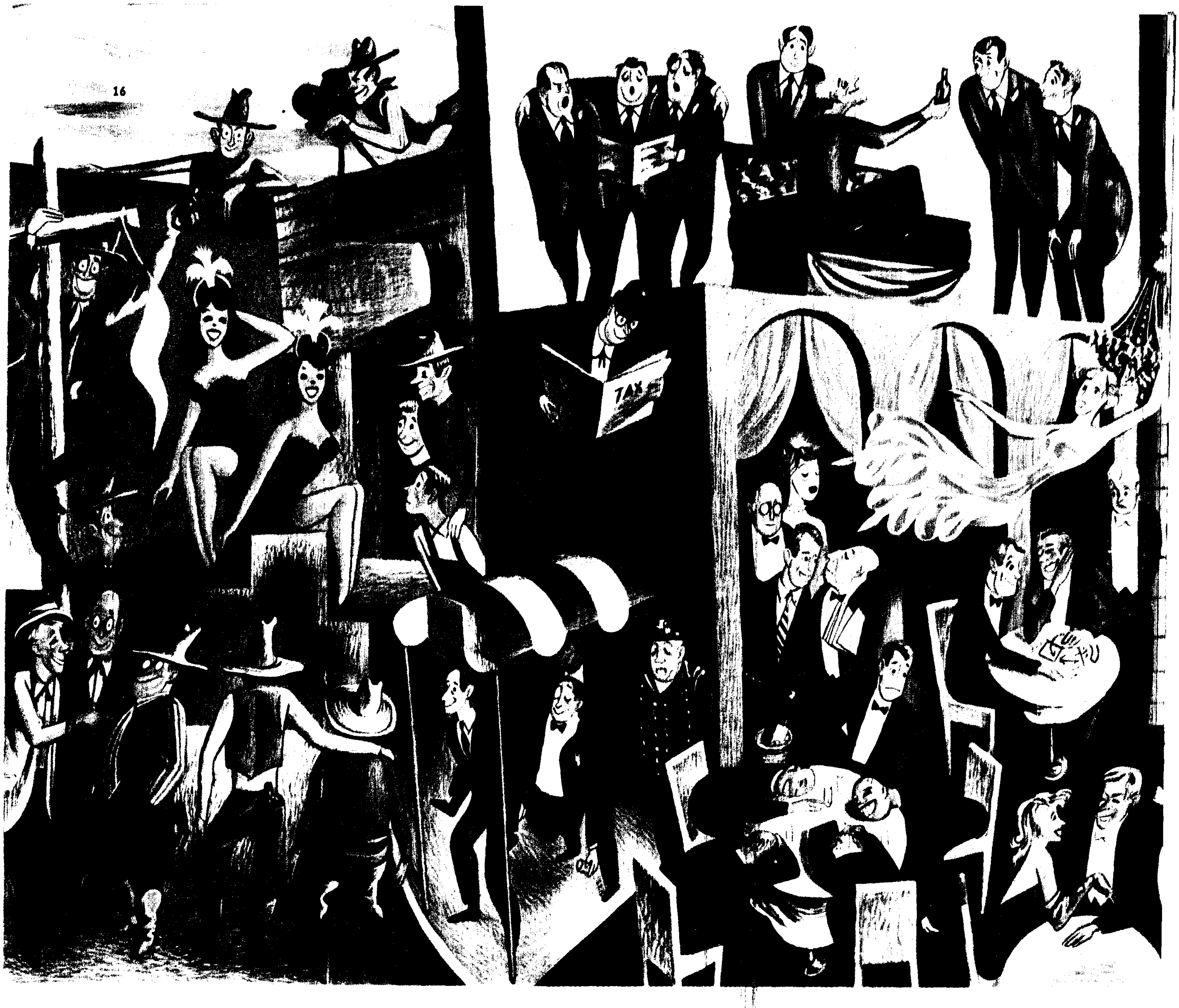
Sometimes students take university affairs into their own hands, with surprising results. Oppressed by inadequate facilities for veterans at the University of Missouri, two representatives of the Student Government Association, Robert Pierce of Kansas City and Charles Ridgeway of Columbia, boned up on university needs and took off for the State Capitol at Jefferson City.

Astonished legislators gave them a cordial welcome and Speaker Murray Thompson introduced them to the House of Representatives. In offices and in corridors Bob and Charley pressed salient facts on individual legislators. Before leaving the Capitol they invited the House Speaker, the majority floor leader, the chairman of

(Continued on page 88)

This is a group of today's university undergraduates, serious and understanding of the myriad problems affecting the world. Extremes of intolerance and radical thinking are rare as the raccoon coat. Photographed on the Minnesota campus

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON



PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

BY LESTER VELIE

●

Smart businessmen find that all work and no play doesn't sign the customer's name to a fat contract

SAM JONES, a sales vice-president I know, can sell a carload of potash as well as the next man. But the next man can sell a carload of potash as well as Sam. So Sam has had to learn where to lay his hands on two orchestra seats for Brigadoon, the same night, for an out-of-town customer; how to reach the character in the Sixth Avenue saloon who can get tickets for the Radio City Music Hall mezzanine when there isn't a seat in the house; how to get a table in the coveted Cub Room of the Stork Club; how to plan a meal with Philippe of the Waldorf who knows that only wild rice and a soupçon of jelly must be served with English quail.

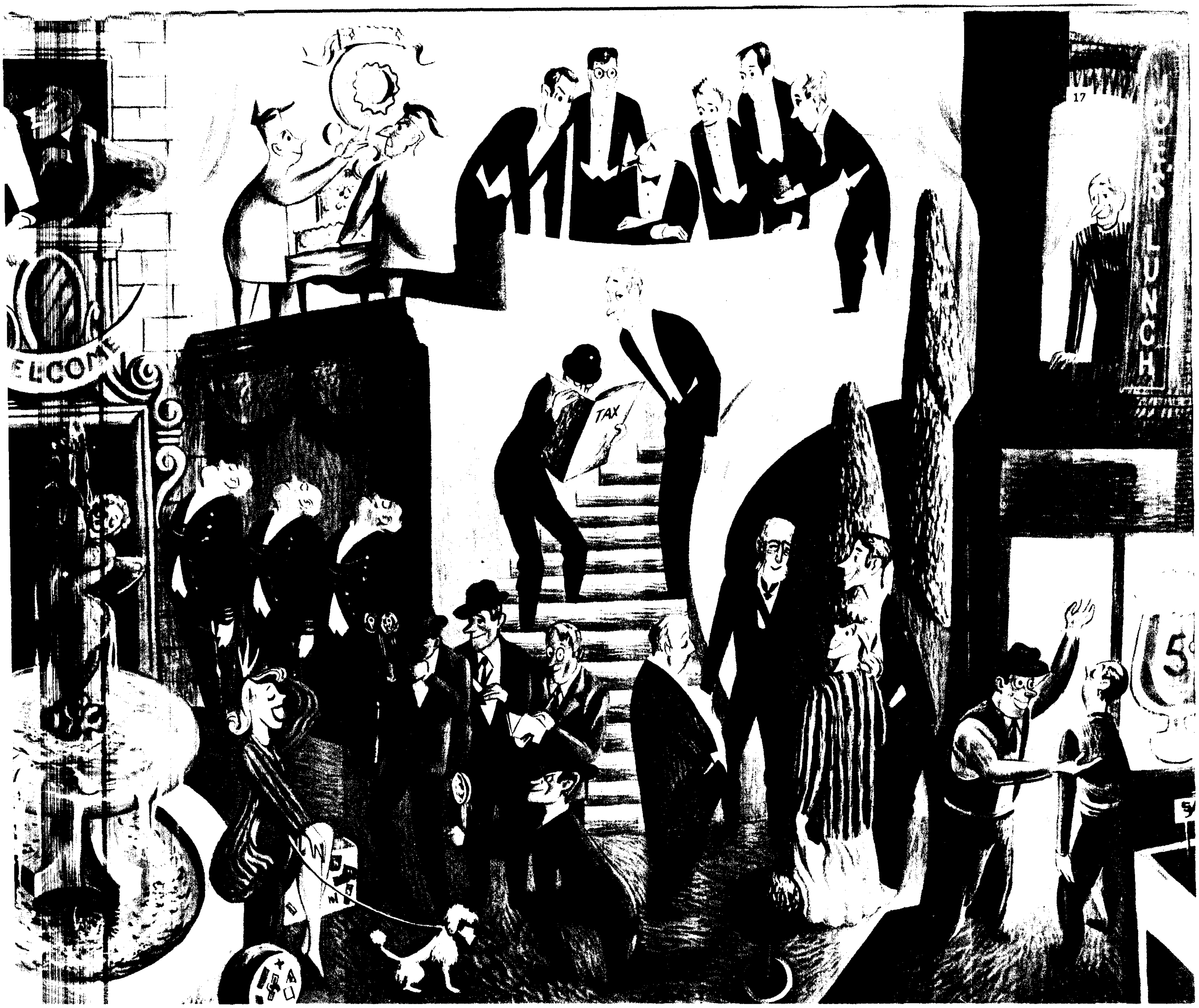
When Johnny Meyer recounted his entertainment spending for the Howard Hughes enterprises last August, Sam Jones and other businessmen asked themselves what the fuss was all about. They knew that entertainment is a legitimate business expenditure and, for the size of Mr. Hughes' operations, the spending seemed small. Sam Jones could testify that a vice-president's work is seldom done—he entertains from sun to sun. For instance:

For a visiting fireman's wife, Sam can locate, in bustling New York, items varying from authentic Spanish castanets to an invitation to a Hattie Carnegie showing. A pair of tickets to the Yankees? That's easy. Sam's company has a season box. A room in the customer's favorite hotel? A seat on the last plane out? A compartment on the Century? Call Sam Jones, vice-president of Dash Chemical Company, in charge of sales.

Sam knows that his competitor's carload of potash or cold-rolled steel bars is likely to be the same as his own in chemical content, in delivery, service, even in price per ton. Why does a customer buy Sam's goods instead of the other fellow's? Because he's a friend. So, as every vice-president knows, to make friends and influence business, entertain.

What every vice-president knows, the tax collector knows too. To the Internal Revenue men business entertainment is as recognized a business cost as rent for a factory or store. Tax collectors know that businessmen don't throw money away. It's bread cast upon the waters, expected to come back with butter on it. All the tax collector wants to know for tax deduction purposes is whether the entertainment is "ordinary and necessary" to get and keep business; can the businessman prove that he spent the money, and is the entertaining "against public policy?"

Whether the entertainment is "ordinary and necessary" is largely up to the businessman himself. If he says so, it is. Proving he spent the money requires only that he produce receipted bills and



checks. And as for public policy, the money (to be a deductible expense) must not be spent for lobbying, or bribing purchasing agents or plying customers with paid women.

Given these flexible limits, the businessman can enrich the life about him with such feats of hospitality as the Lucullan and exotic party at the Waldorf or a convivial special-car junket to a hunting lodge or the Kentucky Derby. Or, more modestly, with a bowl of Vichyssoise at a business luncheon at the Chambord or with a quick one at the nearest saloon.

American business ingenuity being what it is, entertainment is limited in variety only by taste, inventive imagination and the hired skill of professional scholars of the art of good living.

There was the luncheon lavished on New York's press by Samuel Slotkin, president of the Hygrade Food Products Corporation. Garlanded over the door, Hygrade frankfurters wafted a fragrant welcome: "Abandon All Hunger All Ye Who Enter Here." Curtains of all-beef frankfurters festooned the windows of the hotel suite. And among the thousand-odd Hygrade products on display was a pottery figure with salami ruffles on her skirt.

Products promoted by business parties run the gamut from A to B, i.e., from abattoir to boudoir. Mr. Slotkin's party to introduce an all-beef frankfurter was followed by Grover Whalen's party to introduce a Coty perfume. In a ballroom transformed into a chaste and classic Greek temple, a select group of Social Register names, store executives and perfume distributors sat down to lunch with a well-chilled *rosé* wine. Then followed a skit narrated by Leonore Corbett of the play, Blithe Spirit, which introduced the perfume's ingredients, materialized in the shape of Greek-costumed young ladies.

Enveloped in a Mist of Costly Perfume

As the curtain fell, Mr. Whalen nodded, and from compressed air pumps, mounted on the boxes overhanging the ballroom, there descended on the guests a mist of the new perfume, $2,000 worth. It took 30 seconds for the perfume to reach nose level, a fact determined in a dress rehearsal at which $2,000 more of the new perfume had been consumed.

There's an art to giving a successful business party. Philippe of the Waldorf, who helps some 5,000 party givers (not all of them businessmen) spend $5,000,000 yearly, tries to talk business hosts out of chicken, peas, mashed potatoes and apple pie. He is trending them toward such gourmet's items as breast of guinea hen with wild rice, avocado stuffed with crab meat and perhaps a glass of wine. It doesn't take any more time to eat good food than the ordinary variety—an important consideration when there are speeches to be heard. And with lighter food, guests will stay awake.

Unless you're throwing a hard-hitting sales meeting for your own distributors, your business entertainment should be as subtle as a fine sauterne wine, counsels Philippe. The tire executive who wants his product done up in food and strung around the ballroom, the laxative manufacturer who wants his product sculptured in ice cream raise horrified protests from Philippe. He suggests a movie, a speech or an exhibit. That's enough of a business plug. A well-run party should leave the guests with such friendly feelings that the warmth is registered in the cash till of the host.

Sometimes a party backfires. An advertising agency once feted its chief account, a fussy and important manufacturer. No pains were spared, down to his favorite soup, *petite marmite*, his favorite dessert, zabaglione. Present were all of the agency family, including the mild little man who wrote the manufacturer's advertising copy. So mild was he that a superior always took the copy to the manufacturer for editing—and it always *was* edited. Toasts were drunk before the dinner, during the dinner and after. In fact so *(Continued on page 76)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR M. KRAFT

INCIDENT ON
THE BRIDGE AT ENNS

Happy solution of an obstinate but extremely attractive international problem

BY PAT FRANK

THE frontier between East and West is no imaginary line. The frontier is the Enns River, which bubbles out of the Alps thin and clear, but which is soiled a sullen brown by the time it empties into the Danube four kilometers below the town of Enns.

In Austria everything west of the Enns is American, and everything east of the Enns is Russian except the Vienna headquarters. Since the Vienna garrison consists largely of a PX unit, a car company, a white-gloved honor guard for the general commanding, and some one thousand colonels armed with M-1 fountain pens, it is hardly a tactical force.

So the Enns River is the true boundary. It is spanned by an ugly iron latticework bridge, wood-planked, and just wide enough for two-way traffic. The bridge will take Sherman tanks, which the 11th Armored Division discovered in the spring of '45. It will not take the eighty-ton Stalin tank, and this is considered a good thing by serious students of warfare. On each side the bridge is barred to the traveler by red- and white-striped poles. These poles sprout like parasite vines from the fear-poisoned soil of Central Europe, to strangle its communications.

On a warm Sunday in the early autumn of the third year of the occupation, Master Sergeant Sam Dill found himself the lone soldier guarding the frontier of the Western democracies. This was no accident. He had sent Privates Polchak and Downes on a scouting expedition downstream, and maneuvered Lieutenant Purdy into driving to Linz in the jeep. So Sergeant Dill was all alone, and in a position to date Trudi Elburz when she came back across the bridge.

As he had hoped, her bicycle coasted up to the Russian road block while the others were away. Her hair was straw-bleached, and she looked fine in her Tyrolean shorts, their bib covering the front of a spotless white blouse. The sergeant had entered Europe through North Africa, and had known girls in Casa and Algiers, Palermo and Naples, Strasbourg and Nuremburg, but Trudi Elburz was something new in his experience.

She had destroyed his faith in cigarettes, chocolate bars, nylon stockings and cans of instant coffee as legal tender for love. She didn't believe that all New Yorkers lived in modernistic penthouses and danced each night in antiseptic night clubs. She didn't believe all Californians lived in ranch houses, had gold nuggets sunk in the patio, three gleaming new sedans, and an oil well behind the garage. If the American sergeants she had met were placed end to end they would have formed a division, and she was skeptical of all of them. So Sam Dill, who had half an inch more of nose and chin than is usually allowed, didn't overestimate his chances.

Now she was arguing with the new Russky officer, and from her gestures Sam could see she was having trouble. This seemed silly, because the new Russky had let her pass his road block, without question, earlier in the day. The sergeant considered crossing the bridge, offering a cigarette to the new Russky and smoothing things out. There was, however, the order tacked up in the sentry box:

"Contact with Russian troops will be made ONLY if essential. Officer-on-post will then report details of said contact, IN WRITING WITH SIX COPIES, to Commanding Officer, Troop, with distribution to Linz Area Command, Zone Command, and Headquarters U.S. Forces Austria."

Sergeant Dill hesitated not because of the order itself, but because he knew the reaction of Lieutenant Purdy would be unpredictable. Lieutenant Purdy had been a high-school sophomore in the year of Pearl Harbor, and still enmeshed in cartography at West Point in the year of Hiroshima. Nevertheless, the sergeant was about to cross the bridge, when the duty jeep topped the crest of the road and rolled down to a stop beside the sentry box. Lieutenant Purdy, tackle-tall and fullback wide, squeezed out from under the wheel. "Any business, Sergeant?" he asked.

"All quiet along the Enns," said Sergeant Dill, thankful that he hadn't crossed the bridge. The lieutenant, had he seen him on the other side, might actually have sent in a report that would be read in the cold stratosphere of three higher headquarters, where chivalrous concern for a young woman would certainly be misunderstood and considered nonessential. This would have led to an endless exchange of letters, orders and replies by endorsement which would make the lieutenant nervous, and thereafter the smooth routine of duty at the bridge would be disrupted.

"There wasn't any mail plane due at Linz today," the lieutenant said.

"Wasn't there?"

"No, there wasn't. All I picked up at Troop CP was a new order." He took a mimeographed paper from his hip pocket. "Hereafter all indigenous personnel must have eleven stamps on their *Ausweiskarten* when entering or leaving the American zone. This order is to be rigidly enforced—rigidly enforced is underscored—effective immediately."

LIEUTENANT PURDY read it again, carefully. "What's indigenous personnel?" he asked, and then wished he hadn't spoken, for his question showed his ignorance of the special language of the occupation, and he wanted very much to impress the sergeant. The sergeant spoke familiarly of such places as Cassino and Terracina, and slaughter along a road he called "Easy Street," and which Lieutenant Purdy deduced was Route 65 across the Apennines. All the sergeant's tales were bloody and improbable, and Lieutenant Purdy did not believe them, but he listened to them politely, because he sensed that it was wise to be polite to the sergeant.

"Indigenous personnel," Sergeant Dill said, "are Austrians."

"Why the eleven stamps? Aren't ten enough?"

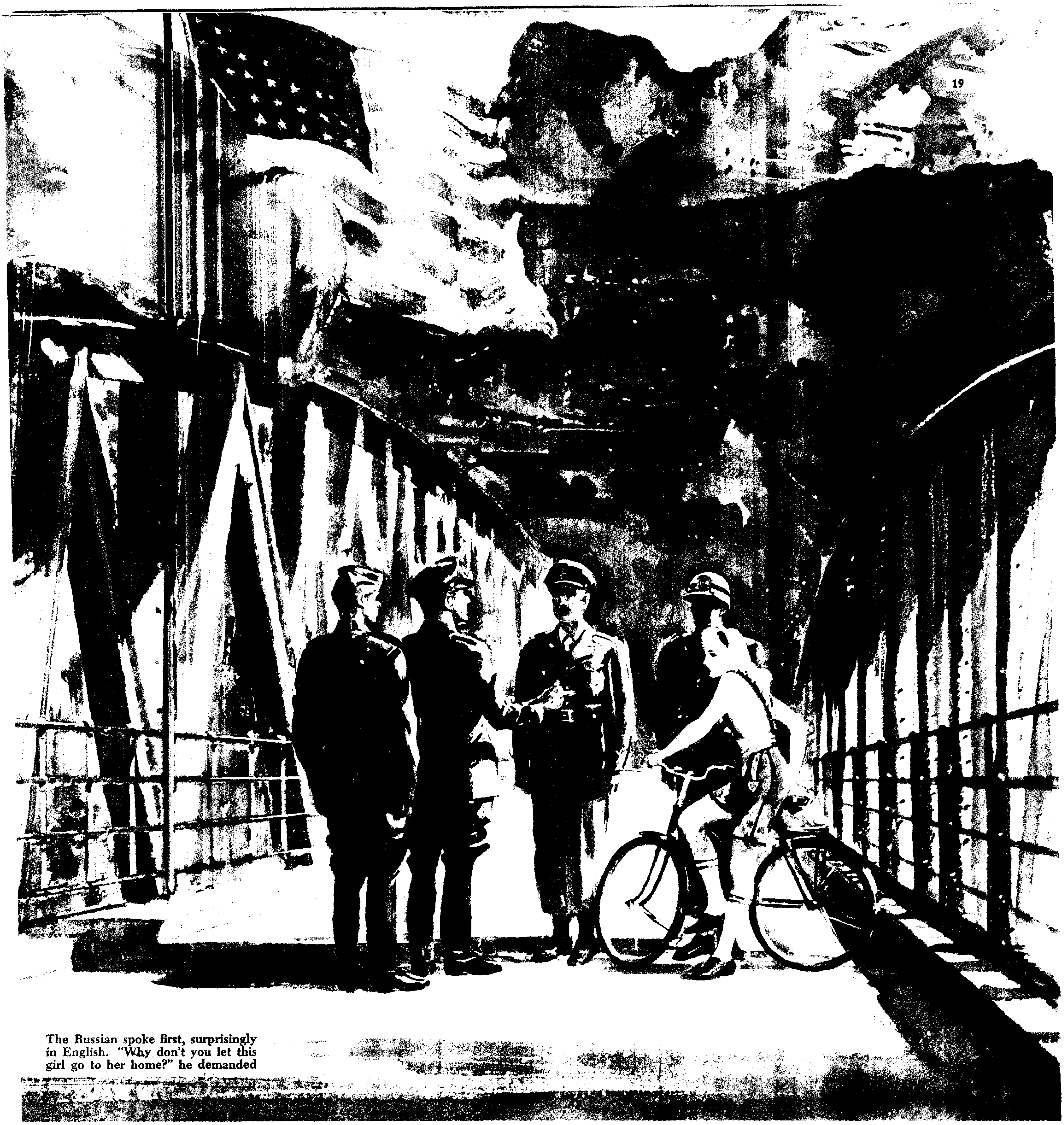
"Nobody knows. A long time ago, I guess, some general ordered the C.I.C. to check all *Ausweiskarten*, and stamp those that were okay. Then all the other security outfits wanted to put their chop on the card, and now there are eleven of them."

"Undoubtedly necessary, or it would be stopped," Lieutenant Purdy said.

"I doubt if it could be stopped," the sergeant said. "Nobody can stop it because nobody knows who started it. Probably the general who started it went home a couple of years ago, but nobody knows for sure, so nobody dares stop it."

"That doesn't sound reasonable," said Lieutenant Purdy. The sergeant's analyses of the Army's inside workings often disturbed him.

"If the world was reasonable," said the sergeant, "I'd be running an apricot ranch in Los Altos, and those potato-faces across the bridge would be back in Omsk or Tomsk—and Privates Polchak and Downes there would be in school studying to be



The Russian spoke first, surprisingly in English. "Why don't you let this girl go to her home?" he demanded

lightning-rod salesmen or something else useful."

The two privates were climbing the steep bank, holding their carbines above the bushes. "Gee," panted Downes, "we saw something!"

"Two kilometers below the bridge," said Polchak, breathing hard. "Russkies—scads of them—doing something at the edge of the water."

"Washing their shirts," said Sergeant Dill. "It's S.O.P. for them every Sunday."

"Oh," said Polchak, deflated.

The lieutenant stared far across the river, his eyes traversing each road and field and copse, as if he expected to see a column of armor. Sergeant Dill could guess what he was thinking. Since the Army was bloated with first lieutenants and captains, all with combat records, second lieutenants constantly pondered the possibility of still being second lieutenants when middle-aged. If he was to be a general at forty—which was the standard ambition of second lieutenants—there would have to be a miracle—or a war. The sergeant didn't know it, but Lieutenant Purdy also had a standard dream. However dramatically it began, and whatever violent course it ran, the dream always ended in the same way, with his fiancée in Pittsburgh reading an item in the paper:

"Second Lieutenant Vernon Purdy, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, who led a small detachment that repulsed the enemy at Enns, was awarded the Legion of Merit (sometimes it was the Silver Star or even the D.S.C.) and promoted on the field to captain."

Sergeant Dill noticed that Trudi

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT...

BY AMY PORTER

With grotesque make-up and costumes of the Mabel Normand era, dancers in the new Robbins ballet do a bang-up burlesque of silent-picture days

Mr. Jerome Robbins designs ballets with meaning and imagination. In High Button Shoes he started with a group of Mack Sennett characters, but they soon got out of hand. The result is hilarity

JEROME ROBBINS, choregrapher, is only a young thing in his twenties, but he has arrived. His friends have been telling him this for some time. But Jerry himself wasn't so sure. His attitude was, "Arrived where?"

It was true that his ballets were winning critical acclaim. And his hilarious dances in High Button Shoes are making that show a success. He is doing a spot of work for the movies and has a new show coming up, Look Ma, I'm Dancing.

But what of that? He still had to commute back and forth from Broadway to his parents' home in Weehawken, New Jersey, didn't he? He still didn't own a car, something he had wanted all his life. What do you mean, arrived?

But now, even he is beginning to risk belief in his own success. At last he has a Manhattan apartment. And he has—oh, joy!—a car. He rode around in it for 14 hours the first day, and then took it to the garage. The attendant was courteous. "You're in the theater, aren't you, Mr. Robbins?" he said.

"Well, yes," said Jerry, in that bashful, boyish way he has.

"The music fellow, aren't you?" said the attendant.

"Well, no," said Jerry. "Dancing is what I do."

The garage man made a disgusted downward gesture with his hand.

But Wolcott Gibbs, most sour-puss of critics, loves him, even if the garageman doesn't. Gibbs publicly announced that Jerry's Mack Sennett ballet in High Button Shoes had made him laugh for the second time in ten years.

Also, not long ago, he won an unusual award—from New York's swanky taxi-dance hall, Roseland. What pleased him most on this occasion was that he was teamed up for Roseland honors with Martha Graham, the dancer whom he had worshiped from afar for years.

Miss Graham got a bronze plaque lauding her for bringing "art to the masses." Jerry's plaque, although marred by a slight graven-in-bronze typographical error, a misplaced "s," carried a fine sentiment too. It proclaimed him "Tops in Terpischore."

Jerry gazes at that plaque from time to time for inspiration while he types out scenarios for new dances.

Because that's how it is if you are a new-day choregrapher. You have to be something of a short-story writer, too. You have to figure out good reasons for the dancers to jump around as they do—every movement has to have a meaning, tell a story.

As for what made Jerry Robbins what he is today, well there were a number of things. When his father ran a grocery store in Manhattan, there was enough money to provide dancing lessons for his older sister Sonya.

But after the family moved to Weehawken and the head of the house became a manufacturer of corsets, there wasn't so much money, and no high-class lessons were forthcoming for little Jerry. He did a little dancing in the family parlor under direction of his sister Sonya (who now has given up her own promising career in favor of wife-and-motherhood), but for a solid lifetime occupation, Jerry aimed at chemistry and enrolled in New York University. It wasn't much fun for him, for he loved to dance, so he gravitated to Broadway and slaved away in various choruses to pay for dancing lessons.

Soon he was good enough for a job in the Ballet Theatre, and there Agnes de Mille, his friend and guide, gave him his first solo part in Three Virgins and a Devil, with Jerry being the devil.

But in general the Ballet Theatre spelled frustration to this exceedingly ambitious young man. He kept writing out choregraphic sketches which nobody paid much attention to. His dancing mind, rebelling against the classicism of the Imperial Russian Ballet, ran to newspaper headlines, and in summer theater, more or less for free, he wrote and executed dancing pieces entitled Incident in Harlem, and Death of a Loyalist. Still, no car . . .

But, as Horatio Alger proved, hard work will tell at last. He wrote a little thing called Fancy Free, concerning three sailors on leave, and the Ballet Theatre folks, noting that it could be staged inexpensively, let him put it on. John Martin of the New York Times called it a "rare little genre masterpiece—young, human, tender and funny . . ."

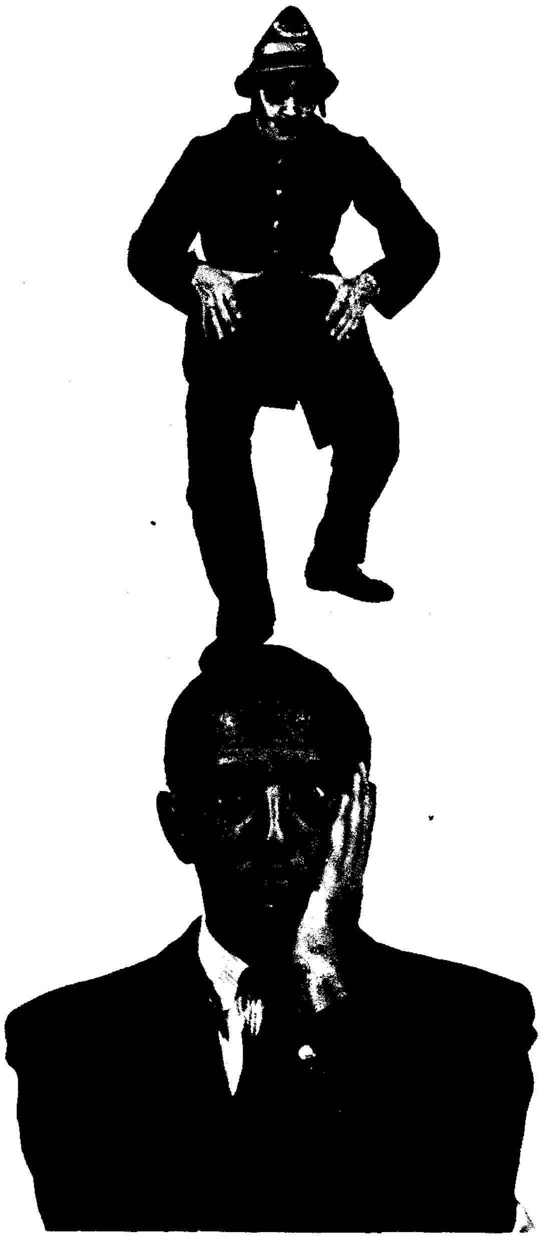
All fine for Robbins' self-esteem, but it didn't add up to riches. Soon, however, Fancy Free became the basis of the successful Broadway show, On the Town. From there on, Jerry was in.

The Mack Sennett ballet in High Button Shoes was a comparatively easy job. First Robbins soaked up all he could of early silent comedies—Tillie's Punctured Romance and the rest of them. The jerky flickery motions, the villain, the lifeguard, the pretty girls with hideous make-up, the Keystone cops. He got his characters clearly in mind and then let them do what they pleased.

The ballet starts quietly as a literal reproduction of a Mack Sennett opus, and then, little by little, gets out of hand, ending up in frantic imbecility. "We started with one crook in the piece—a sleazy type, always scratching himself. Then he seemed to need a wife, so I gave him a ghoul for a wife. And first thing you know they had an offspring—a horrible little girl. I couldn't help it."

The gorilla, who chases people in and out of bathhouses, just came to him one night, he says.

Robbins is now in the happy position of being jealously scolded by two groups who want to claim him. The aesthetes who haunt the Metropolitan Opera House charge him with shifting his loyalties to the commercial demands of Broadway. The Broadwayites say, "He's funny, all right, but do you think he is cured of that long-hair stuff?" ★★★

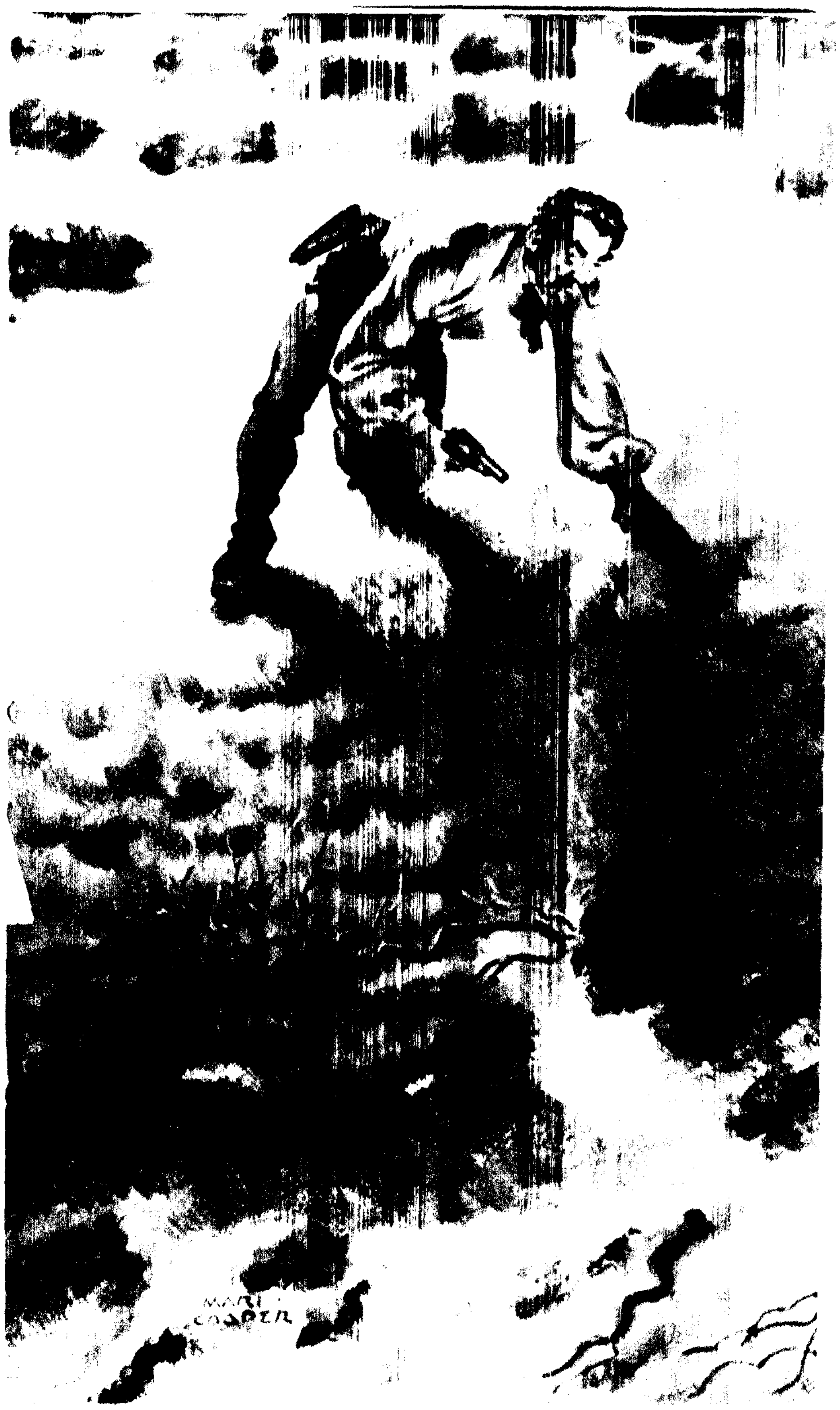


PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

RELIC OF FORT TEJON

BY KENNETH PERKINS

First the camel stood between Jeff and true love. Then it lay between Jeff and sudden death. The poor oont was always in the middle



THE gulch was just the place for the job, but Jeff Magoon would have to do it while he was still mad, lest he lose heart. The job was to shoot a curious and cantankerous animal that had been eating Lorena Lawton's flowers and vegetables.

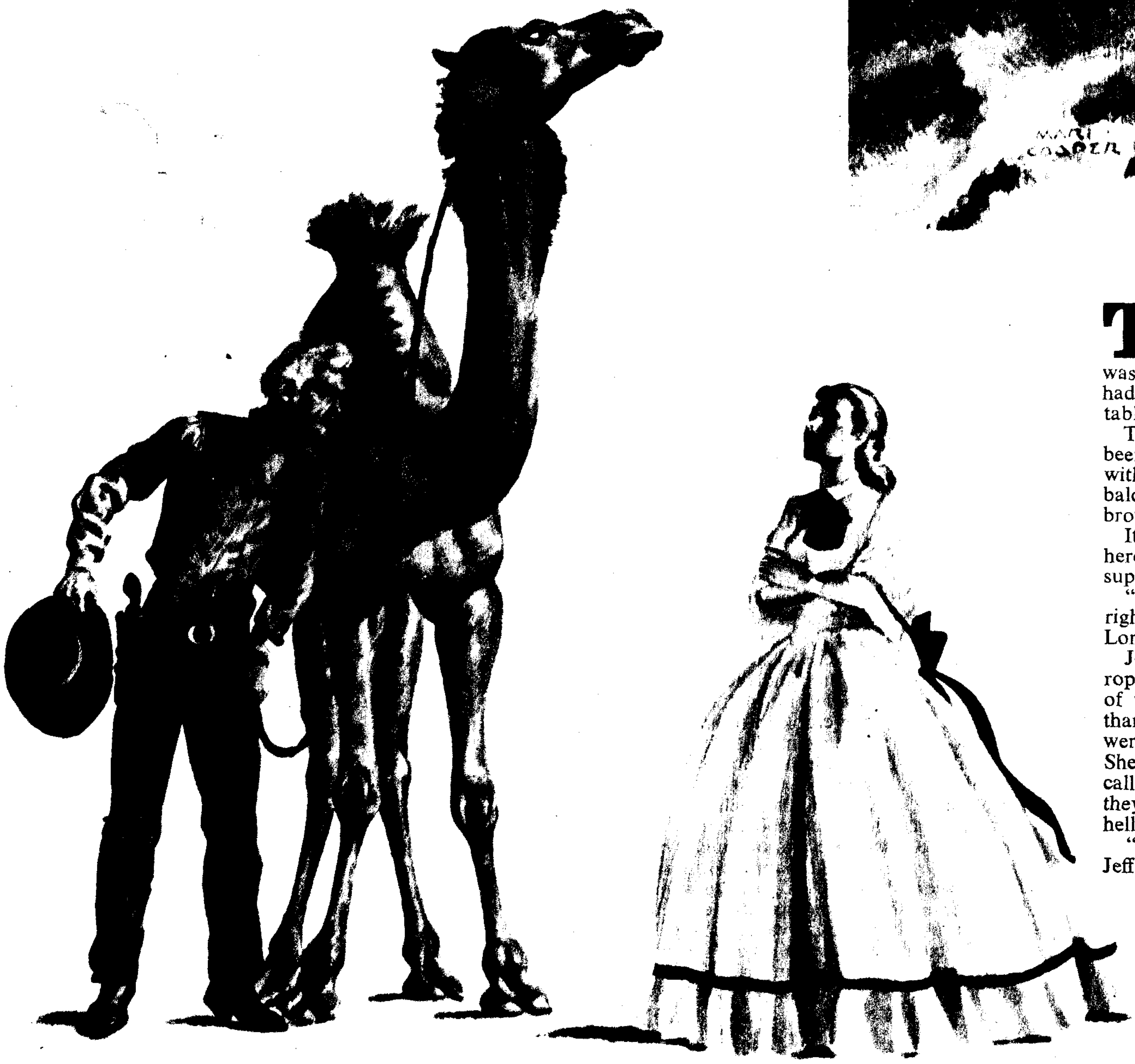
The animal was so ugly and useless it should have been shot anyway. It was like a humpbacked horse with a very long neck and a sheep's head. Half bald, its other half was covered with gray wool and brown hair like an old rag carpet.

It was a camel—probably the last of the unhappy herd of Army transport camels that had carried supplies from Los Angeles to Fort Tejon.

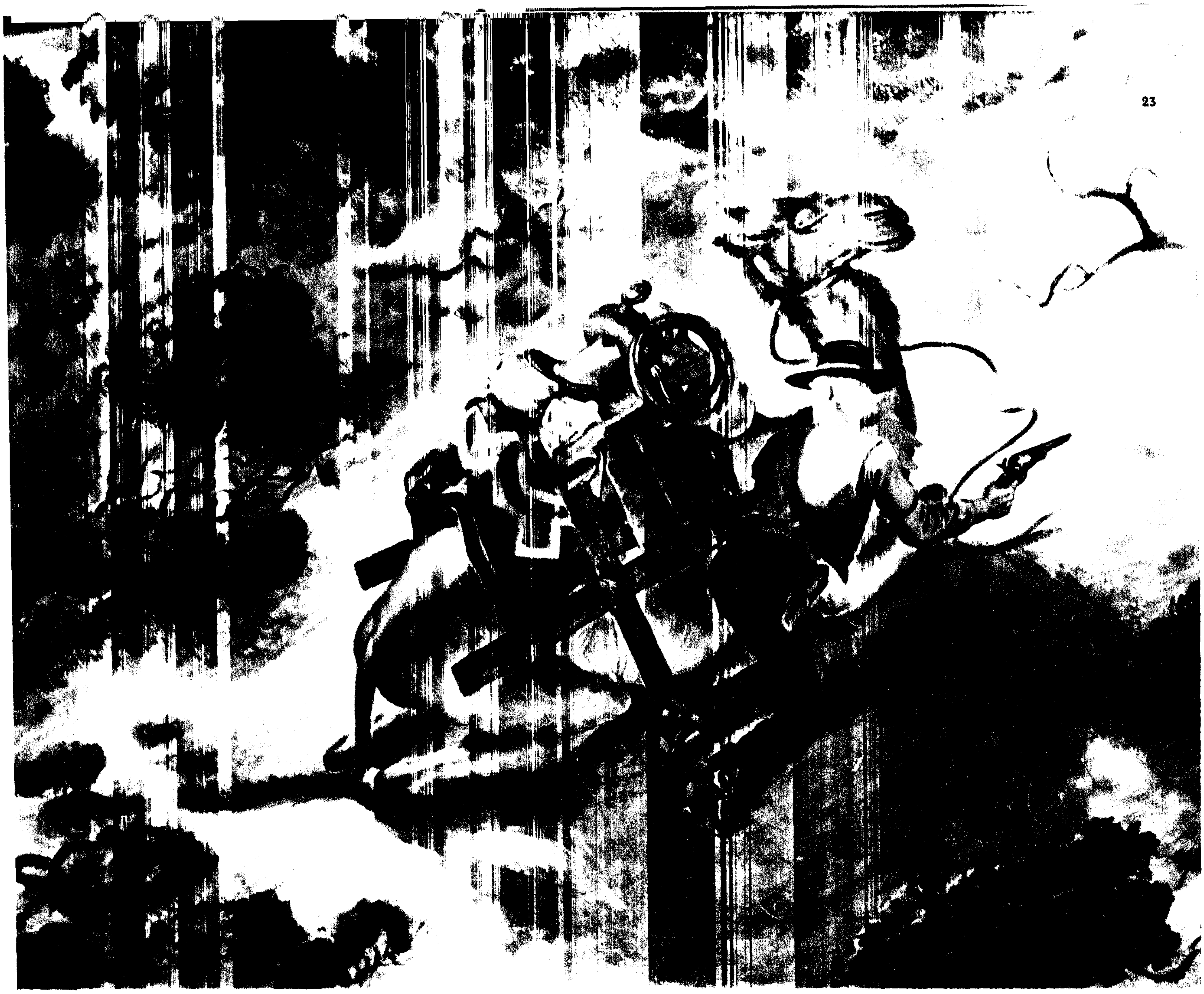
"What I can't understand is why any man in his right senses would keep a camel in his corral," Lorena Lawton was saying.

Jeff had come to the trading post ostensibly for rope, salt and whisky but really to catch a glimpse of the trader's pretty daughter. She was prettier than ever this morning, probably because her eyes were as hot-blue as the air over the Mojave Desert. She was mad and her father was madder. "They call you the daft Magoon," the latter told Jeff, "and *they're right*—keeping that knock-kneed, mildewed, hell-to-spit camel for a pet!"

"He's not a pet, he's just a sort of hang-over," Jeff said apologetically. "When the fort was aban-



"What I can't understand is why any man in his right senses would keep a camel in his corral," Lorena was saying



At the fort they said a scared camel sometimes lies down and dies. Maybe that's why Jeff found himself dumped over the horn. It was Rondo's chance

doned and the camels were turned over to the quartermaster I saw them in a corral on Main Street. Everyone was laughing at them and throwing stones and bottles till the old oonts started blubbering and whimpering just like humans. I was sorry for 'em. I just happened to find this fellow one morning eating sawdust at my mill. He'd wandered all the way up to Tejon Pass and was starved and half dead, all cut up with rocks and buckshot. I fed him corn."

LORENA stared, puzzled. Jeff looked smart and he looked tough, tougher than most—long-boned and leathery and burned, but she shook her head, "You're too softhearted for this world, Jeff Magoon."

"Softheaded," her father corrected.

"The corn was a mistake," Jeff admitted, "because he had a taste for it like an old drunk for corn whisky. I told the quartermaster to come and get him, but the Army had already sold him for saddle soap to a horse knacker. He'd broken loose from the knacker, who didn't trouble to come all the way up here to claim him. So I got stuck."

"Then why don't you shoot him?" Pops asked.

"All right," Jeff said; "if that's what Lorena wants."

And now he was in the gulch, the camel padding along patiently behind him, churning dust, unmindful of the horseflies that were especially fond of it. It stopped when Jeff stopped. Jeff walked on a few paces ahead and drew his pistol.

It will take more than one shot, he thought as he walked another step or two. The Fort Tejon soldiers said it takes five shots to kill a camel.

He turned and lifted his gun but the critter had not stood still as it should have. It had shuffled up silently on cloven pads and now it nuzzled Jeff's uplifted hand, its lips wobbling and trembling for corn.

Jeff looked into its eyes—the only decent thing about a camel—soft, long-lashed, pleading.

Luckily a Chumash Indian came riding up the trail and Jeff made a quick decision.

The Indian had a snakeskin hatband which Jeff offered to take in trade for the oont. "With camel's hair you could make a fine blanket. With the wool you could make a carpet and sell it to the white traders. The hide you could use for a tent. You can sell his carcass for saddle soap and glue."

The Indian took off his hatband and agreed that the trade was a fair one. Jeff hurried back to the trading post to tell Lorena. But the fate of the camel was not all he intended to talk about. More important was the house he had built of oak logs. And also the mill. Until Jeff had built his mill, timber was freighted from Santa Barbara to the Tejon settlers, after being shipped all the way around the Horn. A sawmill was worth more than a gold claim in that country. That is what he intended to tell Lorena.

At the trading post he asked Pops Lawton, "Lorena around somewhere?"

Pops nodded over his shoulder. "In the storeroom. Did you shoot the camel?"

"A Chumash is taking him across the Mojave to his tribe. They're going to make Indian rugs out of him."

"He may come back."

Jeff stuck to the subject of his visit. "I want to buy some pots and pans and skillets. Thought Lorena might help me pick 'em—everything to outfit a home."

"You're too late," Pops Lawton said. "She's helping Flash Tatum do that very thing."

Jeff's long jaw dropped and his eyes looked huge and soft just like his camel's. He knew Flash Tatum had been courting Lorena, but he'd also been spending most of his time at Alec Gibson's and the other gaming houses in the pueblo.

"You mean he's settling down at last?" Jeff asked lugubriously.

"Next best thing. Gold hunting."

"We've got about everything, Pops," Lorena called.

WHEN she came in with Flash Tatum behind her, Jeff said, "I got rid of the camel"—as if that measly point were still important.

"Flash is going to the Kern River prospecting," Lorena said radiantly, "and I'm helping him pack out!"

Jeff looked at him from head to foot as if measuring him for a fight. Flash was as tall as Jeff but not so bony. He had black sideburns, black eyes and a black vest studded with silver. From his mother's side he had the blood of a California Don and looked like one. He was

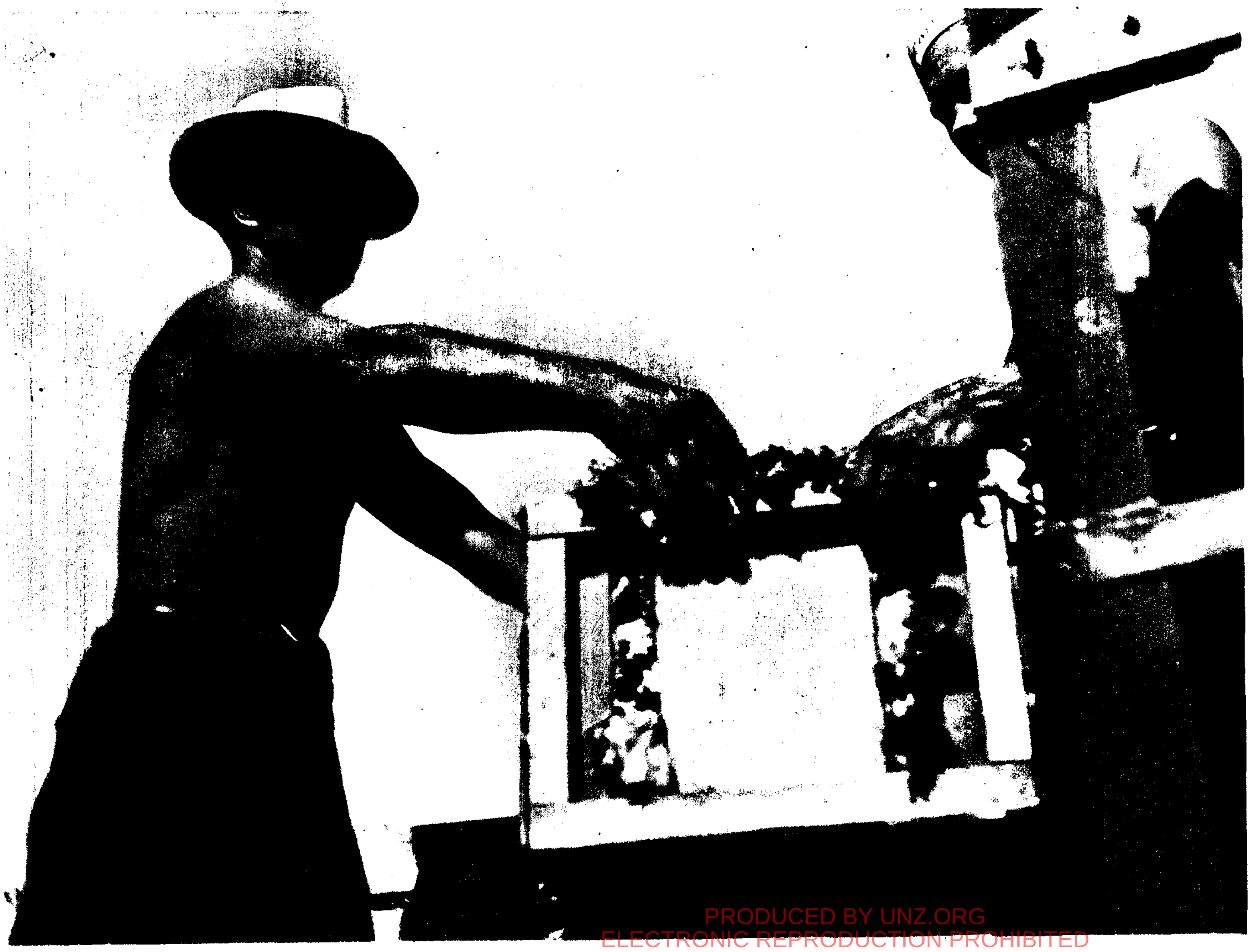
(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

OPEN HOUSE I

At the moment Canada is slightly swizzled on the heady wine of war-born prosperity and is inviting thousands of despairing Europeans to the party. The morning after seems a long way off, says this Collier's correspondent after a tour of our big neighbor

American tourists, complete with dollars, have flocked to view Canada's physical attractions, including the fabulous Lake Louise, above. The boom they've helped create has been boosted by immigrants like Hollander Fedde Feikema, below



THE little man with the wavy hair stepped off the four-engined air liner into the hot, bright sunlight of a strange new world and blinked. Natives bearing gifts descended upon him in lavish welcome. For the proffered bounty of food, drink and smoking tobacco (cigarettes had cost him three bob fourpence—nearly 70 cents—in the old country yesterday), he had nothing to give in return but a bewildered smile.

"Cor!" Sam Connolly, thirty-six, a welder from London's East End, confided to himself as the Prime Minister of the Canadian Province of Ontario strode forward to shake his hand. "That fellow Leif Ericsson never had it like this." Then he lugged his bags to a waiting bus and rode off to Toronto in search of two sisters, a new job and, he hoped, a future of unrationed opportunity.

Connolly and 37 traveling companions formed the vanguard of a movement nicknamed Operation New Horizon in which Ontario authorities hoped to fly 7,000 Britishers across the Atlantic by chartered planes before next spring in what is advertised as the largest mass migration of its kind ever undertaken by air.

That same day, a Sunday it was, young Vaclovas Verikaitus, who used to sing grand opera in his native Lithuania before the war, marveled at the expansive scenery of Quebec as a train sped him westward to a lumber camp where his repertoire henceforth would be limited to the aria of "Timber!" He and 799 comrades, who had arrived by steamer in Halifax two days before, were the first of 10,000 refugees coming to Canada from displaced persons camps in Europe.

Scattered across Canada, 4,500 Polish war veterans, resettled from Britain and Italy, were dreaming of new lives in this new world. So were nearly a thousand Hollanders, who were learning how to become Canadian farmers.

What was all this, a double-feature revival of the call of the golden West? In a way, it was. Canada, which is a country even larger than Texas, has come up with some of the most rambunctious postwar prospects to be found anywhere in the Western Hemisphere. Business is booming, employment is so full that immigrants have been urgently invited from abroad to fill the extra jobs, tourists are tearing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ANADA

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

over hill and dale again, and the clouds of trouble—though clouds there be—are moored, for the moment, on a far horizon.

As a matter of fact, things look so good that in the two years since V-J Day, American firms have invested nearly half a billion dollars in Canada—substantially more than the U.S. government's entire Greece-Turkey aid program. This American private capital has gone into new pulp mills, mines, oil wells and even soft-drink factories. Since last winter's fuel crisis, Canada House in London has received more than 300 applications from British firms to open up subsidiary plants in the Dominion, but the Labor government, still trying desperately to stave off economic collapse at home, is blocking this attempted exodus of industry.

Tops in War Production

The war left Canada with a bigger industrial plant than any Jack Canuck had ever imagined. Prideful citizens can and inevitably do claim that Canada during the war produced more war goods and food per capita than any other nation.

"We made things that we'd never dreamed in peacetime we could make," Bruce Hutchison, author, editor and authority on Canadian affairs, remarked expansively the other day to an American friend. "Admittedly, a lot of the know-how, a lot of the money came from the States, but it spurred us to go further on our own. Now we're rolling out aluminum, manufacturing drugs, chemicals, optical goods, precision instruments, building ships and even airplanes."

Canada's national income rocketed from five billion dollars in 1938 to more than eleven billion in 1946. Government officials are hoping that this new-found opulence will encourage the nation's breadwinners to stay at home. One of Canada's most maddening dilemmas in its effort to settle and exploit its wide open spaces has been the fact that the cream of each new generation, lured by the chromium-plated glamor of life in the United States, has faded south of the border.

This soaring prosperity is a great help to Canadians who are offering every inducement to the European immigrants to settle down and become permanent citizens. Reactions so far are encouraging. To escape from Europe where a kind of continental claustrophobia gripped people behind walls of fear, confusion and despair, to the heady, boom-time air of a place like Canada meant an almost magical transformation for Sam Connolly, Verikaitus and their assorted comrades. When Connolly landed in Toronto that Sunday somebody asked him why he'd left England. He squinted and took a deep breath. "The air smells new," he replied, "and you've got room to move about here, haven't you?"

With the boom and its man-power shortage upon them, federal and provincial governments belatedly have begun to co-operate on planned immigration measures. When Britain asked Canada to accept a quota of Polish bachelors—transportation prepaid by His Majesty's government—who for political or other reasons chose not to return home after the war, the proposal was seized upon as part of the answer to the shortage of agricultural workers. Canadian Labor, Immigration and Health Department officials were hurriedly dispatched to screen them. The men signed two-year contracts as farm hands to be paid the going wage (in no case less than $45 a month plus board and room), with the privilege of returning at the end of that time or staying and becoming naturalized citizens.

After 10 months the plan had developed remarkably few bugs. Out of the 4,527 Poles imported, only three so far have flunked and had to go back. Language has been a stumbling block, but Ottawa conscientiously keeps in touch with the men by mail and through field agents, encouraging them to pursue officially approved English courses which are both cheap and simple. No sooner had their ships docked than the Poles were presented with such aids as a handy guide to Canada and a list of useful farmyard phrases ranging from *"Zamknij na noc te obydwa okna*—close both these windows at night," to *"Dolóż slomy do kurnika*—put some more straw in the henhouse."

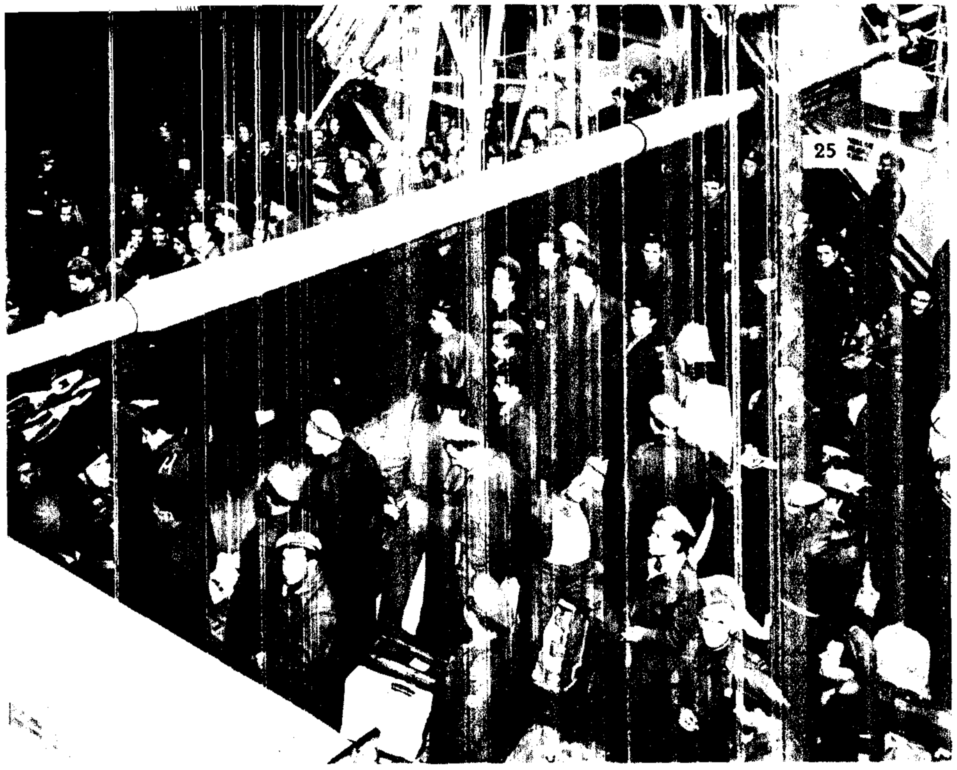
Courtships on the Prairies

The vocabulary of romance burgeoned beautifully on its own. One lad felt himself sufficiently acclimated after a fortnight to make love to the farmer's wife. He was transferred to a widower's property. Another fell for the boss' fifteen-year-old daughter. The farmer himself, figuring to parlay the swain's apprenticeship into a lifetime career, encouraged the match but the Pole, nevertheless, was changed to another farm 19 miles away, apparently on the theory that if after the chores were done he still wanted to hike the distance to press his affections, bureaucracy would bless the union.

One latter-day Simon Legree, who punched his Pole in the nose when he objected to working on the Sabbath and shoveling manure on Christmas Day, was sent to the clink to cool off and lost his helper in the bargain. On the other hand, many farmers have voluntarily upped the basic wage to keep the hired hands happy. "Don't know what we'd do without him," Mrs. Fred Stewart, of City View, Ontario, testified to an inspector about the twenty-two-year-old husky they call Sylvester. "He can only talk broken English yet, but that's all right. Shakespeare did too."

The popularity of Polish males on

(Continued on page 45)



NATIONAL FILM BOARD

Thousands of Polish farm workers, like these, have come to help man Canada's fertile land. Despite minor incidents, the immigration plan has worked well

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

Sometimes entire Dutch families like the Maarten Jacobsens, above, have moved to Canada. People like these have helped the Dominion solve her labor shortage. Also scheduled to settle on a farm were the Jan Bosschas, below. After Europe, many of these people find Canada's air freer, her vistas greater

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

BIG DEAL

•

BY LOUIS KAMP

In this case the other man figured the girl was a bargain, at almost any price

ALL morning they had been sparring with each other. The tall, thin man and the short, plump one. The plump one had taken the tall, thin one for a row in the boat, had baited a hook for him and watched his ineptitude with the fishing rod. Only when they went for a swim did vagrant smiles tremble across his good-natured face as he watched the thin man's gingerly advance across the pebble-covered floor of the bay.

Finally, over cold beer in the kitchen of the little house, the tall, thin one stopped sparring. "Uh . . . where is she?" He waved his hand vaguely around.

"And I tried so hard to entertain you." The other sighed.

"What do you mean by that?"

The plump one grinned. "About every three months it gets too much for you. Doesn't it? You have to hop in that black-market car of yours, bought with your ill-gotten gains, and trot out here to show off your wealth. You'd like to take her away from me. Why don't you come right out and admit it? I'm broadminded."

The thin man tried a frown that only succeeded in making him look more nervous and confused.

"I knew her long before you did—"

"Of *course,*" the other said. "When you come right down to it—I really took her away from you, didn't I?"

The thin one looked relieved and drank some beer. "She might have married me," he said stiffly. "She should have married me. What did you have to offer her?"

"Well," the plump one said mildly, "I thought this would be a good place to try to write." He looked downcast and then he brightened. "But there's been pretty fair money in clams this past year."

"Clams!"

"Don't you like clams?"

"No. They're scavengers. You didn't tell me where she'd gone to."

The plump one laughed. "Oh, I sent her into the village to get my whisky and my cigarettes. She'll be back after she's done my errands."

"She should hear you talk about her, as though she were your servant," the thin man said angrily. "If I could take her away from all this, I certainly would."

"If you can get her to leave me you're welcome to her."

The thin man was startled.

"She should hear you say that!"

"You can tell her if you like," the other said, shrugging.

The thin man stood up. "You'd like that. If I did tell her. I don't think."

"Oh, sit down," the plump man said mildly. "You can tell her anything you like."

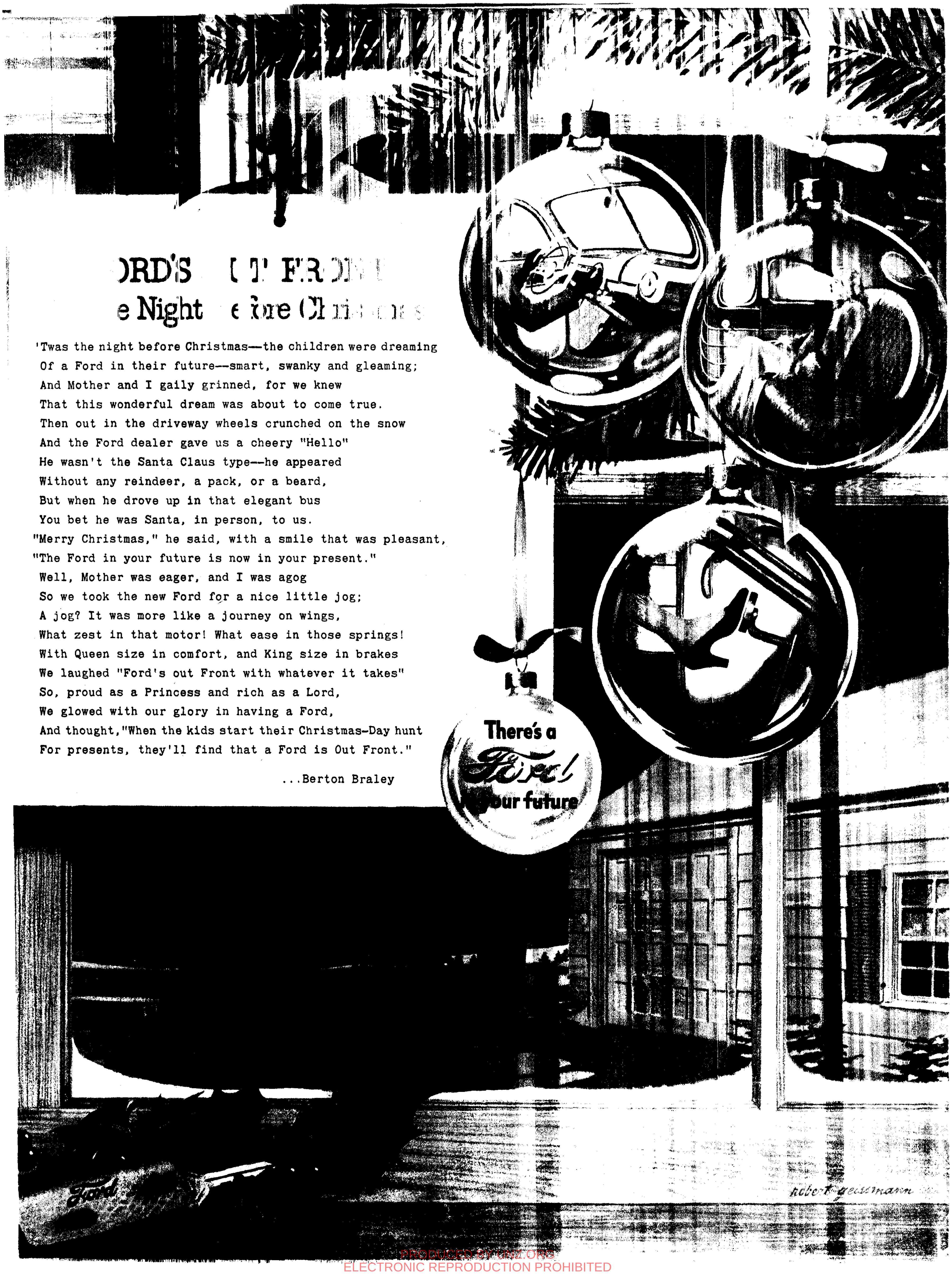
The thin one sat down again, on the edge of his chair. He took two quick little sips of beer.

"Well!" he said. "I'm glad I found out how you really feel about her. When I think about all she must have gone through . . . this year . . ."

"What about all I've

(Continued on page 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA



ORD'S OUT FRONT
e Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas—the children were dreaming
Of a Ford in their future--smart, swanky and gleaming;
And Mother and I gaily grinned, for we knew
That this wonderful dream was about to come true.
Then out in the driveway wheels crunched on the snow
And the Ford dealer gave us a cheery "Hello"
He wasn't the Santa Claus type--he appeared
Without any reindeer, a pack, or a beard,
But when he drove up in that elegant bus
You bet he was Santa, in person, to us.
"Merry Christmas," he said, with a smile that was pleasant,
"The Ford in your future is now in your present."
Well, Mother was eager, and I was agog
So we took the new Ford for a nice little jog;
A jog? It was more like a journey on wings,
What zest in that motor! What ease in those springs!
With Queen size in comfort, and King size in brakes
We laughed "Ford's out Front with whatever it takes"
So, proud as a Princess and rich as a Lord,
We glowed with our glory in having a Ford,
And thought,"When the kids start their Christmas-Day hunt
For presents, they'll find that a Ford is Out Front."

...Berton Braley

THE WINNER
OF THE
COLLIER TROPHY

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

For his persistent—and eventually successful—research into the problem of de-icing planes in flight, Lewis A. Rodert wins America's highest aviation award

Mr. Rodert examines ice collected on plane's radio antenna after an experimental flight

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

THIS year's winner of the Collier Trophy—the nation's highest aeronautical award—is a forty-one-year-old aeronautical engineer, member of a pioneer Middle Western family of farmers and now flight research chief of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics Laboratory at Cleveland, Ohio.

He is Lewis A. Rodert, a modest, pleasant Missourian who readily admits neither he nor his family ever knew the Trumans when they all lived in Kansas City. But he will meet Mr. Truman for the first time, and at the White House, too, on Wednesday December 17th, when the President will lead the nation in observing the forty-fourth anniversary of the Wright brothers' flight and will present the Collier Trophy to Mr. Rodert.

The President will have a deep personal interest in the White House ceremony this year not only because a native son of his beloved Missouri enters Aviation's Permanent Hall of Fame but also because the Chief Executive's new official plane, The Independence, is a beneficiary of the achievement for which Mr. Rodert is being honored—the development of a system for overcoming the menace of ice formations on aircraft by the use of heat at its vulnerable parts.

Twenty-two outstanding authorities in civil, commercial, military and naval aviation, commissioned last month as the 1947 Collier Trophy Committee by the National Aeronautic Association, the trophy's custodian, to make the award for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year," unanimously selected Mr. Rodert and cited him "for his pioneering research and guidance in the development and practical application of a thermal ice prevention system for aircraft." Thus Mr. Rodert is the winner for the year 1946.

Ice has plagued airplanes for a quarter of a century, but now, in the opinion of the National Aeronautic Association's Collier Trophy judges, this menace to air navigation can be removed by the application of heat in the proper amount to the vital parts of an airplane without impairing its performance.

Tested in Worst Icing Storms

Last year, from the N.A.C.A.'s laboratory near Palo Alto, California, a large twin-engine transport airplane, equipped with the results of Mr. Rodert's ten-year research and development work was deliberately and frequently flown through the worst icing storms to be found in the United States, while all other planes were grounded. At no time was the airplane in danger from icing conditions in clear air, clouds or fog.

These exhaustive test flights completely confirmed original experiments in 1942, by a small twin-engine airliner type, specially equipped by the N.A.C.A. with the thermal anti-ice system and again in 1943-45 when the heat method was applied to four-engine bombers and flying boats. All new transport aircraft in this country now incorporate thermal ice-prevention systems.

More than a dozen aviation achievements reached full development and significance in 1946 and give promise of further advancing the science and industry of aeronautics. Of these, the Collier Trophy Committee concluded the greatest (next to thermal ice prevention) was the *practical application* of the reversible propeller as a landing brake for large aircraft. The committee voted honorable mention to the Propeller Division of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation of Caldwell, New Jersey, with recognition for Chief Engineer G. W. Brady, Chief Research Engineer C. W. Chillson and Chief Design Engineer J. H. Sheets. Reversible propellers are on order for all new production four-engine air liners and on all Air Force and Navy aircraft of four engines or more.

The Collier Trophy has now been awarded 32 times since it was established in 1911 by the late Robert J. Collier, editor and son of the founder of Collier's and an enthusiastic pilot, plane owner and crusader for aviation when it had few friends and no public support. He hoped his trophy would inspire widespread development of the airplane and its operation both as to safety and utility, and he delegated to the Aero Club of America, predecessor of the N.A.A., the responsibility of determining the winner annually. (No awards were made from 1917 to 1920 because of the war.)

Base Has Been Enlarged

The trophy to be presented by President Truman to his fellow Missourian on December 17th is the same famous classic bronze figure group, but the mahogany base has been enlarged to accommodate the names of winners for many years to come. The last available space on the original base was taken by the engraved plate honoring last year's winner, Dr. Luis W. Alvarez, University of California professor of physics and creator of the Ground Controlled Approach (GCA) system for the safe landing of aircraft on fog-locked airports via radar. Tiffany and Company of New York enlarged the base early this winter to the specifications of Mr. Thomas H. Beck, Board Chairman of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company and intimate friend of the late Mr. Collier, and with the approval of the N.A.A.

Mr. Rodert's name and citation are the first to appear on the enlarged trophy which will remain in his possession for the ensuing year. However, on the night of December 17th, at the banquet of the Aero Club of Washington chapter of the N.A.A., held annually to observe the anniversary of flight, he will receive for his permanent possession, from Collier's, an attractive bronze plaque, suitably engraved to commemorate the award.

When Charles A. Lindbergh set the world afire with his New York-Paris solo flight he noted sleet formed on the wings of the Spirit of St. Louis at certain altitudes. Two scientists at the Langley Field, Virginia, laboratory of the N.A.C.A., Theodore Theodorsen and William C. Clay, were then conducting wind-tunnel studies and flight tests on small wing models and concluded that the wasted aircraft engine exhaust heat could be harnessed and put to work melting ice from the wings or preventing it from forming.

These findings were proclaimed when mechanical devices designed to remove ice from airplane wings, tails, propellers and windshields were being advanced and a number of preparations containing alcohol and some concoctions resembling cold jellied consommé, were announced as the cure-all for ice. In a few instances the chemical treatment and the mechanical devices were backed by reputable persons and firms; in others, by opportunists.

(Continued on page 49)

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Great way to start a great day—with a traditional treat like a Milky Way candy bar! Just taste that thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. All blend together to make each enjoyable mouthful a real taste thrill . . . right down to the last delightful flavor that lingers in your mouth.

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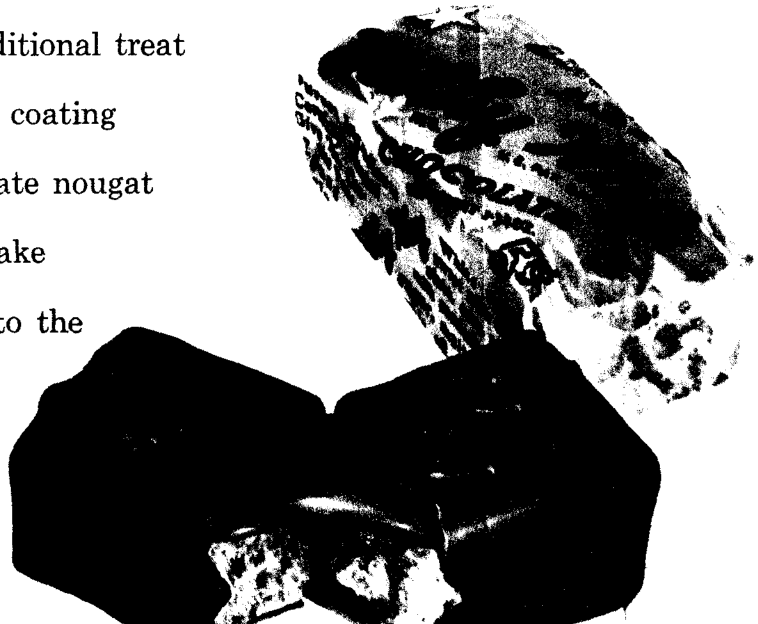
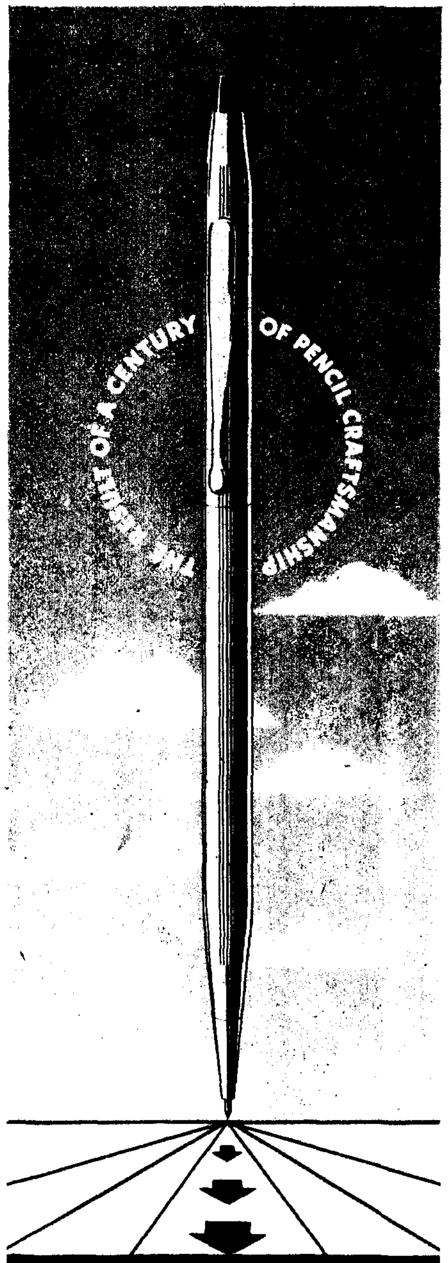


THE CROSS Century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RELIC OF FORT TEJON

Continued from page 23

just the kind of man a girl would want to marry and reform.

As Jeff went out to his horse he saw three men riding up quietly to the hitch rack. Only one dismounted—a chunky giant in vicuña hat, red coat and sky-blue pants, the uniform of a Los Angeles Ranger.

"Trouble, looks like," the trader said, coming out on the veranda.

"Flash Tatum been here this morning?" the Ranger lieutenant asked.

Pops nodded over his shoulder. "In the storeroom. I'm outfitting him for the Kern."

"Grubstaking him?"

"Why, no. He's paying for everything. But what's that to do with it?"

"He had a run of bad luck down to Taos' Gaming House in the Pueblo and I was wondering where he got enough to outfit himself for the Kern. That takes money."

"Morning, Bert. Looking for me?" Flash Tatum addressed the Ranger from the door. Beside him stood Lorena.

The Ranger came up to the veranda with a clank of spurs. "Won a little jack pot last night, didn't you, Flash?"

"Not a jack pot. I was playing monte."

"With Dink Joplin?"

THE name might have meant something to Flash but being naturally poker-faced he showed no surprise. "Why do you pick him out?"

"Because some Digueños told me he stopped at your vineyard last night. Likewise he had just taken two oxcarts with hides down to the pueblo and got a bag of gold octagonals in payment."

Flash Tatum's voice was as expressionless as his face. He took out his wallet as if putting up an ante. "Yes, Dink and I had a game. I won these octagonals—count 'em. Three hundred dollars."

Lorena seemed to be ahead of everyone else. "What happened to Dink?"

"They found his body in the mesquite near the sawmill this morning. Been knifed."

Lorena flushed. Flash showed no reaction except perhaps a slight narrowing of his lids, as if he saw four aces in a showdown when he had an ace in his own hand. "When did it happen?" he asked casually.

"I'm asking you."

"It didn't happen before one or two o'clock. I was there until along about then."

Jeff Magoon spoke up: "Two o'clock, now that's something! My dog started yelping at someone long about three o'clock—"

Lieutenant Carter ignored this interruption. "They told me at your grape ranch, Flash, there was a horse missing this morning. A calico—one of your string."

"I didn't know he was missing. Maybe he's in a draw somewhere foraging."

"He has a print easy to read—a near hind hoof that's different. A *mozo* at your vineyard said the horse had had a case of the thrush, so his hoof was spread with an iron bar. No mistaking it."

"What's that got to do with Dink Joplin?" Flash asked.

"I read sign at the spot where Joplin was killed. The hoofprints showed how you or someone riding that calico broke out of the brush and stopped Joplin."

For the first time Flash showed something behind his poker mask. He glanced at the two riders who sat in their saddles with their Army five-shooters unholstered. Tatum's voice, if not his eyes, steadied as he said, "You've got the wrong man, Bert. Must have been a horse thief, the one who stole my calico last night."

"That's just what I said," Jeff put in. But the Ranger was unhitching the handcuffs at his belt.

The girl gasped. "You mean you're arresting him just because he won some money from Dink Joplin!"

"Maybe the money wasn't the reason for the killing," the Ranger said. "Maybe it all started with an argument over you, Miss Lorena."

"What are you talking about?" she asked hotly.

"Just some talk I heard back there at the ranch. Joplin was sweet on you—that's how the talk went."

"Everybody's sweet on her," her father put in, "even Jeff Magoon here."

The Ranger looked at Flash Tatum as if expecting an objection. This talk about the girl would at least bring some show of anger to that poker face. But Flash said dryly, "All right, Bert, let's ride."

"You mean," the Ranger said, "you're admitting it?"

"I'm admitting nothing and saying nothing till the showdown. That will be in court at the Bella Union."

As the Ranger snapped on the cuffs, Lorena turned to Jeff and asked frantically, "What were you telling us, Jeff?"

He was slow to answer. In his mind there was little doubt about Flash's guilt. Flash had lied about getting those gold slugs at monte. Dink Joplin never played monte in his life. It was an outstanding characteristic in a country where the game was played by every miner and *mulero* and Mexican—everybody but Mormons. Aloud he said, "There's one slim chance."

Lorena ran down to the hitch rack where Lieutenant Carter had taken his prisoner.

"Bert Carter, you've got to wait!" the girl said. "Jeff's dog barking last night might mean something."

"All I mean," Jeff said, coming out on the veranda, "is that we ought to find that calico."

"You go find him," the Ranger said. "I'm taking this man down to the pueblo before Joplin's kin get hold of him."

But the girl grabbed his reins. "You listen, Bert. Jeff isn't finished."

"I was just thinking," Jeff said uncertainly, "if we took a *pasear* up to my mill we might find the prints of that calico. If he was rustled and ridden past my mill and if he's disappeared—then you'd have no case against Flash Tatum at all."

It was a good point and the Ranger thought it over. "We'll take a walk up there," he announced.

With the exception of Pops Lawton who stayed at his store they all rode to the mill. When they got there Jeff was the only one to dismount, the others sitting in their saddles watching skeptically as he searched for hoofprints. Lorena drifted her horse up behind him, following. She watched him read sign around the shake barn, smokehouse and newly built cabin—a well-kept outfit, she noticed, with the creek and the tailrace of the mill making a pleasant song. Jeff knew how to make a place look like a home—now that there was no camel in the corral.

But there was a camel. She heard Jeff's muttered oath and the answering mutter and gurgle of the oont coming toward him. Jeff looked up at the girl, his face long and beet-red. "Must have got loose from that Indian and found his way home," he said. "Anyway he's back again."

"Did you hear any hoofbeats last night?" the Ranger asked.

"All I heard was the dog yelping—" Jeff began, then started swearing to himself.

"The reason you didn't hear hoofbeats was because that camel hasn't any hoofs except pads," the Ranger said. "It was the camel your dog barked at."

Jeff glared at the oont, its black-fringed eyes drooping and dreaming, happy to come home to Jeff's corral and corn. "But he wasn't here this morning," Jeff said lamely. "I looked for him—because I was kind of afraid he'd be back."

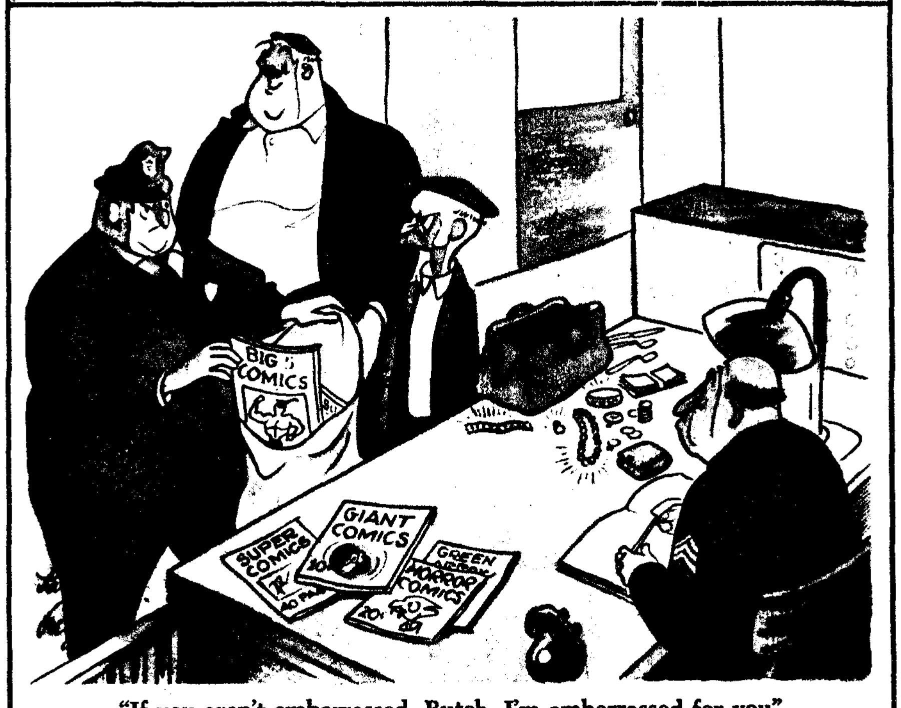
It wasn't the time for mirth but they all hooted and jeered. Jeff wiped the sweat from his eyes, picked up a cactus pad to give the camel a hiding. With a patient sigh the oont flexed his muscles to absorb the blows then turned, snatched at the pad and began to munch it. Everyone roared. Everyone but Lieutenant Carter.

"We've wasted good time listening to you, Jeff. There was lynch talk at Joplin's ranch this morning and it won't be long before they get riding. Let's slope out of here." He led the way into the timber. Lorena followed, riding stirrup to stirrup with the prisoner just long enough to say goodby, then she turned her horse back.

"YOU were trying to save Flash," she began. "I can understand that much. But—"

"But you want me to shoot this camel. All right, this settles it. Come on, you slobbery old centipede—into the corral while I get my gun." He picked up a stone to haze the critter through the corral gate

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S "If you aren't embarrassed, Butch, I'm embarrassed for you"

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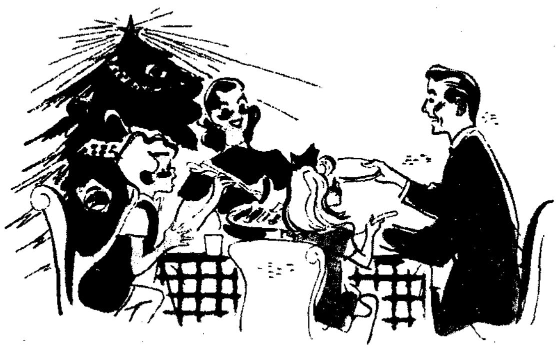

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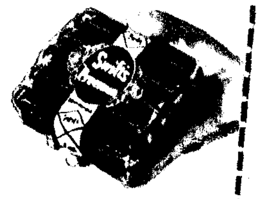

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but then froze in the act of stooping.

"What's the matter with you, Jeff?"

"The hoofprints—the spread hoof!" Jeff stared at the ground, and the girl crowded her horse up and stared with him. "The calico was here! Someone was riding him, keeping to the sand and sawdust so he wouldn't make any noise!"

"I'll get Lieutenant Carter! I'll call him back!"

"Tell him the tracks lead yonder through the oaks to the Tehachapi Trail. It was seven-eight hours ago the dog barked so the calico's over the mountains by now," he shouted as the girl spurred her horse for the oaks. "Tell Carter to wait for me! I'll get a grub-and-water pack because it's going to be a long trail!"

HE RAN into his cabin for some jerky and canteens, then to his barn to get a nose bag and grain. While he was filling the canteens at the mill creek he saw the girl riding back out of the oaks.

"They found more tracks," she announced. "Bert Carter said he was going to get that calico if he has to ride as far as Gila Wells."

"But what's he doing with Flash?"

"Taking him with him. He can't leave him because of that—" she nodded to a string of riders across the valley leaving Joplin's ranch and heading for the trading post.

"*But Bert will need food and water.* The rustler will be in the Mojave by now!"

"They'll stop at Gonzales' goat ranch over the ridge and pack out from there! I told them to wait for you, Jeff," she said unhappily. "But Bert doesn't want too much dust. He said he was appointing two deputies and that was enough."

"I can ride as well as those two mosshorns," Jeff said, brooding, "and track better than either of 'em too."

"It's on account of your camel, Jeff. They said that critter would follow you and kick up too much dust." It was an incontestable point, for at that very moment the oont was following Jeff and reaching for the nose bag of grain. "And what's more they said you were too softhearted to shoot a horse thief anyway!" She burst out angrily, "You've got to stop folks making fun of you like this, Jeff. You've got to—"

"I've got to shoot this old oont," Jeff said grimly. "But I'm doing no such a thing." He stepped into his tool shed, came out with a queer-looking rig, half sawbuck, half saddle, with bars on the side for anchoring freight. Jeff had added a long cinch strap to go behind the camel's belly. It made a good imitation of the saddle the soldiers had used in Lieutenant Beale's transport detail at Fort Tejon.

When he took a lariat, spread a loop and dabbed it over the camel's neck the girl gasped. "You mean you're going to *ride* that thing, Jeff!"

"Why not?"

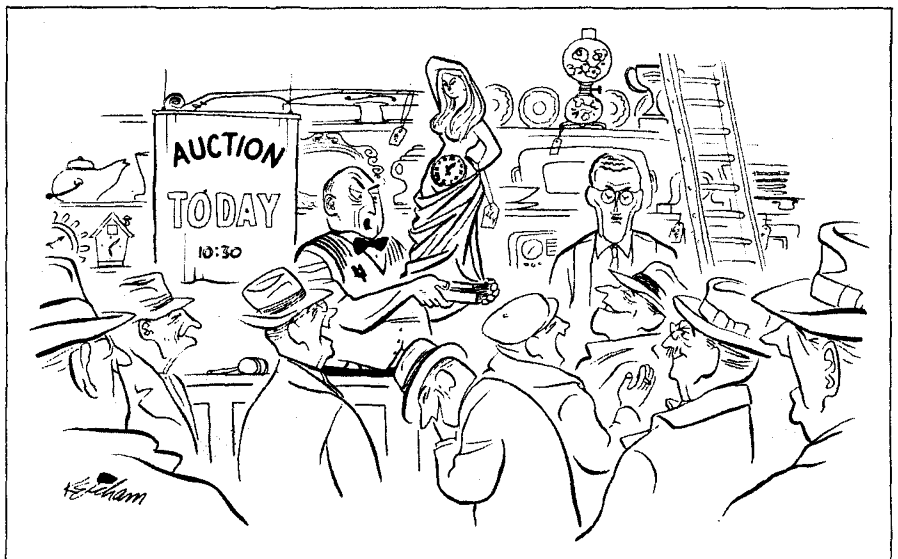
He did not attempt to make the oont lie down. He swung on the saddle while the oont stood spraddle-legged and groaning in its beard. The groan turned to a whine and a yelp as the cinches were tightened. Then it leaned to one side, a sign that it was going to give a circular swipe of its hind leg.

But Jeff kicked first. The camel turned and spat a cud of greasewood at him. Then it proceeded to lie down. It was a habitual reaction perhaps to that kick, as well as to the cinches binding its gurgling stomach. It doubtless remembered that the kick would be followed by more if it did not kneel.

Lorena watched, mystified. "If you're going anywhere, Jeff, why don't you get a horse?"

"Because horses will have trouble trailing any farther than Gila Wells." Jeff picked a strip from his lumber pile to use as a camel goad. "Lieutenant Carter hasn't heard about it yet, but some Mormons told me when they bought some timber this morning."

"Told you what?"



COLLIER'S "Now if we've all had our little jokes . . ." HANK KETCHAM

"Gila Wells is dry."

He let her think this over while he mounted and gave the command he had heard at Fort Tejon, "*Goom!*"

The camel rocked up to its foreknees, which action would have dumped Jeff if he had not grabbed the saddle horn. His breastbone mashed against the horn at the *camel's next movement, which consisted* of a sudden lurch, bringing it to its hind legs while still kneeling. At the third movement, the straightening of the forelegs, Jeff had his balance.

From then on it was easy as riding a moderately stubborn mule, except that the goad and the rider's feet and shifting weight served instead of reins.

"A pretty good show, Jeff, good enough for a rodeo. But with Bert and the others on good horses you'll never even catch up with them."

"It's the calico I want to catch up with. He'll be needing water, but the horse thief riding him won't come back through the Tehachapis after just killing a man. He'll have to head for the Mojave River for water. Means crossing dry country."

"You mean the Mojave Desert?" When the girl understood what he was doing, she burst out, "Jeff, if you find him—if you save Flash Tatum, Jeff, I'll—" She did not say what she would do but she leaned from her saddle and threw her arms around him.

"Kissed me right on the ear," Jeff chuckled to himself as he hit the trail. "She likes me. Might have liked me a whole lot if this moth-eaten oont—" he corrected himself. "She may have to like the oont too!"

AT GILA WELLS they saw the camel coming at a fast knock-kneed trot. This was after the Ranger lieutenant, his prisoner and two deputies had tracked the calico half a day and all of a moonlit night. The Tehachapis were behind them, the San Gabriels to the south. To the east the prints showed where the calico and its rider had headed into the mesquite of the Mojave. And now the red light revealed a grotesque picture—the camel with its beard muddied from dust and drool, the daft Magoon high in the outlandish double-cinched saddle.

"Not daft—except like a fox," the Ranger said.

"You going on?" Jeff asked innocently.

The Ranger swore. "What's it look like? We got some water left for ourselves but not for the horses. The Mojave would be murder and I'm responsible." He was looking at the camel; its lower lip was thrust out, the yellow ochre teeth were bared in what seemed almost a dry laugh.

One of the deputies snarled impatiently, "We don't need that calico anyway, Bert. We got enough against Tatum now."

Instead of the immobile poker face, Flash Tatum wore a mask of alkali, deeply lined and twitching. He asked fervently, "Jeff, you figure you can find that calico?"

Jeff turned to the Ranger. "Will you wait, Bert, till I get back?"

"No. But—" the Ranger thought it over. "How fast can that oont travel?"

"Seven miles an hour, thirty miles a day. If you give him time to browse he can get enough water from herbage."

"I'm not waiting here," the Ranger *lieutenant said finally. "But I'll keep Ta*tum at the trading post unless things get moving too thick."

Jeff kneed his camel to the trail. The calico, as the prints showed, was pounding hard and slow, resting at every rise, staggering across dry washes. Farther on the footprints showed where the rider had dismounted to lead his limping horse.

The oont jogged on, breathing the hot wind which might have brought memories of its Syrian hills, a wind which had been the breath of life to camels since the breed began. It jogged so fast that long before Jeff expected it a smirch of brown dust appeared a mile ahead. Instead of following the tracks, he cut to the east, circling the dust cloud until he was between the fugitive and the Mojave River.

It grew hotter, the flat spaces showing blue like water. Jeff saw a buzzard wheeling low over a gully. Jeff guessed that the calico had been abandoned.

The cloud had dwindled to a brown haze. If it had not been so close Jeff might have lost it entirely, for it was merely the dust scuffed up by a man trudging on foot. Now that he was ahead of the fugitive, Jeff sat on the camel's hump and waited.

Over a rise a figure staggered through a layer of ground heat which shortened and twisted the outline. It was a squat misshapen thing like a man with big feet but no legs. The man stopped suddenly, motionless except for the vibrating wave of air. Then he tried to run, angling off to the west, lurching, smoking up the alkaline washes.

"Thinks he can get away from me," Jeff chuckled. "Thinks he can *walk* to the Mojave River! I'll ride another circle."

It was easy—a little too easy. Jeff was not chuckling when he saw the man again. It was a good distance, but in the thin desert air he could see the horselike face with the handle-bar mustache worn in the fashion of California's most famous bandit. "But it isn't Murietta," Jeff mumbled aloud. "He was supposed to be killed by the Fort Tejon soldiers last year. This must be his ghost."

This time instead of attempting to flee, the man came straight toward Jeff, growing larger, haunting him. It was Murietta's Ghost, all right. And it was really there—flesh and blood and bull neck and bowlegs; it wore real clothes—tight-fitting pants, a bright pink shirt with balloon sleeves of the style beloved by Frisco dandies. His real name was Texas Rondo but the drivers of the Pacific Express and Wells Fargo, the Vigilantes up north and the Los Angeles Rangers in the south, all had a name for him. Because of his looks and his deeds he was known from Sonoma to San Diego as Murietta's Ghost.

The Ghost's first shot was straight but short, smoking the ground between the camel's forepads. At the second the camel wheeled and pitched like a colt kicking at heel flies. Jeff threw a wild shot and grabbed the saddle horn to stick on. Two camel bucks got him out of range and from then on, it was a game of tag. For an hour Jeff rode circles while the Ghost, alias Texas Rondo, either followed or fled.

The flight was merely a pretense, for when Jeff narrowed the circle to a possible range, Rondo turned in a drunken waltz and fired. The camel gave a bark, then a squawk, then a groan as a shot burned its woolly flank.

At Fort Tejon they said a frightened camel sometimes lies down and dies. Perhaps that was why Jeff found himself dumped over the saddle horn. It was Rondo's chance, but trudging in the sand under the burning heat must have dulled his eye and slowed his hand. Jeff had time to wriggle up and fire his shots over the oont's rumbling, water-filled belly.

Rondo was slamming away now, his slugs splintering the freight bar and horn, slicing across the saddle and the hide cantinas. The camel cringed like a whipped *dog as a slug bored into his hump.* The oont saved me that time, Jeff thought. But he stopped the next slug himself. Or it might have been his new snakeskin hatband that stopped it, the lead slugging him on the side of his skull.

In a daze he slumped against the camel's hump and tried to stare across at the black figure reeling toward him. Everything reeled and everything was black, even the cactus and the mesquite. Murietta's Ghost was the blackest of all, swelling enormously.

"This camel will come in handy if he's still alive," the Ghost said. He was horribly close when his gun hand went up.

ANOTHER day and another night brought affairs at Lawton's trading post to a climax.

"What's that Ranger doing anyway?" everyone was asking. "Needed a day's rest account they ran out of water; all right, now he's had a day's rest."

Inside the store Pops Lawton said to Lieutenant Carter, "They're all asking why you don't take your prisoner to Los Angeles, Bert. They're talking of busting in my storeroom and taking Flash out. And," he added, "they got ropes."

Lorena sat on a barrel at the door of the storeroom cleaning a gun. "You tell them we're waiting for Jeff Magoon," she said calmly. "He'll be back."

Two ranchers had come into the store ostensibly to trade, but Lorena eyed them carefully. "What do you folks want?"

"We want to ask Bert Carter a question," one of them said. "It's like this, Bert. If that calico is brought back what's it going to prove?"

"Nothing, unless we find the man who rustled him," the Ranger answered.

"But Flash Tatum could've given the horse to some Indio just to get rid of him."

Three more men had slipped in while the Ranger was being badgered by the first two. Lorena's blue eyes narrowed. "What you Injuning up to this door for?"

Pops Lawton grabbed her arm. "No you don't, Lorena!" he said. "Let me have that gun!"

The Ranger stepped in front of her, then turned to face the men. "If you gents want this thing settled here and now, at least you'll let the prisoner give his defense. He told me something he wanted kept quiet till I took him down to the Bella Union for trial. You all keep your guns holstered and I'll let him tell it now."

"Don't bring him out here, Bert!" the girl objected.

"He won't have to come out." The

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Ranger unlocked the padlock and opened the storeroom door. "Just tell us from where you are, Flash. We can hear you."

And some of them could see him. Flash Tatum sat on a box, his shoulders humped, but his eyes turned up, scowling as if at an intolerable light. They were red, not from alkali dust, but from the Mormon whisky with which Pops Lawton had tried to raise his spirits.

The whisky helped him talk. "Joplin grubstaked me, that's how I got his money," Flash said. "He was sweet on the girl and wanted me to line out and leave her. But it was bona fide, with Dink to get a third of the strike money."

"Grubstake a gambler like you!" someone snorted.

"Even if it's true," said another, "it's a pretty snaky play, selling out a girl for three hundred dollars."

"Of all the dehorned squirts!" Pops Lawton began, but the yells of the crowd outside stopped him.

"It's the oont! The oont's come back!" The shouts broke off, leaving a queer silence, then someone out there gasped, "It's Murietta's Ghost!"

WHEN Lieutenant Carter stepped out on the veranda he saw men ducking behind the wagon shed, the picket line, the rain barrel. Thus the camel shambled into an apparently empty corral, then it sank to its knees and crumpled into a pile of wool and bones.

Tex Rondo fell off on one side, striking a shoulder on the ground, for with his hands bound he was unable to break his fall. A scrawnier, less glamorous figure fell off on the other side. In the infamous glory of his riding mate Jeff Magoon was practically unnoticed.

The Ranger stepped down from the veranda followed by Pops Lawton, Lorena and the ranchers in the store. The crowd outside came from cover and all gathered on the near side of the camel where the road agent had fallen—all except Lorena who went to the off side.

As she helped Jeff to his knees she called to her father, "Bring some water, Pops. Jeff's been hit bad."

"Sure I was hit. So was the oont," Jeff said. "Got any corn?"

"Bring some whisky, Pops!"

"I mean real corn," Jeff said. He reached to a saddlebag and took out a partly dried, black-clotted horse hoof. "Here's the spread hoof, Bert. Got it from the dead calico Rondo had been riding."

"But how did *this* happen, Jeff?" The Ranger nodded to the *bandido*.

"I'm still trying to figure," Jeff said. "I passed out and then I thought Rondo jumped me. But it was the oont getting up on his legs and helping himself by stepping on me. Rondo was on the other side throwing shots through the camel's legs but shooting blind. He'd been hiking too long in the sun while I was riding high and comfortable. That's what gave me the edge in the shoot-out. Where's that corn?"

"You get it, Pops," the girl said. "Put it in a nose bag."

"And while you're about it," the Ranger said, "you can tell Flash Tatum to come here. I'll be needing his handcuffs."

Jeff said to the girl as she gave him another drink, "Everything's hunk now. Flash can go to the Kern River and make his strike. Everything's hunky-dory."

"He can go to the Kern River," the girl said, "and I hope he stays there."

Jeff did not understand the remark. He only understood that the girl had her arms around him and was holding him. He also noticed that she did not look up at Flash Tatum when he was brought out of the store and freed.

"Here's your corn," Pops Lawton said. "But listen, Jeff, if I feed this critter he'll be coyotin' around my store the rest of his life."

"That won't be long," someone said. "The oont's half dead already. Been smoked up looks like."

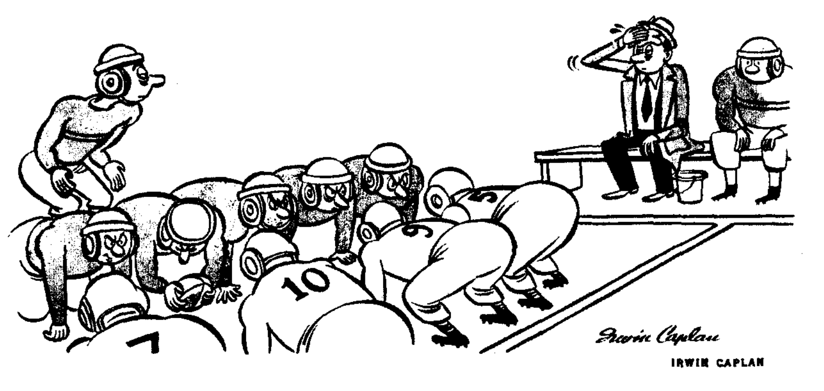
"Stopped four slugs," Jeff said. "Takes five to kill 'em."

The girl was suddenly interested in the camel's wounds. It had been hit in rump, hump and flank but there was very little clotted blood. The hits looked more like holes burned in a rug. As Jeff put the nose bag on the reaching head the camel came to life, groaned, gurgled then munched.

"He'll live to be fifty years like any camel," Jeff said.

"Maybe longer if we feed him corn from now on," Lorena said, almost hopefully.

THE END



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—James Torp, Clinton, Illinois

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INCIDENT ON THE BRIDGE AT ENNS

Continued from page 19

Elburz was walking her bicycle toward them. The Russkies had let her through. She was humming a Danube song, as usual.

"I suppose you want to see my *Ausweiskarte*, too," she greeted him.

"Sure, why not?" said Sergeant Dill.

"Because I left it in my bag and I left my bag at my aunt's *Schloss* in Thurnbuch. I had the devil of a time getting the Russians to let me pass."

"What's all this about? Forgot her *Ausweiskarte?*" the lieutenant interrupted.

"Is that so bad?" Trudi Elburz inquired, and the sergeant wished she would be quiet, so he could ease her through without trouble; but he knew she wouldn't.

Lieutenant Purdy looked at her, and the sergeant guessed that had the lieutenant been alone he would have found it possible to raise the barrier, perhaps after a friendly lecture, and even an invitation to the Saturday-night dance at the Osterreichischer Hof in Salzburg. But since he was watched by a sergeant and two privates, the lieutenant would find it necessary to display his incorruptibility. "Sorry," he told Trudi. "You can't pass the line without your card. Why, we just got new orders saying all indigenous personnel has to have eleven stamps, starting right now. This time I might overlook the eleventh stamp, but naturally you can't come through with no card at all."

"Why not?"

Lieutenant Purdy hesitated. "How do I know that you are who you say you are?" he asked.

"Suppose I'm not? Suppose I'm somebody else?"

"You don't get by here!" said the lieutenant.

"The Russians let me through," Trudi reminded him.

"Well," said Lieutenant Purdy with dignity, "the Russians have their own system of security and we have ours. You better go on back to Thurnbuch and get your card, and then I'll see to it that you pass this post, although you have only ten stamps."

"That's kind of you! That's real nice! I thought this was a liberated country!"

"What kind of a country this is has nothing to do with it!" Lieutenant Purdy said, and turned and entered the sentry box, to show that so far as he was concerned the incident was closed. The sergeant saw that Privates Polchak and Downes were impressed, as no doubt the lieutenant hoped they would be. When they got back to barracks they'd relate how their lieutenant had told off a *Fräulein*. This would get around the troop, and eventually might reach the ear of the commander. Everyone would know that no woman could sway Lieutenant Purdy—but this particular woman would have nothing to do, thereafter, with Sam Dill.

He watched the indignant swing of Trudi's hips as she marched her bicycle back across the bridge. Then he noticed a curious thing: The Russkies weren't raising their bar for her. She began to talk to the new Russky, and other Russkies surrounded them, their tommy guns slung at their backs as always, like part of their uniform. The new Russky, not so tall but as broad as Lieutenant Purdy, kept shaking his head and pointing back at the American side. The new Russky's head fascinated Sergeant Dill. He could swear that the new Russky, like Lieutenant Purdy, had a crew haircut.

TRUDI made quite a speech, in German, with the verbs sputtering like a string of firecrackers at the end, and stamped her wood-soled shoes on the planking. The Russky said something in Russian and pointed her in the direction of the Western democracies. Walking to the center of the bridge, Trudi leaned her elbows on the railing, and put her face in her hands.

Lieutenant Purdy came out of the sentry box. "Is she still here?" he said.

"If the lieutenant will pardon me," said Sergeant Dill, careful to observe proper form, "I think the lieutenant should let that civilian through."

"Let her through—with no *Ausweiskarte?*"

"Yes, sir. I know her. She's all right."

"Oh, she's your *Fräulein!*"

When you said a girl was someone's *Fräulein* in the third year of the occupation, it meant something quite definite. Purdy might just as well have said, "She's your mistress." Of course Purdy was only three weeks out of the Bremen port of debarkation, and couldn't be expected to know this, but Sergeant Dill found himself getting angry. "No, sir," he said. "She is not my *Fräulein*." He knew the tone and inflection with which he delivered this simple statement would inform Purdy that from there on, this affair was Purdy's baby.

It was some time before Lieutenant Purdy realized the girl was crying. He watched, impassive as any Regular Army officer should be when he is only doing his duty, for as long as he could, which

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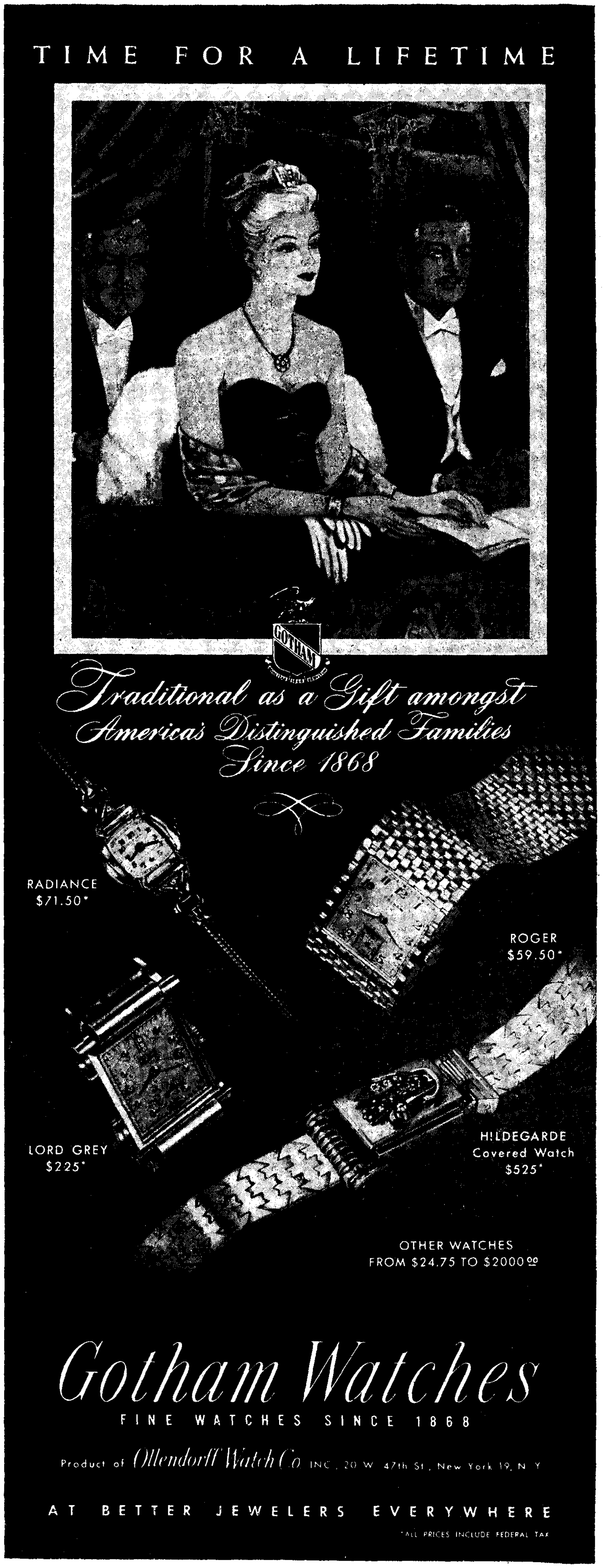

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was perhaps two minutes. "What's wrong with her?" he said.

The sergeant didn't think it necessary to reply. From now on, he wasn't giving advice, not for free.

"Don't you think we ought to find out what's the matter?" asked the lieutenant.

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, I think we ought. Don't **you**, Sergeant?"

"If you say so, sir."

"Well, I think perhaps we'd better go out and find out what is wrong, anyway. You come with me, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

"BARBARIANS!" Trudi said, rubbing the tears from her face as they reached her side. "Barbarians!"

"Who, the Russkies?" asked Lieutenant Purdy.

"Both you and the Russkies," she said. "Do you think you're so different to us? Do you know what we call you behind your backs? You don't, do you? We call you 'Icebox Russians.'"

"Icebox Russians!"

"Yes. You're just like the Russians, except in your country everybody has an icebox."

"Now look, *Fräulein,*" Lieutenant Purdy protested. "I want to help you, but my hands are tied. I've got very definite orders."

"Orders! Orders! I know what they call it back in the United States. I read the Stars and Stripes. Red tape, that's what they call it!"

The lieutenant saw that the new Russky was walking out on the bridge, with one of his men. Lieutenant Purdy mobilized what phrases he could remember from the course in Russian which suddenly had become so important in his last year at the Point. These phrases were designed to cover military contingencies. He could think of none that would fit this situation. He was wondering whether to try his German, which was sparse and awkward, when the Russian spoke first, surprisingly, in English. "Why don't you let this girl go to her home?" he demanded.

"Say, you speak English," said Lieutenant Purdy.

"At the military academy in Moscow we now learn English. They used to teach German."

"At West Point," said Lieutenant Purdy, "they're teaching Russian. They used to teach German, too. Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the Russian, without smiling, "it's funny."

"But you speak a lot better English than I speak Russian."

Trudi Elburz's foot began to tap the planking. "That," she said, "is because after one has learned Russian all else is easy. But, please, is it necessary to hold a conference? I want to get off this bridge—in what direction I don't care."

"I want her off the bridge, too," the Russian said. "I want her off immediately. I am not authorized to discuss things like this. Isn't it true that the *Fräulein* lives on the American side?"

"Yes, that's true," said Lieutenant Purdy. "But she can't enter the American zone without her *Ausweiskarte.* She left it in Thurnbuch. How about being a good guy and letting her go back and get it?"

"Already I have been what you call a good guy," said the Russian. "I let her out of my zone without papers. But she cannot re-enter my zone without papers. On that the *Kommandatura* is very strict."

"How do you expect her to have papers when you won't let her go back and get them?"

The new Russky locked his hands behind his back. His face reminded Sergeant Dill of a concrete pillbox, with eyes slitted like gunsights. "Who are you to criticize our methods?" the Russky said.

Lieutenant Purdy stuck out his chin. "So what if I do?"

"So I have made up my mind. She does not come back into the Soviet zone."

"Under no circumstances," said Lieutenant Purdy, "will she enter the American zone without her card!"

The girl looked at Lieutenant Purdy, and she looked at the Russian. "Why don't you both go home?" she inquired.

"Now you know we would like to wind up the occupation as quickly as possible," said Lieutenant Purdy. "The only reason we're still here is because the Russkies won't leave."

"Untrue! Propaganda of the so-called democracies!" said the Russian. "The Americans and British want to turn Austria into a base for aggression. Therefore we must remain to protect the Austrians."

"You're both wrong," said Trudi. "The Russians won't leave Austria because if they left they wouldn't have any excuse for maintaining their lines-of-communications troops in Hungary and Rumania. They won't leave Hungary and Rumania because that would expose their flank in Bulgaria. They stay in Bulgaria because that's the road to Turkey and the oil lands in Iran and Saudi Arabia. So because both the United States and Russia want a desert with oil under it, I've got to stay on this bridge."

"Pretty smart girl," the sergeant remarked, loud enough for Lieutenant Purdy to hear. He hoped Trudi would hear too, and understand that he was on her side, so far as duty and common sense permitted.

TO A CERTAIN LADY, AT CHRISTMAS

Hang your stocking near the tree,
Tack it to a shelf,
Or leave it on—it seems to me
You fill it well yourself!

—Richard Armour

"Oil has nothing to do with it," said Purdy. "It is strictly a matter of routine border regulations."

"On that I agree with you absolutely," said the Russian. He turned and strode back to the eastern bank.

"I think," Lieutenant Purdy told Sam Dill as they returned to their side of the bridge, "that I did the right thing. I showed firmness. It's national policy. If everybody else shows firmness, I can't be far wrong showing firmness, can I?"

"Well," said Sergeant Dill, "the big wheels aren't on duty here at this bridge."

PURDY went into the sentry box, picked up the phone, and asked for *Command Post, 898th* Constabulary Troop. Sergeant Dill knew the lieutenant was going to make another mistake. He didn't care particularly what happened to Purdy, the sergeant told himself. There was no other way for a second lieutenant to learn, except by experience. He remembered how few second lieutenants were left alive the second morning after his outfit was committed in Africa.

If he interfered at all, the sergeant assured himself, it was simply to save himself trouble, and of course to help Trudi. "Lieutenant," Sam Dill felt compelled to say, "I don't think I'd report this matter yet, if I were you."

"Why not?" If the sergeant had his way, Lieutenant Purdy thought, nothing important or exciting would ever happen at this post.

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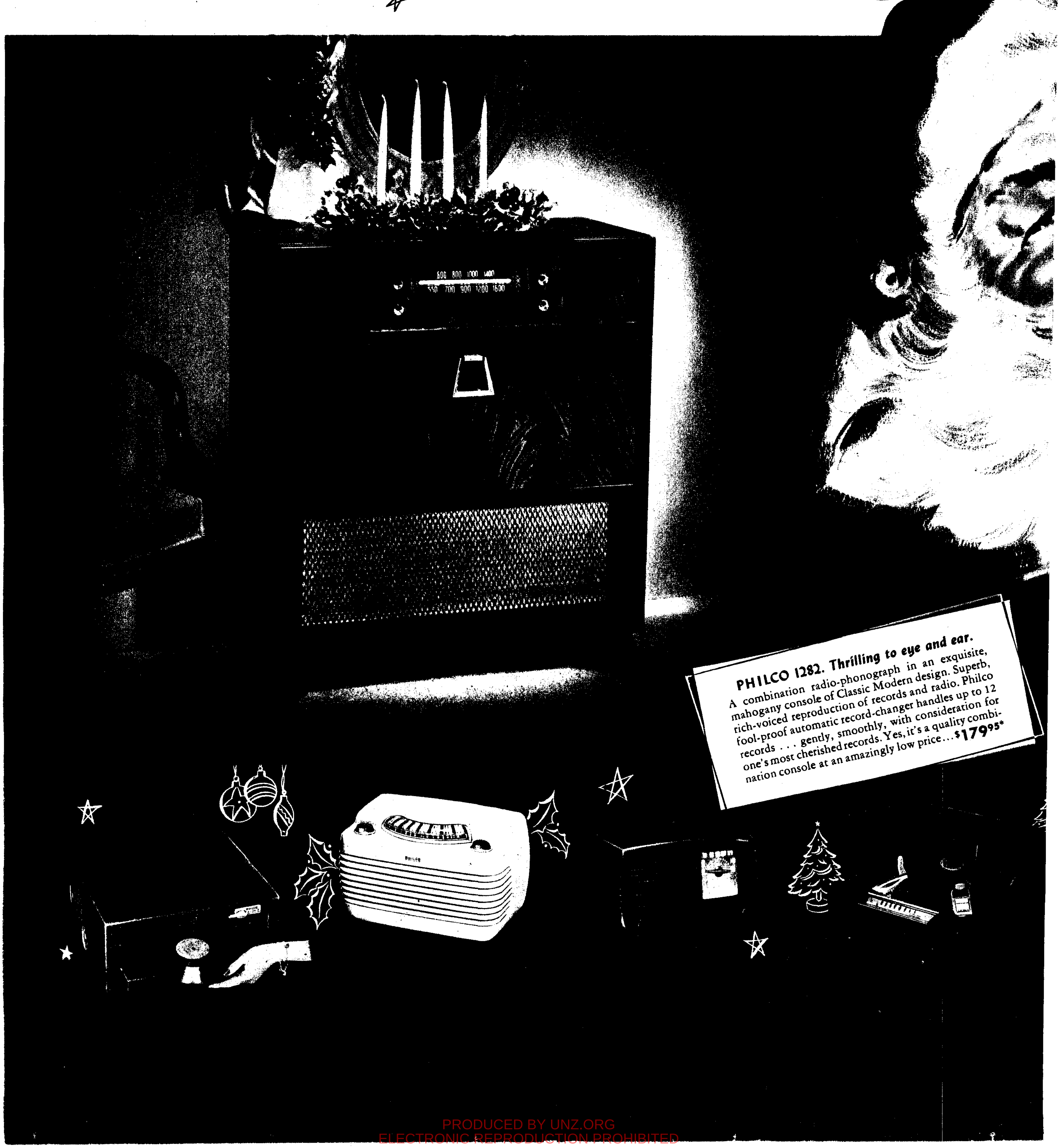

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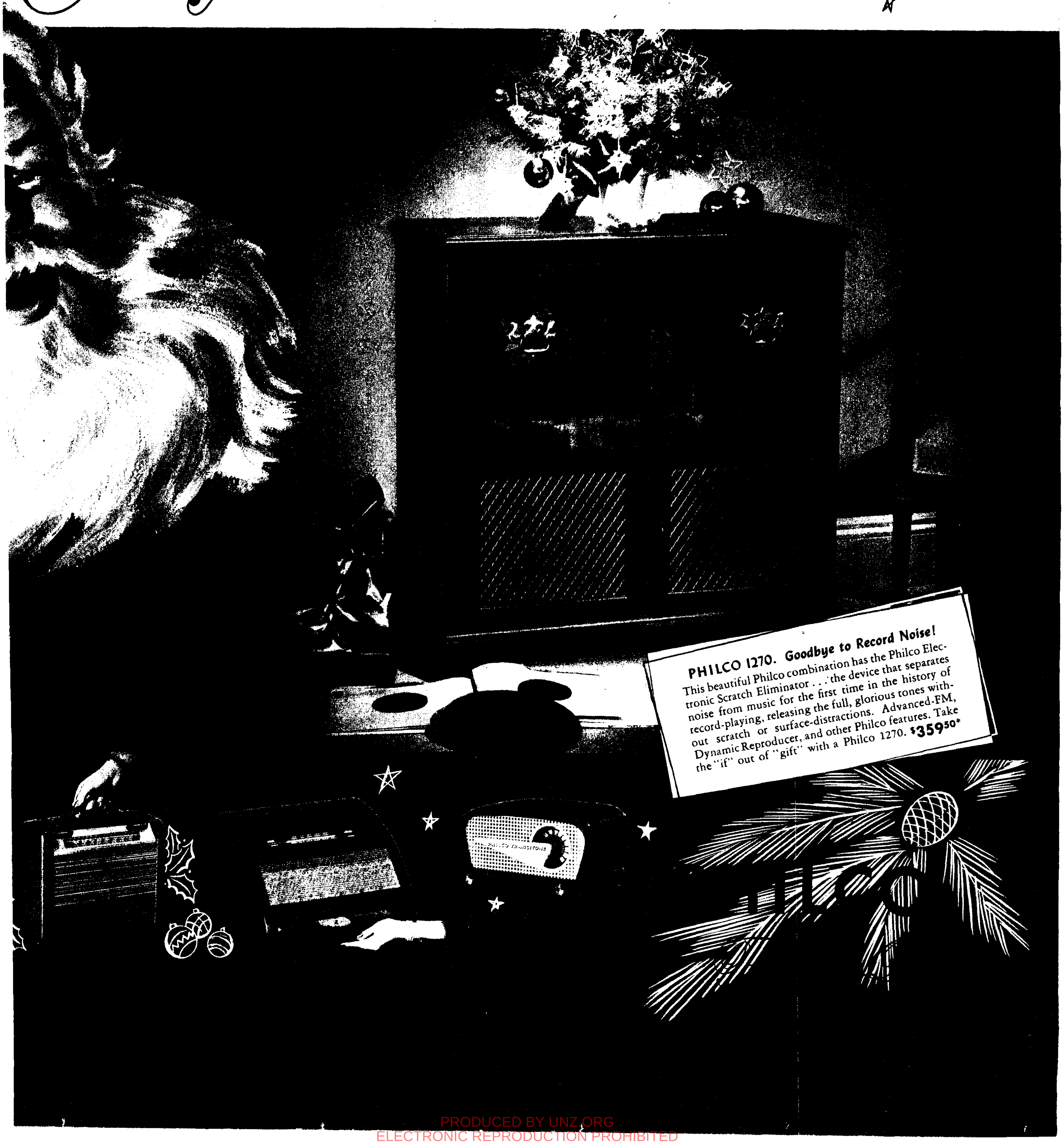

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Dessert Wines: California Port, Sherry, Muscatel • *Dinner Wines:* California Burgundy, Claret, Sauterne decisions, but if you tell someone else about it, then it gets to be official."

"It *should* be official," said the lieutenant. "This is very serious business."

"It can get too official," the sergeant persisted—but Troop CP had answered, and the lieutenant was asking for the duty officer. . . .

On that Sunday the duty officer was Major Burrows. So long as Major Burrows remained in Austria he would have a nine-room house, a staff car with chauffeur, and the little niceties, monetary and otherwise, that come with overseas duty. The four Burrows children would have a governess who spoke five languages, Mrs. Burrows would have a cook, a maid, play bridge with the wives of generals, and be referred to by the respectful natives as "Mrs. Major Burrows." But when Major Burrows returned to the United States he would not be a major any more. He would be a clerk in the Boston water department, and he would have no servants, no car, and perhaps no home.

COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

Lieutenant Purdy did not know these things about Major Burrows. He only knew that Major Burrows was a very careful man who never made decisions until they were approved by the colonel, and who insisted that all orders and reports be in writing.

"There's a little incident here on the bridge," Lieutenant Purdy told Major Burrows. "I thought I'd better report it."

"Incident?" said the major, the word sounding a warning to his acute sense of personal protection.

"Well, sort of an incident. It's just that there's a *Fräulein* stuck out here on the bridge. I suppose you'd call her a strandee." The lieutenant related the details.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "of course you were quite right in halting this girl. But there are problems in logistics. Who's going to feed her? Are there any facilities for her—ah, comfort?"

"Isn't that up to the Russians? After all, we've taken the stand that the Russians are responsible."

"We've taken the stand?" said Major Burrows. "Oh, no, Lieutenant. *You've* taken the stand."

"Oh!"

"Salzburg and Vienna may think you're responsible. After all, we have to consider the humanitarian aspects. If she's indigenous personnel, as you say, and not unauthorized personnel, then the Austrian government will have something to say about her rights."

"I guess we can feed her," Lieutenant Purdy said, "but I don't know what else we can do."

"I think it's a matter for the colonel," the major said. "Yes, it's definitely a matter for the colonel. He's spending the week end at the Inn in Gmunden."

The lieutenant became more uneasy. "Oh, why disturb him?" he asked. "I'll just let her come on through, and we can check on her *Ausweiskarte* tomorrow."

"Oh, no!" the major was horrified. "That won't do at all. I can't take the responsibility of permitting her to enter the zone. Orders are very specific."

"Well, what'll I do?"

"Just wait," suggested the major, "and report any new developments."

Lieutenant Purdy hung up the phone and said, "Did you hear that, Dill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dill, what do you think is going to happen?"

"It beats me, Lieutenant," the sergeant said.

"Well, have Polchak take a chair out to the *Fräulein*. Can't make her stand up all the time."

"Yes, sir."

"And see that she has cigarettes."

The lieutenant sat down at his desk and wrote in his log: "At 1450 sent chair and cigarettes to strandee."

TWENTY minutes later Dill noticed activity on the other side of the bridge. A Mercedes-Benz, red flags flying from its front fenders, and preceded by a small armored car, pulled up to the Russian sentry box. Two men, both wearing broad yellow shoulder boards, got out. They talked to the new Russky officer, who stood stiffly to attention. In the center of the bridge, her camp chair propped comfortably against the rail, Trudi smoked, swung a slender leg nervously, and pretended not to notice.

When the Russians' cars left she jumped out of the chair, crossed to the Russian end of the bridge, and asked a question of the young Russian officer. The new Russky was worried, the sergeant could see. His hands were not still, and once he ran his finger inside the collar of his tunic, as if it had suddenly grown too small. But he kept shaking his head no.

The girl returned to the middle of the bridge, saw Sergeant Dill watching her, and made a face at him.

"What do you think's going on?" asked Lieutenant Purdy.

The sergeant considered the situation carefully. "I should think," he said, "that the Russky is about in the same spot you are in."

"Oh," said Lieutenant Purdy. "Do you think I ought to call Major Burrows, and tell him about the talk over there, and the armored car?"

"I don't think so," said Dill. "Major

"By the Beard of the Caliph, these are memorable ties!"

The designs on these magnificent "Bagdad Motifs" ties were directly inspired by that famous (*also* memorable) classic, "The Arabian Nights."

Featured in gem-brilliant colors on rich rayon satin are Ali Baba's Sword, the Caliph's Castle, Magic Coins, the Veil of Arabia, and many another piquant subject.

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ARROW

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If you're nervous as a witch...

because the caffein in coffee
is keeping you up nights...

Switch to rich, delicious caffein-free

Sanka Coffee
and sleep like this!

Sanka Coffee is superb coffee.

All coffee—real coffee—grand coffee—97% caffein-free!

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SANKA COFFEE
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A Product of General Foods

Burrows is a nervous man. If you tell him the Russkies are getting excited, then he'll get twice as excited, and the first thing you know he'll be pulling G.I.s out of the boats on the lakes, and off the beaches, and alerting everybody, and ruining their Sunday."

"I guess this time I'll take your advice," Lieutenant Purdy said.

IT WAS another half hour before the major called. "The colonel," he said, his voice uneven with anxiety, "is burned up. The colonel said you ought to have better sense than create an incident like this."

"All he has to do," protested Lieutenant Purdy, "is tell me to let the *Fräulein* through."

"That's just it," said Major Burrows. "That's exactly what he can't do. It would be strictly contrary to all directives. He was forced to refer the matter to Zone Command, and Zone Command referred it to Vienna."

"Well, what did Vienna say?"

"You understand," said the major, not answering the question, "that you've put me—that is, all of us—in a bad spot?"

"Well, what am I supposed to do now?"

"It went to the highest—the very highest—quarters in Vienna, and Vienna says it is a matter for the Allied Council. They meet next Friday."

"I'm not supposed to keep this *Fräulein* out here until next Friday?" the lieutenant pleaded.

"I don't know what else to tell you," said Major Burrows. "I can't give you permission for her to enter the zone, and neither can the colonel, nor any of the generals. I guess it's what you might call a stalemate. Can't you persuade the Russians—"

"Why don't you come down here," the lieutenant said, "and try to persuade the Russians?"

He dropped the telephone into its cradle. Nothing had gone according to plan —nothing at all. When the colonel got back from Gmunden it was likely that Lieutenant Purdy would be on the next plane back to the States. They would bury him on duty at some obscure ordnance depot in the Arizona desert, guarding obsolete equipment. They might exile him to Alaska. He would never get to be a first lieutenant, much less a general. "This is ridiculous," Lieutenant Purdy murmured. "This can't be."

"It's rough," agreed Sergeant Dill.

"It's incredible," said Lieutenant Purdy. "We can't pitch a tent out there for her, now can we? Still, we can't make her sleep in the open."

"Either way, we're going to look pretty bad."

"Those stupid Russkies!" exclaimed the lieutenant. He stared with distaste at his opposite number across the bridge. The Russky glowered back. "Sergeant, isn't there anything you can think of?"

"Well," said Sam Dill, "there just might be. Depends on Trudi."

The sergeant walked out on the bridge. Trudi Elburz looked up at him, tilting her head on one side in the provocative way she had. "Well, Sam," she said, "you should be proud of yourself!"

"Can't say that I am," the sergeant admitted quietly. "And I'll be less proud when I tell you what you've got to do to get off this bridge. Trudi, you've got to jump."

"I see," Trudi said. "My presence here is embarrassing. You want me to drown myself. I won't do it."

"Do you want to get off the bridge, Trudi?"

"Naturally. But not that bad. It's out of the question."

"Winter is coming," the sergeant said. "You need a winter coat. And this winter your mother will need CARE packages."

"Sam, by now you should know you can't bribe me."

The sergeant thought: Well, I tried. It was going to be tough on Purdy. He felt sorry for Purdy. He had known worse second lieutenants and he might get a worse one at the bridge, after Purdy got booted around.

"Sam," Trudi said, "you know you've never asked me to go to a concert in Salzburg, or the opera in Linz. I love music, Sam, and yet you never give it to me. You never offer anything except cigarettes, or chocolate bars, or nylons, or blankets to make coats."

"Trudi," the sergeant said, "I'd just love to take you to the concert in Salzburg tonight. I'd like to take you anywhere, Trudi, any time you wanted to go." This was, the sergeant reflected, the first sentimental speech he had made in Europe.

"Okay, Sam," she said. "Okay." All the girls in the zone had learned American slang, but the way she said it, it sounded like home.

The sergeant returned to the sentry box. "Lieutenant," he asked, "can you get a vehicle assigned to me from the motor pool tonight?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

The sergeant asked another question: "Lieutenant, you're a good swimmer, aren't you?"

"Pretty good, but—"

"Well, I don't think Trudi's so good." The sergeant signaled her with his hand. Kicking her shoes from her feet, Trudi calmly climbed to the bridge railing, held her nose with her fingers, closed her eyes, and jumped.

Lieutenant Purdy dived. He had a fine, free feeling as he plunged irrevocably toward the muddy Enns. He was committed to a course of action—obviously the only one open to him. And higher headquarters would undoubtedly approve of this humanitarian gesture. What else could they do?

When he came to the surface he saw the *Fräulein*, chin high above the water, struggling against the current. He reached her in a few swift strokes, caught her shoulder, and felt her relax. Then, being careful not to fight the current, he guided her toward the west bank. As he looked up, he saw a row of faces at each end of the bridge. The square face of the new Russky was split into a grin. The new Russky looked very happy.

The sergeant waited at the shore, but not close enough to the water to muddy his boots in the ooze. "Lieutenant," he suggested, "don't you think I'd better take over from here? Don't you think I'd better take her to town in the duty jeep? It'll take the rest of the afternoon, but we don't want her to suffer from shock or anything."

"Certainly not," the lieutenant agreed.

"And the lieutenant hasn't forgotten about that transportation to Salzburg tonight?"

"I remember," the lieutenant nodded, thinking as he did so that there were things about the Army that no one at the Point had bothered to tell him.

WHEN it came time for Major Burrows to write his report, as duty officer, on the incident at the Enns bridge he gave it very serious consideration. It took him a whole day. He wrote three reports, and tore up each one. No matter how he phrased it, somebody was going to be offended. It was puzzling, for the problem had been solved, and orders stil had been followed. Finally he had an idea.

"Commander, 898th. *Constabulary* Troop, U.S. Forces Austria," he wrote "recommends an award of the Soldier' Medal for Second Lieutenant Vernon Purdy, 0-19076842. At risk to his own life Lieutenant Purdy dived into th Enns River and rescued an indigenou female."

He was sure the colonel would agre with him that this covered everything.

THE END

OPEN HOUSE IN CANADA

Continued from page 25

the land apparently inspired an enterprising industrialist and Liberal member of parliament named Ludger Dionne (no kin of the quints) to start dickering for the services of 100 Polish girls in his spinning mill in St. Georges de Beauce, Quebec. After getting the Cabinet's okay, he flew them all out from DP camps in Germany and installed them in a dormitory hard by his plant as wards of the sisters of the Good Shepherd Convent.

The case fast became a newspaper sensation and caused a public controversy over the federal government's entire postwar policy—or lack of one as its opponents charged—on immigration. "Indentured servants!" organized labor cried in condemning Dionne. He retorted that the girls were getting the prevailing wage, denied that their airplane fares were being deducted from their pay checks, and avowed they were so happy in their new home and so busy that they didn't even have time for social engagements.

Chartered Planes for Immigrants

It was in the wake of this affair—but independent of it—that Ontario's Premier George Drew, an aggressive Tory who seldom misses a chance to needle the federal regime of Liberal Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, made arrangements to bring the 7,000 Britishers out to his own province in chartered planes. (By mid-November one half of the 7,000 had already arrived.)

Some careful observers in Ottawa caution that it's a mistake to think that Canada is, or should be, in for a great surge of immigration. "In the first place," one of them said, "Canada has a housing shortage, too. In the second place, Europe cannot furnish an unlimited number of young, energetic and skilled hands; they are needed for Europe's own reconstruction. Britain herself is woefully short of man power as recent emergency measures emphasized, and nearly 10,000 DPs from the Continent have already been imported by the U.K. to ease the crisis. Our official policy still excludes Orientals on the grounds that they're cheap labor. Finally, this boom will be rapidly braked if we don't find a solution to our increasingly serious shortage of American dollars to balance our foreign-trade accounts."

It isn't a mere question of elbow room. Not even Paul Bunyan and his blue ox could complain of that in a country whose area is 3,690,410 square miles (third largest in the world) and population a mere 12,307,000—less than that of the state of New York. However, figures are deceiving. More than 56 per cent of Canada is wasteland which would support neither Bunyan, his ox nor an Eskimo.

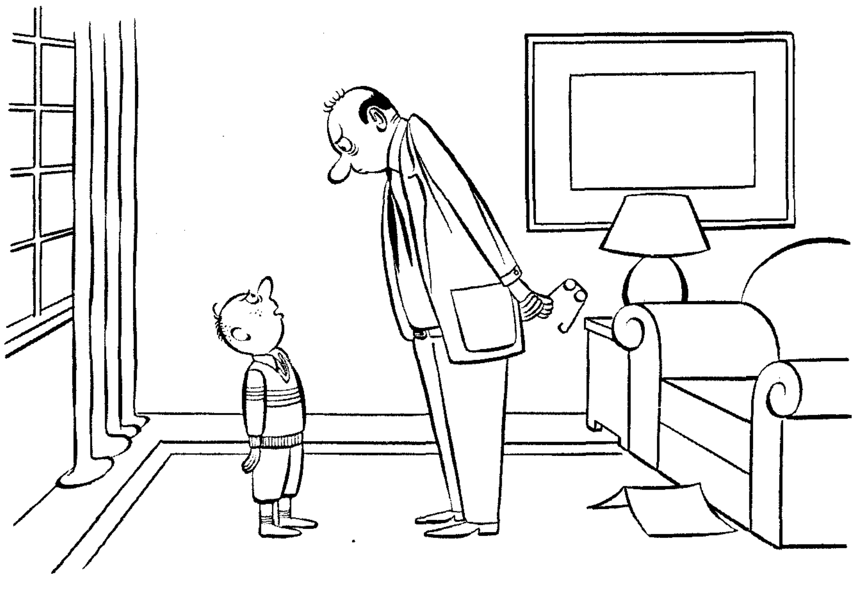
Nobody has been able to calculate with precision what the nation's absorptive capacity is. Estimates have ranged from a presumably authoritative 65,000,000 persons to a total thrice that. Government officials frankly admit they don't know yet what the answer is, although a Cabinet subcommittee is working on it. Result: Nothing more than a rule-of-thumb immigration policy was formed at first.

This lack of planning was deplored by organized labor. "We want as many immigrants as will give us the highest possible standard of living for the masses of the people," said the C.I.O. affiliated Canadian Congress of Labor in a brief submitted to parliament. "We do not want immigration used as a means of getting cheap and docile workers and breaking down the standards which organized labor has built up."

All in all, it is estimated Canada will admit between 80,000 and 100,000 immigrants this year. The 1946 total was 71,719, but that included a large number of war brides. Several months ago the government relaxed restrictions to encourage European relatives of Canadian citizens to come over, providing they weren't enemy aliens. It was thought such family ties would be a stabilizing factor and help ease the housing problem by having the new arrivals roost in their Canadian hosts' spare rooms. Canadians made more than 15,000 applications for relatives, but so far only a few hundred have arrived, partly due to lack of ships, partly to the difficulty of tracing them through DP camps. A thousand Jewish orphan children, not yet selected, also are to be admitted.

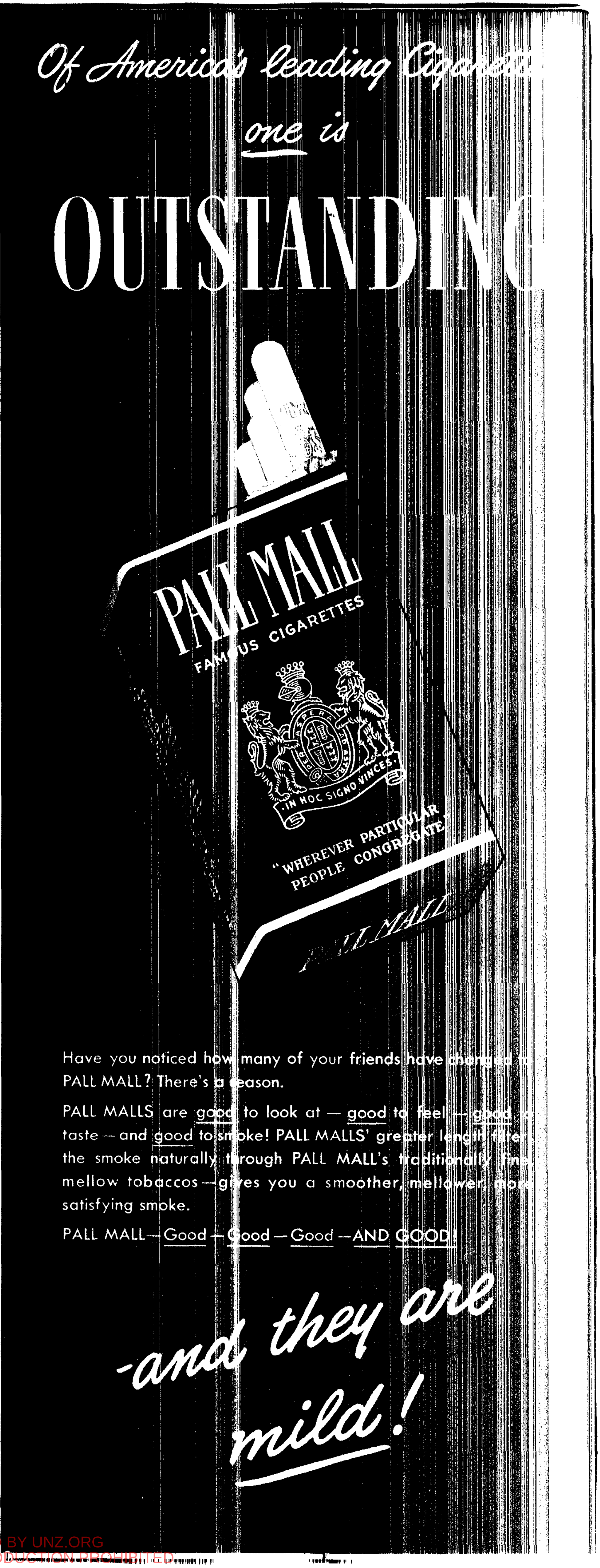
Teams of social workers, doctors, industrial representatives and government officials have gone to Europe to recruit the 10,000 DPs to come immediately for specific employment. Three thousand of these are being selected to work in the woods; another 5,000 will find jobs in the mines, railway construction gangs and miscellaneous fields. A thousand garment workers—tailors, seamstresses and the like—are wanted.

Some of the 3,483,038 French Canadians, all but about a million of whom live in Quebec, have been nervous lest immigration weaken their position as



"Your generosity of the past six years is not to be passed over lightly but, as I see it, the main issue right now is this afternoon's movie"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN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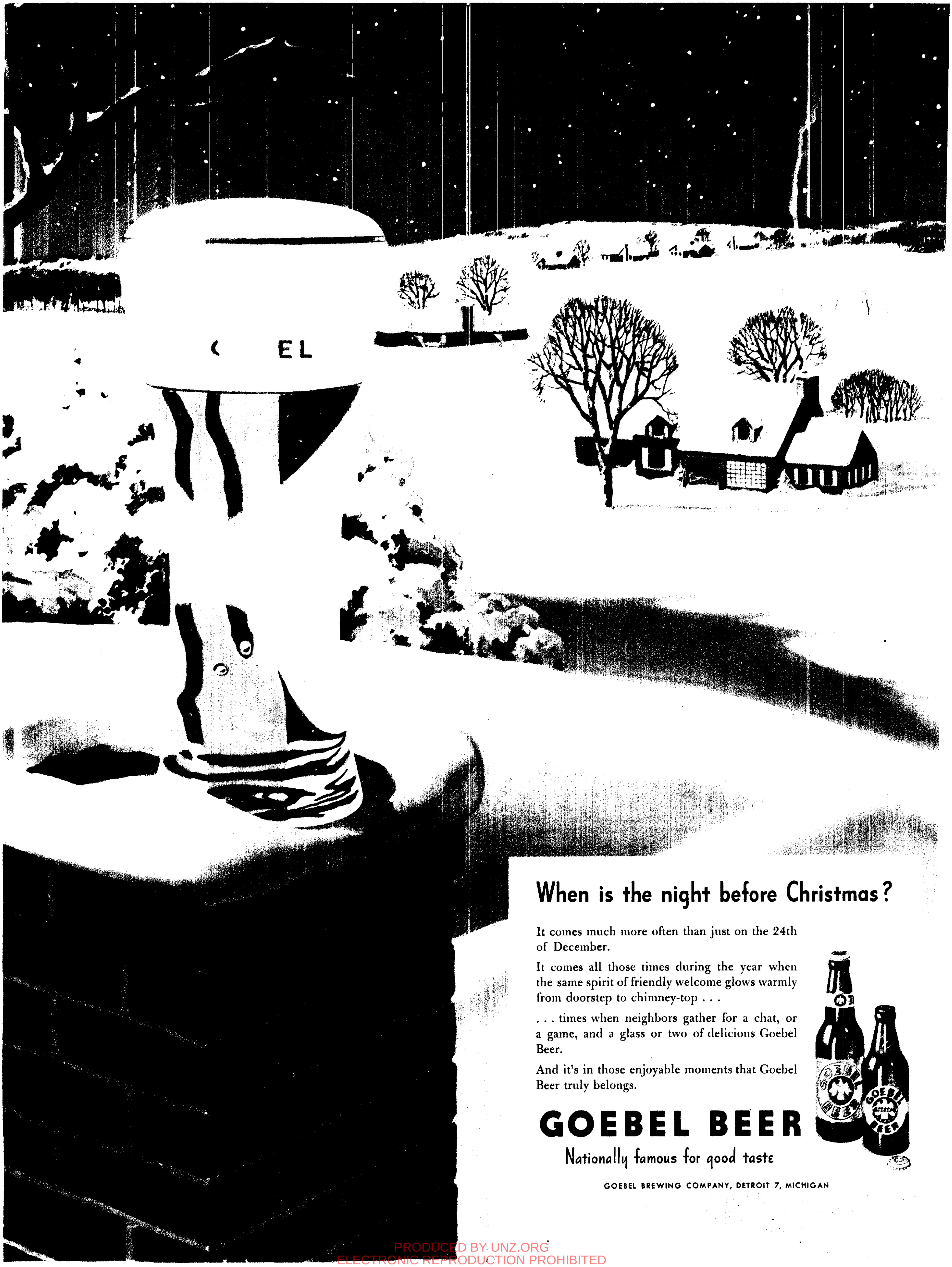


When is the night before Christmas?

It comes much more often than just on the 24th of December.

It comes all those times during the year when the same spirit of friendly welcome glows warmly from doorstep to chimney-top . . .

. . . times when neighbors gather for a chat, or a game, and a glass or two of delicious Goebel Beer.

And it's in those enjoyable moments that Goebel Beer truly belongs.

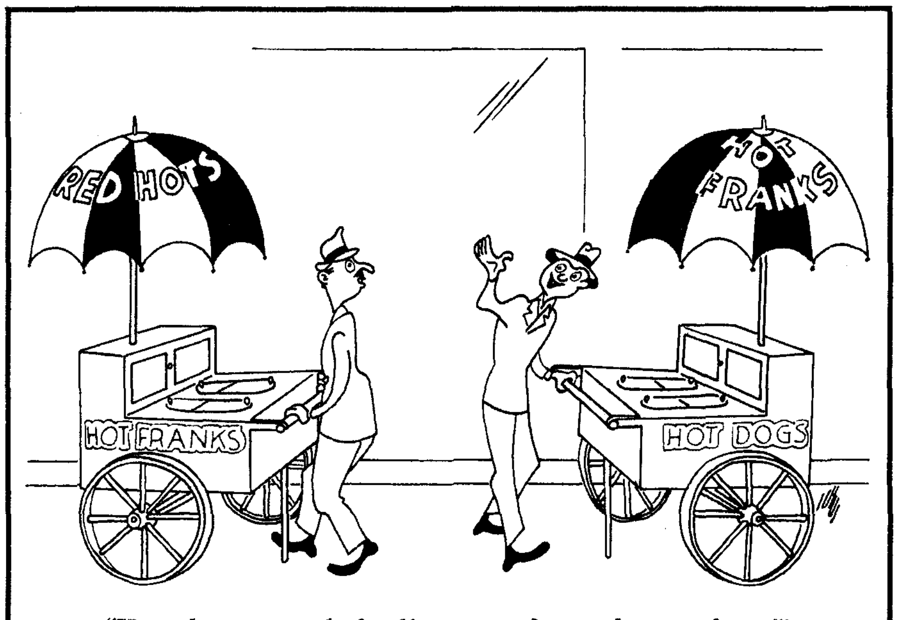
GOEBEL BEER

Nationally famous for good taste

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN the nation's most powerful minority (30 per cent of the total population), but criticisms have been mild except for emotional outbursts typifying the long-standing feud between Quebec and the rest of the Dominion, particularly Ontario.

Aside from such minor pettiness, the majority of Canadians, according to a recent Gallup poll, are enthusiastic over immigration. One of the fields where the extra hands will be most welcome is the mining industry, which is showing new signs of life after being set back on its hobnailed heels 15 months ago when Ottawa erased a 10 per cent discount and put the Canadian dollar at par with the American buck. The Financial Post of Toronto reported recently that 18 companies had set their sights on a $32,000,000 increase in gold production.

Prospectors are afoot again in the Northwest Territories, probing the crags and the creek bottoms for a new Eldorado or another Yellowknife. The latter, on the lonely shores of Great Slave Lake, 600 miles from a railhead, has yielded $13,000,000 in gold since 1938. Eldorado, probably the most important uranium mine in the world, provides the vital stuffing for U.S. atomic bombs. Furthermore, authorities are confident that the Territories hold untouched treasures of lead, copper, tungsten and other metals.



"How about a round of golf tomorrow? Tuesday, you know!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

The most exciting single development in mining is taking place in the forsaken wilds of Labrador (not yet part of Canada) and the adjoining Dominion province of Quebec where two Canadian-American companies are jointly sinking more than a million dollars to measure what may be the richest deposits of iron ore in North America.

Ready to Exploit New Ore Region

If the prospecting proves what the companies hope—existence of some 300,000,000 tons of commercial ore—they are prepared to lay out $100,000,000 in exploiting the region, including construction of a 350-mile railway down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The nation's boom has been further lubricated by a fresh discovery of oil in Alberta, a resource in which Canada is singularly lacking. At Leduc, just south of Edmonton, Imperial Oil Limited, subsidiary of Standard of New Jersey, has plugged in seven wells since February and is drilling six more. Half a dozen other outfits are boring expectantly into the vicinity. Whether Leduc will eclipse Turner Valley, in southern Alberta, the only other important petroleum-producing area in the Dominion, isn't known, but chances look good.

Even more amazing potentialities in petroleum depend, scientists say, on the co-operation they may be able to enlist from—would you believe it?—squadrons of bacteria. Geologists have long contended that the Athabaska River sands contain more than 100 billion barrels of oil—equal to what is generally accepted as the known reserves of all the rest of the world combined—but nobody has ever been able to figure out how to get it out economically. Recent revelations by the Oil and Gas Journal, authoritative U.S. trade publication, indicated that bacteria cultures might turn the trick by cutting the oil away from the grains of sand. Orthodox oilmen, who cut their teeth on the core drill, pooh-pooh the idea.

The panorama of prosperity also holds a bright spot for the farmer. A $250,000,000 irrigation program, involving four separate dam projects, is slowly taking shape in the "Palliser triangle" astride the prairie provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, which not only will give thousands of farmers some desperately needed insurance against drought (the sun burned away hundreds of thousands of bushels of last summer's grain crop in Saskatchewan) but, in the secondary development of hydroelectric power plants, might lure new industry out to the flatlands of central Canada and help balance an economy now lopsidedly agricultural.

The ubiquitous U.S. tourist is contributing his bit to Canada's postwar bonanza. It is officially estimated that some 25,000,000 American nomads will have spent upward of $230,000,000 in Canada in 1947, ogling everything from the Squawmish Indians of British Columbia to Evangeline's Acadian bower in Nova Scotia, buying all manner of goods, from beads to English bone china. The province of Saskatchewan alone turned something like a tidy $200,000 on dogs—the All-American Field trials were held at Frobisher, a village across the line from North Dakota, in mid-September.

Even though the famed Château at Lake Louise, Alberta, hiked its tariffs 20 per cent, it has just finished the biggest season in its history and on the average the traveler probably got more for his money in Canada this year than in any other country in the world, including the U.S. Canadians pioneered price controls and kept them on long after we junked the OPA. Sugar rationing has just been discontinued; the nation still has two meatless days a week. Newsprint, Canada's Number One export to the U.S., is still voluntarily but so rigidly rationed that the Winnipeg Free Press recently told 12,000 readers of its weekly farm magazine that it could not renew their subscriptions.

This self-discipline hasn't licked inflation completely and since controls were lifted last summer, prices have gone up, but food prices, for instance, have been ranging between three and 300 per cent lower than the dizzy figures in the United States. Government officials emphasize that $100 in Canada will go as far as $160 to $200 in the U.S.

The villain in this success story is the nation's evaporating supply of American dollars. Unless this deficiency can soon be fixed, prosperity for Canadians and the immigrants they're inviting to help share it will melt as fast as snow in a chinook wind.

Dependence on U.S. and Britain

Unlike the U.S., Canada is nowhere near self-sufficient and must export to live. Today she is one of the three biggest exporting nations of the world and her welfare depends on economic health in the U.S. and the U.K. As one statesman put it, "For better or for worse, in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, we are wedded bigamously to London and New York."

Before the war, far from being a sinful or unpropitious romance, this combination supported a golden triangle of trade: Canada exported a tremendous amount of goods to the United States ($380,400,000 worth in 1939) but imported even more from us ($469,900,000). Simultaneously she had a favorable trade balance with Britain ($328,100,000 worth of exports against $114,000,000 in imports), and out of her sterling surplus she converted what was necessary to balance her dollar account.

Now Britain is all but broke and the dollar shortage is world-wide. Canada can't balance her accounts and is running out of U.S. dollars faster than a sailor on shore leave.

Take a look at the latest trade figures: In 1946, Canada sent $597,500,000 worth of goods to England, bought $141,300,000 worth in return. She sold us $887,900,000 worth of newsprint, wood products, minerals and other items that same year but purchased $1,405,300,000 worth of coal, oil, farm machinery, etc., in American markets. Her total official holdings of U.S. dollars on December 31, 1946, were only $1,245,000,000 and by January of 1948, it is expected that figure will have shrunk to about $550,000,000. It won't take many months more of adverse balances to melt them away.

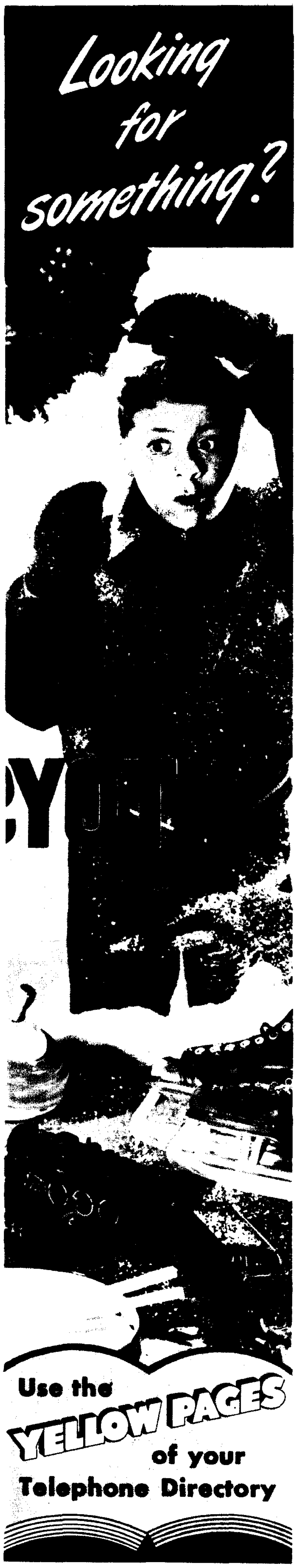
After Britain's economic crisis crystallized there were murmurs in Ottawa of touching Washington for a half-billion-dollar loan.

Recently this loan, cut down to $300,000,000, was granted by the Export-Import Bank. Simultaneously, Canada announced a ban on imports of U.S.-made luxury goods like automobiles, jewelry, radios and refrigerators, and a quota system of restricting certain other U.S. imports. She will also seek other private loans in the United States, with which to help meet her dollar shortage.

Canadians know only too well how tightly their economic fate is tied to the U.S. dollar economy, and in the past they have been understandably sensitive about it. But their tremendous wartime accomplishments have done a great deal to change their state of mind. Never before, perhaps, have Canadians themselves been more excited about the new horizons within their own borders, or less in awe of the view commanded by their vigorous, restive kinfolk, the Americans.

"We are losing our inferiority complex," a leading Canadian observed in Winnipeg the other day. "We are neither a colony of England nor a suburb of the United States. That, of course, has long been a technical fact. Now we've generated enough self-assurance to convince ourselves that it is really true."

THE END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THE WINNER OF THE COLLIER TROPHY

Continued from page 28

As flying progressed, particularly in scheduled service, experience with ice increased and became a confused and serious problem. Planes took on ice so rapidly that the shape of the wing was distorted, the lifting qualities were reduced or nullified and with the added ice weight, they were forced down, often with disastrous results. Ice would collect on the propeller and then be thrown off in chunks by centrifugal force.

The sound of ice chunks crashing against the cabin was disconcerting to passengers and rather terrifying when they smashed through the cabin walls and windows. Then the pilot's windshield would be rendered opaque by the rapid formation of ice as he was preparing to land and his only alternative was to reach for his Boy Scout hatchet and bash out the glass. Under milder ice conditions, he used a dime-store paint scraper and his old razor blades.

Pilots Prefer Not to De-ice

Sometimes the pilot could escape from these icing conditions by climbing or descending or the temperature would change and help him out. Or when it was apparent they were taking on no more ice than the original light and harmless load, they could continue on course unafraid. Old hands at flying preferred not to monkey with ice if they could avoid it and they usually did avoid clouds and cloud layers under low temperatures, without knowing just why there was ice in some and not in others.

But the carburetors or induction system of engines would ice up on clear, sunshiny days and this condition proved the most stubborn of all. It was also the most treacherous as ice in the induction system could reduce power or shut it off altogether.

In the late twenties and early thirties, it should be said in fairness to those sincere people who sought to "de-ice" the vital parts of an airplane by mechanical and chemical means, that they had no alternative assuming they, too, had learned that one sure way to melt ice was to apply heat. Most aircraft in use at the time were made of wood and fabric and if you put the heat on, you stood to burn up the plane. Suitable forms of stainless steel now in use to conduct hot air were unavailable and there was no pressing public air-transport business that required completion of published schedules with or without ice in the sky.

By 1936, though, the air lines were fully aware of the meaning of "icing conditions" when scheduled flights were canceled or interrupted by the sudden and rapid formation of ice on planes. The military airmen, too, recognized they would have a very great advantage over the enemy if they could operate without interruption through icy sky with ice-free aircraft. So both the air lines and the Air Forces bore down on the N.A.C.A. for a solution to this mounting and dangerous problem.

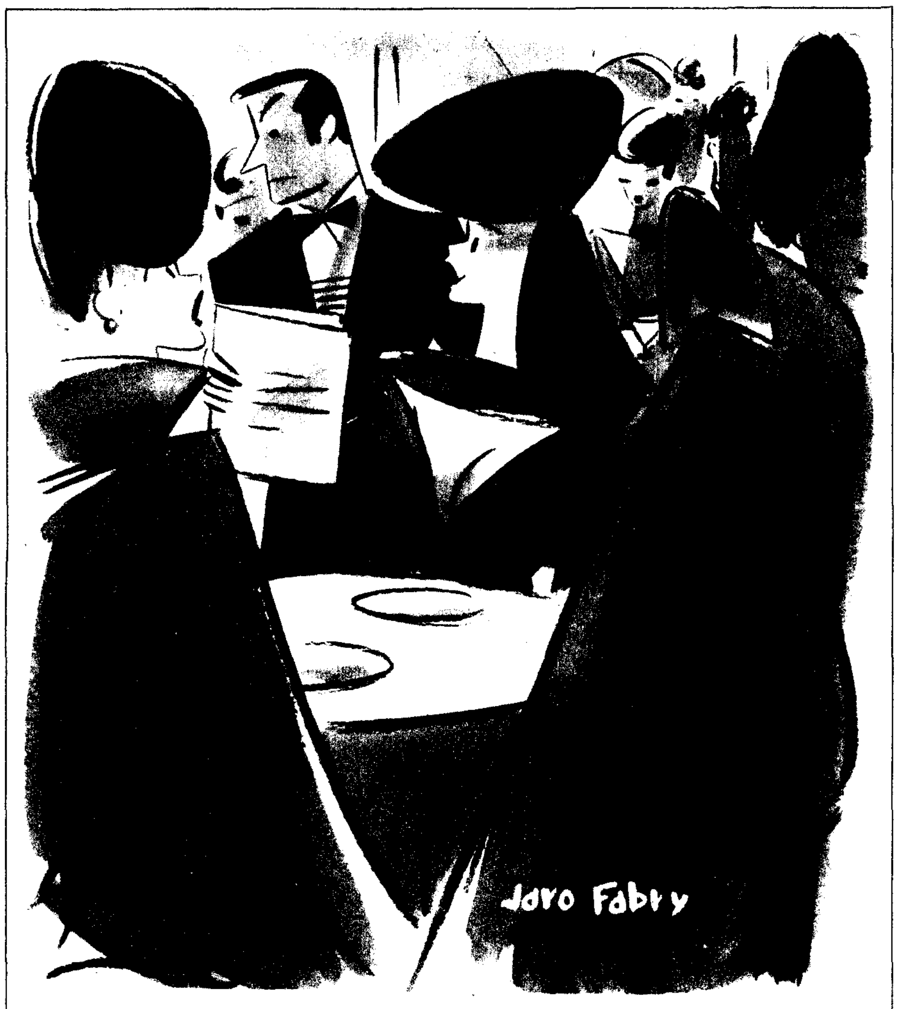
This is where Lew Rodert comes in, so we'll tell you about him. Born in Kansas City, he spent his boyhood on a farm near Garnett, Kansas, 70 miles to the southwest. His father was of German ancestry; and his mother, English and Welsh. Their parents pioneered westward around Civil War time and settled in Missouri.

Lew Rodert is a composite of the characteristics of his people—determined (stubborn when he's positive he's right), thorough and precise and unafraid of hard work.

Graduating from Garnett High School in 1923, Lew worked his way through Kansas City, Missouri, Junior College by holding down a job with the telephone company. Electricity fascinated him and he determined to become an electrical engineer. In 1927 he entered the University of Minnesota, attending classes by day and working for the telephone company from 4 P.M. to midnight to pay for his tuition. His first year at Minnesota was pointed toward a degree in electrical engineering, but that young man Lindbergh had such a profound effect on him that one day Lew discovered he was devouring everything printed on aviation, when he should be studying electricity.

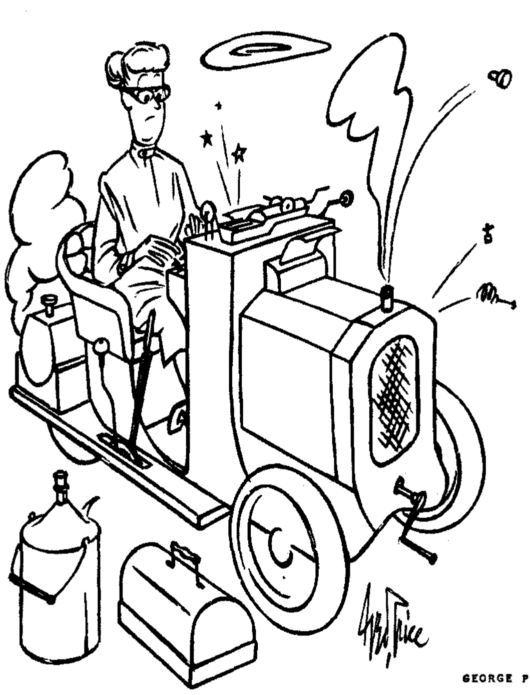
He abandoned electrical engineering at the beginning of his second term when the university announced the establishment of the School of Aeronautical Engineering. He signed up for the course and was graduated in 1930. In one hand he held a degree in aeronautical engineering and in the other a pilot's license, the university having encouraged his class to fortify their book knowledge with practical aircraft experience.

Followed then a brief period as design engineer for an aircraft company that was knocked out by the depression before



"Two Martinis—no olives. We want to help conserve food"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY



GEORGE PRICE

A typewriter, made out of a 1903 talking machine and 112 parts from a model T Ford, will tell the typist when a wrong key has been hit.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Typovox Typewriter Co.,
Providence, R. I.

Dear Sir:

I have just lost the services of three excellent stenographers—one right after the other—due to mechanical difficulty with the so-called typewriter I recently purchased from you.

Miss McCaffrey, the first to leave, inserted a piece of paper under the dashboard of the machine, released the emergency brake and started to type a letter to the Acme Nightgown Company, one of our most important clients. With the very first tap the Typovox backfired like an old Pope-Hartford, spattering Miss McCaffrey with grease; sparks flew out from under the space bar and the machine commenced playing The Lady from 29 Palms. That was the last I saw of Miss McCaffrey.

The next girl, Miss Newhall, didn't fare much better, even with goggles and a duster. After she had backed the machine out of the little garage next to my desk, she got in, retarded the spark and threw in the clutch. I believe she got as far as "Yours of the 10th inst. received and contents noted" before the radiator cap blew off. I haven't seen Miss Newhall since.

Miss Bomholtz, who claimed she was an expert motorcycle rider and would try anything once, was the next victim. The first thing she did was open the hood and check the plugs and ribbon. Then she turned on the ignition key, inserted an envelope, pulled out the choke and started to type an address. She no more than hit the shift key when the machine lunged forward and, although Miss Bomholtz held out her hand for a left turn and pushed violently on the back-spacer, the typewriter, spewing carbon paper and monoxide gas, careened wildly around the office and ran down Mr. Ramsdale, our auditor, who was on his way to the water cooler.

I'm not in the habit of carrying personal liability or collision insurance on any of my typewriters or adding machines, but in addition to my being sued by Mr. Ramsdale, the police are holding Miss Bomholtz for hit-and-run typing and have fined me $25 for operating a thingumbob without Connecticut plates.

I'll thank you to come around with a tow car and drag what's left of your lethal printing machine the hell and gone out of here.

Yours truly, Jack Cluett

Merry Christmas Bill from Tony
Hiram Walker's
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HIRAM WALKER'S GIN

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"Here's to you, Ed" — and the Christmas gift that says it best is one or more of these famed bottles with *Hiram Walker's* on the label.

Canadian Club has made the Hiram Walker name renowned in 87 lands, for this distinguished and distinctive whisky is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon.

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it could get into production. Through faculty friends at Minnesota he obtained an appointment as teacher in aeronautical engineering, mechanical engineering and mathematics at Duluth, Minnesota, Junior College. This was a good port in the economic storm, and while riding out the depression he explored the opportunities for a career in aviation. Finally he concluded that aeronautical research work was his first choice and the government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics was the place to carry it out.

But there were no openings for aeronautical engineers, and it was not until early in 1936 that the Civil Service Commission announced examinations would be held for those positions. Passing the tests, he then embarked on a campaign of pestering the N.A.C.A. for a job.

A Campaign of Persistence

When not teaching classes in Duluth, he engaged in aeronautical research and bombarded the N.A.C.A. officials with copies of his findings, prepared in the approved scientific paper form. And he always emphasized in his transmittal letters that he was a research man and he'd do a good job for N.A.C.A. if they would but please take him on. N.A.C.A., either impressed by his campaign of perseverance or concluding the best way to get rid of this pest was to hire him and then fire him if he failed to make the grade, hired him in September, 1936.

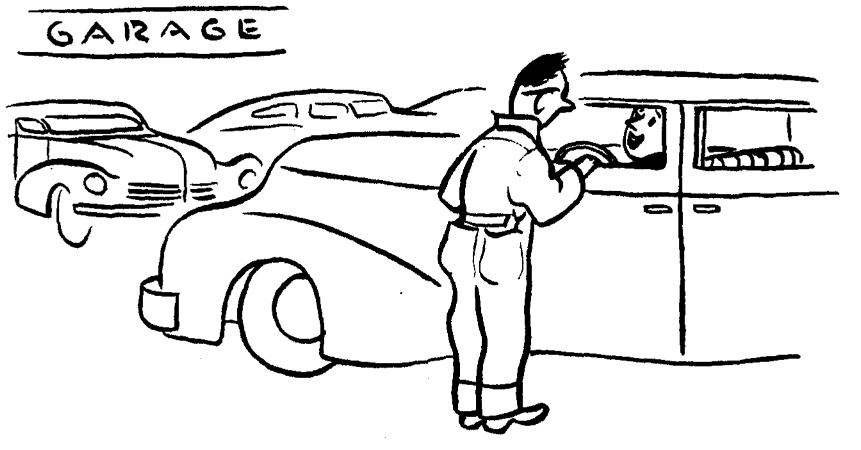
The aircraft-icing problem was boiling and it was handed to him with a stern command to get results. Immediately he wooed the support of other divisions of the big laboratory at Langley Field—engines, propellers, aircraft structure, instruments and flight testing. Then he began a thorough evaluation, in wind tunnels and flight tests, of all previously and currently advanced remedies for protection of the entire airplane against ice. (He did take a little time out to court a young schoolteacher, Elizabeth Schumacher, of Hampton, Virginia, and they were married in 1937. They now have two sons and a daughter and live "in the country" about a mile from the Cleveland Laboratory, adjacent to Cleveland's airport.)

One by one the anti-ice cure-alls were eliminated either as being totally worthless or impractical of installation on commercial and military aircraft without penalizing their performance. To him and his associates, there seemed but one solution—heat. The Collier Trophy Award Committee credits Mr. Rodert with laying out a long-range program of scientific research on how to prevent airplane ice formation by the use of heat and making contributions that involved determining where, on the airplane, heat was needed most, the amount of heat to do the job and the development of a practical means of conducting the heat to those areas.

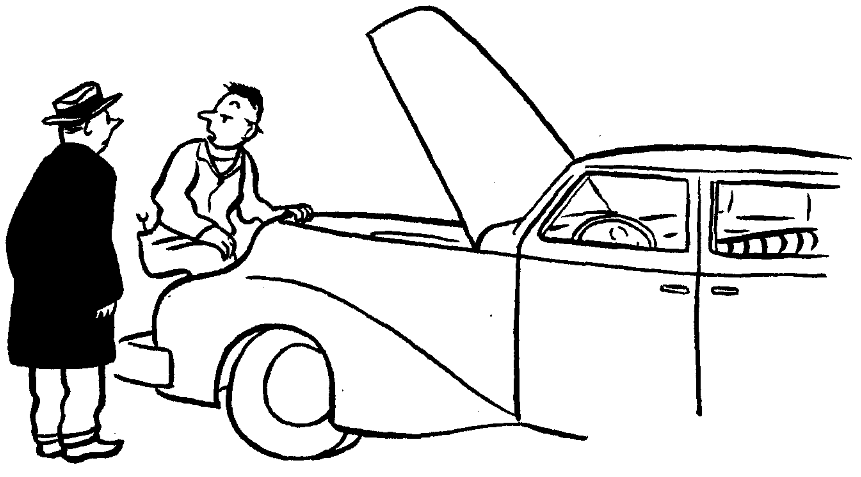
Now, after a decade of scientific research and testing under actual flight conditions Lew Rodert and his co-workers in both government and industry are unshakable in their conviction that the conclusive answer still is heat.

There are five major parts of the conventional airplane vulnerable to icing, and this is what can be done to protect them from treacherous ice formations:

1. The induction system (air intake department) of engines. Heat the number of parts on which ice can form even on a clear day. This can best be accomplished in new designs. For older models, heat the air as it is drawn into the engine.
2. Propeller: Heat the interior of hollow-blade types with hot gas or electricity by applying current to wires located inside. Solid metal blades can be protected by electrically heated thin rubber coverings mounted on the blade surface.
3. Wings and tail: Pipe hot air through their leading edges, the part first attacked by water droplets, which then



"I need a new spark plug"



"... That's just for the parts, if we can get 'em. One hundred and thirty bucks, plus labor, of course. Beats me why she's still running. In addition, you need new bearings, new clutch, new carburetor, new . . ."

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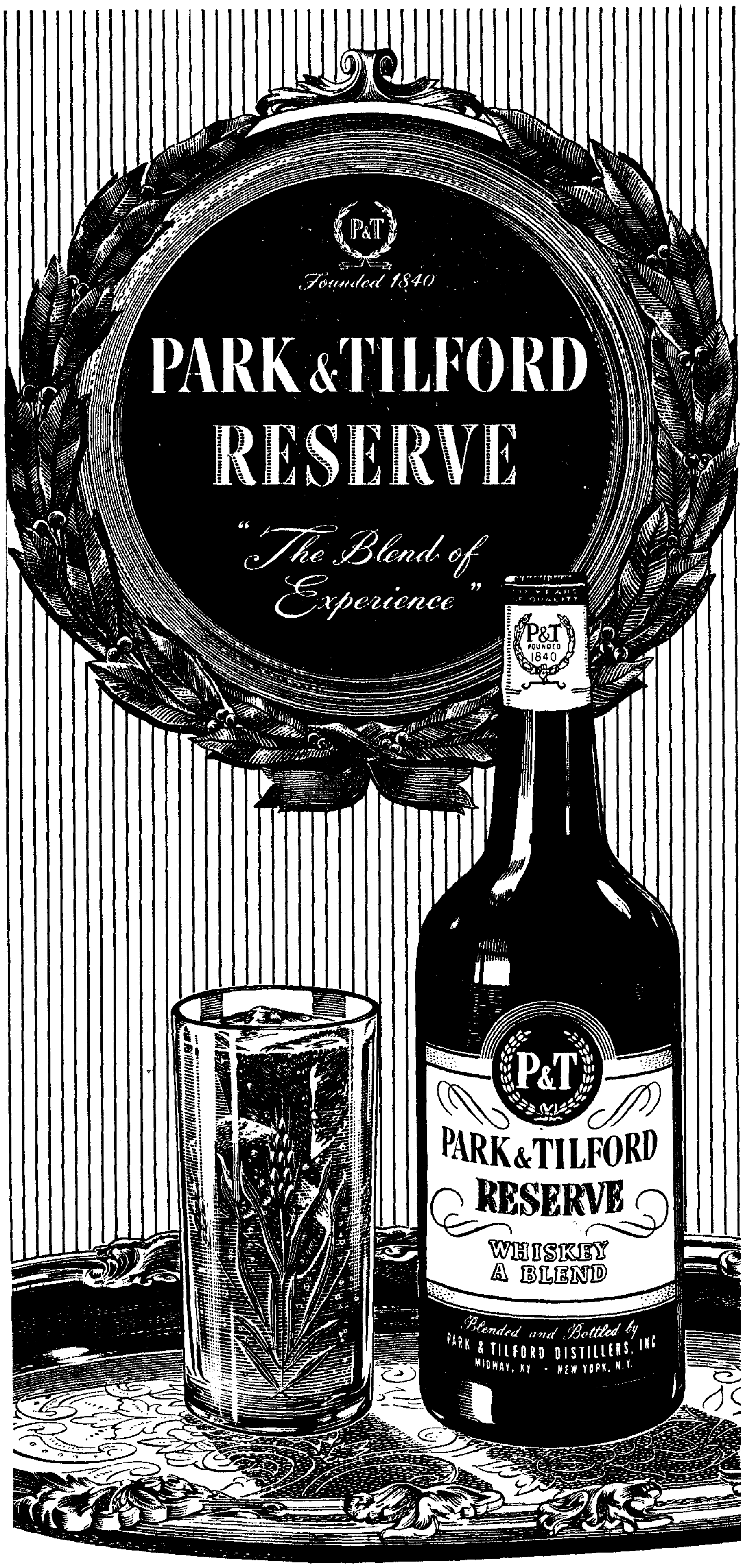

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freeze at particular temperatures and altitudes. The hot air can be taken from the exhaust heat of the engines or can be produced by gasoline-fired combustion heaters, one in each wing and one in the tail.

4. Windshield: Construct it with two layers of glass with space between for circulating hot air. The outer or exposed section reacts to the hot air like your iced-up automobile windshield does to your defroster. The second glass is shatterproof to protect the pilots from heavy birds crashing into their laps. A late development for the outer windshield is a chemically treated glass that takes electrical heating. But it still needs to be backed up with a second sheet of shatterproof glass.

Heat for External Parts

The fifth vital part is a grouping of things sticking out from the airplane called "protuberances." They include antenna wires (ice can break them) and masts and Pitot tubes located outside the plane to obtain correct air speed. Heat the masts with the electrified rubber covering similar to that on the propeller. Make the antenna wires stronger until radio engineers can enclose them in the plane. Heat the Pitot tubes electrically. Other external and vulnerable parts such as the engine cowling can be heated by the hot-air or electric-rubber method.

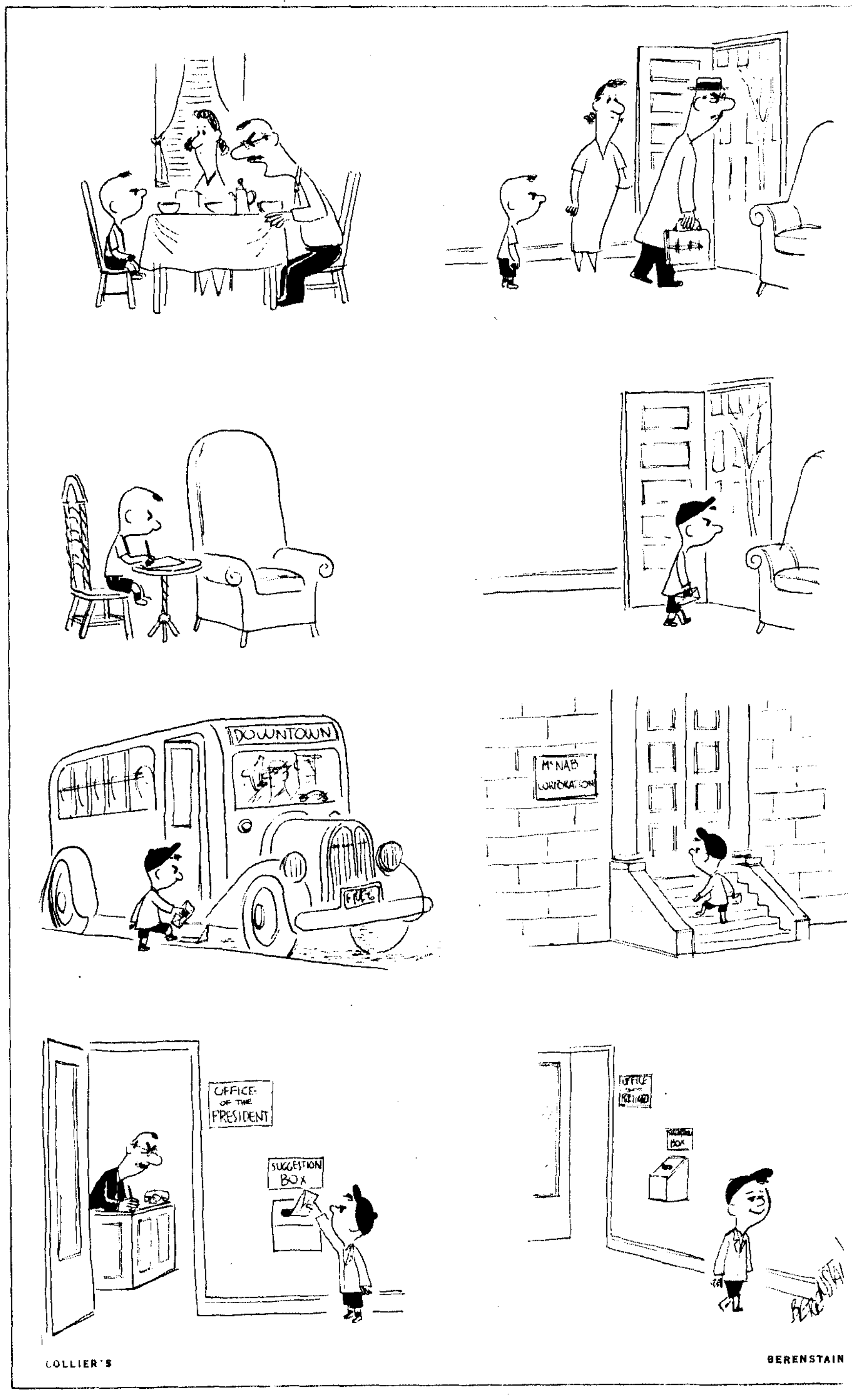
Such heavy and detailed matters as the number of British thermal units of heat or the wattage necessary for given areas under various conditions have no place here. But Mr. Rodert and the N.A.C.A. have supplied this information to the aircraft industry as rapidly as it was developed.

The Rodert system is flexible and applicable to all types of modern aircraft and the nature of their operations. A feeder-line operator in the South does not need everything that has been developed for operation in areas where maximum icing conditions prevail much of the year. He may need no thermal anti-icing for wings, tails, propellers or windshield but the induction system of his engines can ice up on a day when people are dying from the heat on the ground directly underneath.

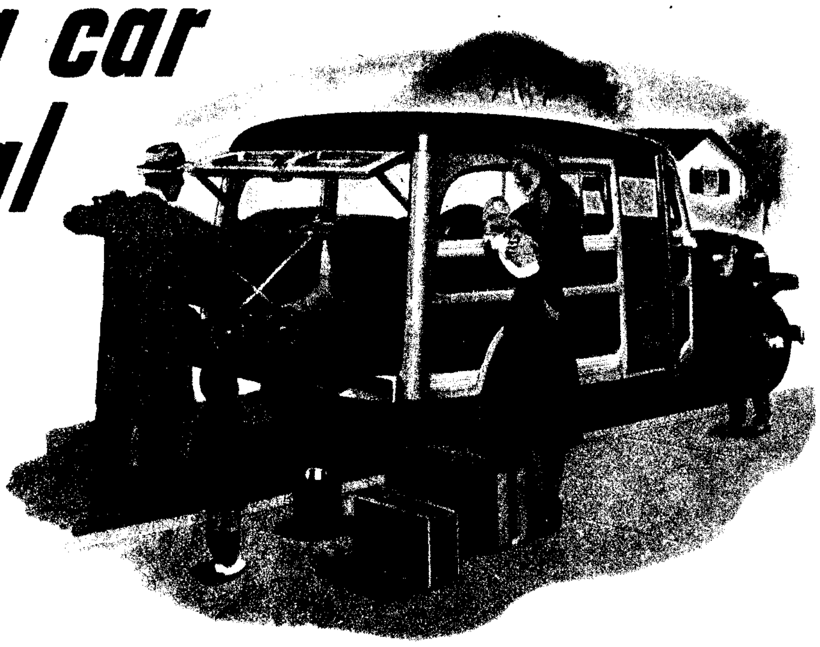
Lew Rodert and his anti-ice friends are now working closely with Weathe Bureau scientists on a problem entitled What's in a Cloud? They want to know the water content, the size of the droplets and their freezing peculiarities unde various temperatures, altitudes and geographical locations.

When these meteorological aspects o airplane icing are completely explore and understood, the thermal ice-prevention system can be made so thoroughl effective and so amazingly simple that will be difficult to believe sky ice eve killed people, destroyed planes, stalle air traffic and seriously threatened th airplane from reaching its goal of al weather operation.

THE END

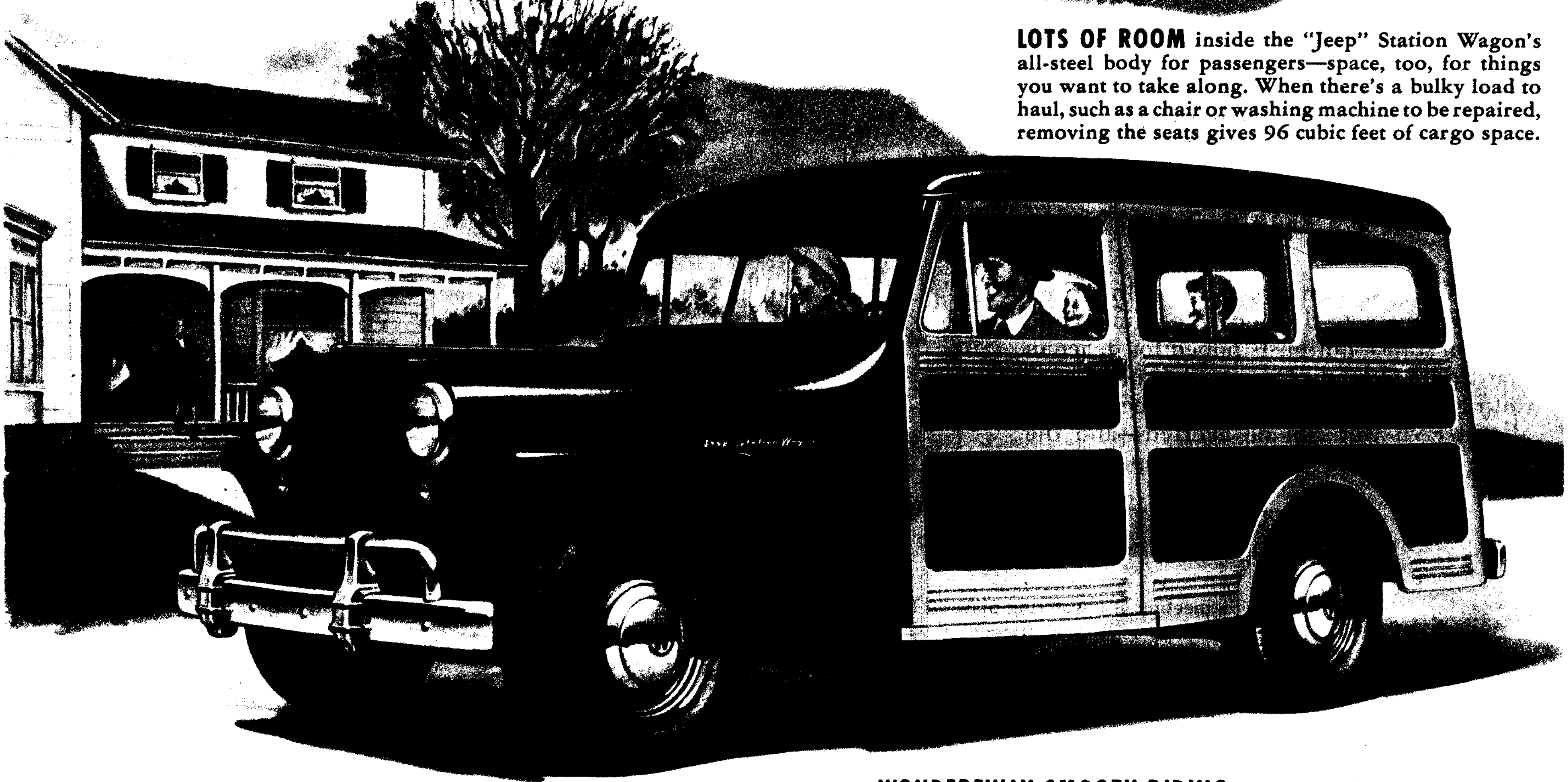


You've never owned a car so useful, so practical

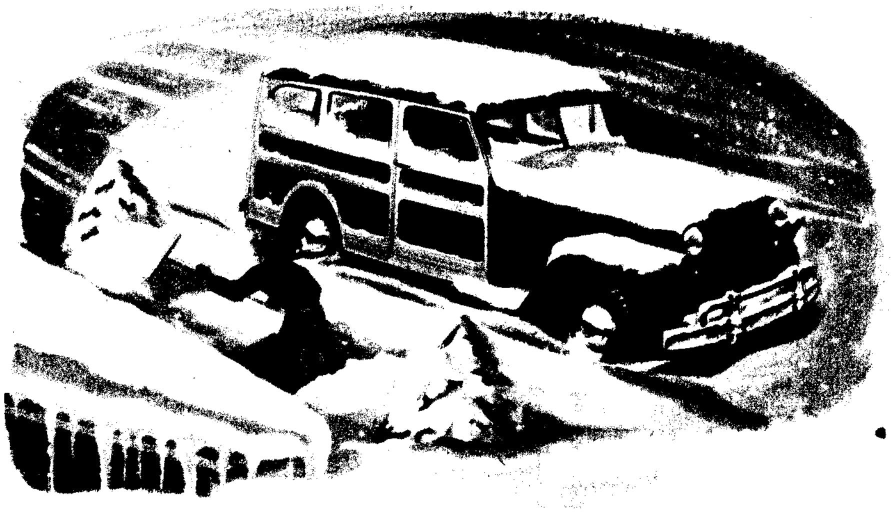


NO sedan can match a station wagon for all-around usefulness. And no other station wagon is so practical for every use as the "Jeep" Station Wagon—the first with an all-steel body and top for greater safety and longer service. It's a roomy, comfortable family car. When you need extra big load space, all except the driver's seat are removable. Let your Willys-Overland dealer show you how fully the "Jeep" Station Wagon meets your family's needs.

LOTS OF ROOM inside the "Jeep" Station Wagon's all-steel body for passengers—space, too, for things you want to take along. When there's a bulky load to haul, such as a chair or washing machine to be repaired, removing the seats gives 96 cubic feet of cargo space.



WONDERFULLY SMOOTH RIDING on country roads as well as city streets. Independent front-wheel suspension absorbs road bumps, keeping the car level and steady. It's a thrifty car to drive—the world-famous "Jeep" Engine with overdrive delivers mileage to brag about.



LET IT SNOW or rain or the sun beat down—the "Jeep" Station Wagon's all-steel body and top can take it. Even more important, you drive a "Jeep" Station Wagon with the secure feeling of sturdy steel around and above you.

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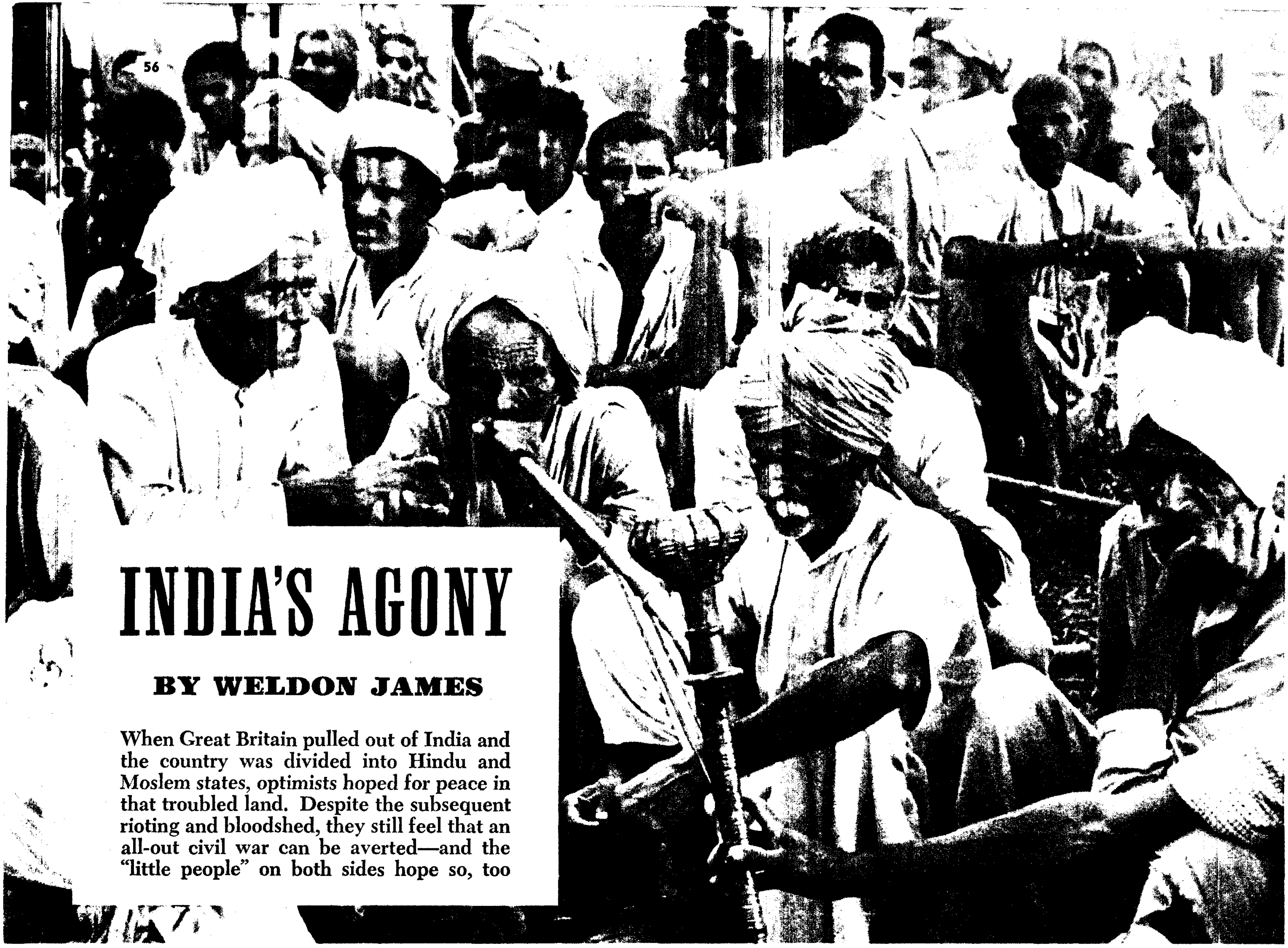

INDIA'S AGONY

BY WELDON JAMES

When Great Britain pulled out of India and the country was divided into Hindu and Moslem states, optimists hoped for peace in that troubled land. Despite the subsequent rioting and bloodshed, they still feel that an all-out civil war can be averted—and the "little people" on both sides hope so, too

Oldsters attending a meeting at a watering place in Punjab smoke the traditional brass water pipe as they try to restore peace to India

"THE big men start the troubles," Mohammed Ali said, gesturing expressively, "but always only the little men get killed. When enough little men have been killed, perhaps there will be peace."

Mohammed Ali, a shrewd, grave-eyed old Moslem with a magnificent handle-bar mustache, was a bearer, or servant in India. During the worst of the rioting that I witnessed he was also my bodyguard, sleeping all night in the hallway just outside my door. It was safer that way, especially for Mohammed Ali.

The pattern of rioting and internal strife in India is harsh, ugly and sometimes beyond belief to Western observers, even those who were close to the brutalities of the European war. In the large cities it is a strange, sporadic terror that contrasts sharply with the raids, counter-raids, burnings and slaughter in the smaller towns, such as desolated Baramula in the Kashmir valley. But in every instance, as Mohammed Ali emphasized, it was the little people who suffered.

The terror in the cities—of which Calcutta was typical—came and went with terrifying suddenness. One moment a heavily populated area would be a bustling, peaceful city with thousands of Moslems, Hindus, Sikhs and Europeans pouring out of offices, overflowing the streets and cheerfully catching late afternoon busses and streetcars for home. The next moment you might hear three volleys of rifle fire—soldiers firing into or above the heads of a rioting mob—and the city became in short seconds a city absolutely frozen by panic.

Busses stopped, streetcars stopped and people froze in doorways, in cliquish crowds on the streets and sidewalks. Dhoti-clad, turbaned Hindus looked sidewise fearfully at near-by turbaned Moslems, essentially the same race, the same kind of people identifiable to an outsider chiefly by the traditional pantaloons instead of dhotis. Each feared the same thing—that the other would whip a knife from his flowing robes and carve up his neighbor or toss a homemade bomb or bottle of acid into the throng. They feared that civil war would immediately engulf all.

Sometimes most discouraging of all to the outside observer, the throngs in the business area could not go home at day's end because Hindu busloads dared not pass through Moslem residential districts, ditto the Moslems, and none dared travel afoot.

Thousands went back into their shops and offices to sleep on crowded floors, Moslems and Hindus together as they had worked together during the day, unafraid but now afraid indeed to travel the panicked streets where anything might happen. This division and fear among people who worked side by side every day is difficult to comprehend.

One night with John W. Thomason III, of the American Consulate, a wartime Marine major, I got a vivid idea of Calcutta's checkerboard division—not unlike most of India's—between the Moslems and the Hindus. The uncurfewed few blocks of the Hindu section had well-lighted streets and doorways overflowing with people—then the many blocks that border on the mixed section were dark and deserted with only police and soldiers visible. Then all of the Moslem section showed bright lights against children playing in the streets and next we saw dark, deserted, boarded-up, shuttered sections again. And so on.

Jittery Police and Soldiery

But there was no traffic save patrols and a rare American or European car. "They love to toss hand bombs at cars," said Thomason. "And if we drive too fast the jittery police or soldiers are likely to shoot—but actually there's little danger. Ever since the anti-British, antiwhite riots nearly two years ago the Moslems and Hindus have been too busy with each other to worry about foreigners. It's incredible. Even in these lighted areas you sometimes see a man grab his stomach, stagger a few steps and fall down dead—but I've never yet seen a man who actually did the knifing. No wonder they panic."

The disorders seem most grim in cities like Calcutta, but elsewhere in India the same tragedy occurs time after time—a wave of death and destruction that flares up here and there, recedes, and strikes again a thousand miles away. It revisits old victims and reaches even Delhi and Karachi, capitals of the great new dominions of the Indian union and Pakistan. It inundates the remote countryside and tiniest villages. Last summer and fall tens of thousands of Indians died, men, women and children. Hundreds of thousands fled by camel and bullock cart and afoot in terror before the wave. And, at this writing, the end is not in sight.

Why? Why these senseless disasters in a land that cradled civilization long before West was known?

Well, no answer can be simple in a country as old and as complicated as India. It goes back about 1,100 years, when the first Mohammedans surged into the country from the west, smashed Hindu temples and idols and converted Hindus at swordpoint. And it comes right down to 1947 when the British, pulling out after two centuries, agreed with the Moslems, and

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

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NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

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Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

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the Hindus, in hopes of peace, to divide India into Hindu and Moslem states.

Educated Moslems and Hindus (who constitute a small fraction of the literate 12 per cent of all India's four hundred millions) will stress for you the political and economic motives underlying the bloodshed. In some respects India's 95,000,000 Moslems have been the "have-not" minority compared with 265,000,000 Hindus whose leaders earlier accepted Western education and government careers under the British. To this day these leaders control most of the industry and finance, both Hindustan and Pakistan, though in the latter there is currently a tendency for Hindu capital to flee.

Hindu Guile Nullifies Decree

Then in 1906 the British, in an effort to check the rising Hindu nationalism and virtual monopoly of civil service, decreed 25 per cent of all government jobs reserved for Moslems—but Hindu veterans in superior posts almost invariably finagled the juiciest patronage for their coreligionists and discriminated against Moslem careerists in government as in business. Moslems who reached the peaks reacted likewise and communal intrigue with intense bitterness spread to the top level.

(This echoed right through the summer of 1947 when, after the division was decided upon, some Hindu top civil servants in Delhi downgraded their Moslem inferiors in order to prejudice their future in Pakistan, and Moslem toppers retaliated where they could—it was virtually true that only in the Indian army the Hindus and Moslems showed any fraternal professional co-operation and social good will during the interim partitioning period.)

As long as all Indians are primarily united against the British this situation is not too serious, but from the moment Indian independence loomed as a probability after the first World War it deteriorated apace into a communal split from top to bottom of the two communities with riots intensifying whenever independence seemed nearest.

But political and economic explanations pale beside the religious foundation of this tragic conflict—indeed they are imbedded in it because Hinduism and Mohammedanism are not merely religions but complete ways of life. And it is India's tragedy that they are almost intolerably antagonistic, opposed on almost every point, from clothing and food to heaven and hell, and the very nature of man.

The Moslems believe in one God, the Hindus in many. The Hindus worship idols, the Moslems abhor and smash them. The Hindus require music for their ceremonies and processions while the Moslems abominate it near their mosques. The Moslems eat beef but the Hindus deem the cow sacred and think all animals have souls. (The Moslems abhor pork but the Sikhs relish it and, like the Hindus, abhor beef—which means more trouble.)

Hinduism is limited largely to those born into it while the Moslems seek converts. Moslems believe in a pleasurable heaven, complete with houris, while the Hindus believe in an almost unending cycle of reincarnation after reincarnation, including the possibility of one's soul in the next life inhabiting an elephant or an ant or a mosquito. The majority of Moslems repudiate usury and scorn trade while the Hindus delight in high interest rates, banking and commerce. The Moslems are generally active and aggressive and tend to enjoy life while the Hindus are more passive and resigned, inclined to the past and the future rather than the present, and they preach—just short of suicide—that it is probably better not to live than to live.

I had seen what explosions these two antagonistic systems are capable of in great cities but I got a clearer and simpler picture when I visited tiny villages in eastern Punjab—so remote they are miles from any road save a meandering trail for camels and bullock carts. Many villagers had never traveled more than ten miles all their lives until the troubles began. Nine tenths of all Indians are villagers living much like these Punjabis though less prosperously because the land here is richer and more irrigated.

In the district of Gurgaon, which is like a Texas county in size, is the Moslem village of Ghairatpur Bas, with its mosque and two hundred families surrounded by three villages of the Hindus, the nearest of which was called Tikli.

Gurgaon is a land rich in wheat, in cattle, in peacocks and other fowl, and the men of Gurgaon till the land as they did in the days of Abraham and of Moses. Their women go to the well and draw the water and talk as they did in the days of Ruth. Time has not changed in Gurgaon, nor have the people.

The dwellings of the poor are of baked mud and timber, and their roofs are thatched; but the few houses of the rich, like those of the soldiers who have retired, are built of solid stone. Heavy stone walls surround the houses and barns of several kinsmen in a single compound. And over them all, in all the villages, tower the trees called *neam*, pipal and banyan, green refuge against the baking sun.

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6
BILL KING

"I'll say one thing for your hamburger—you can eat it on meatless Tuesday"

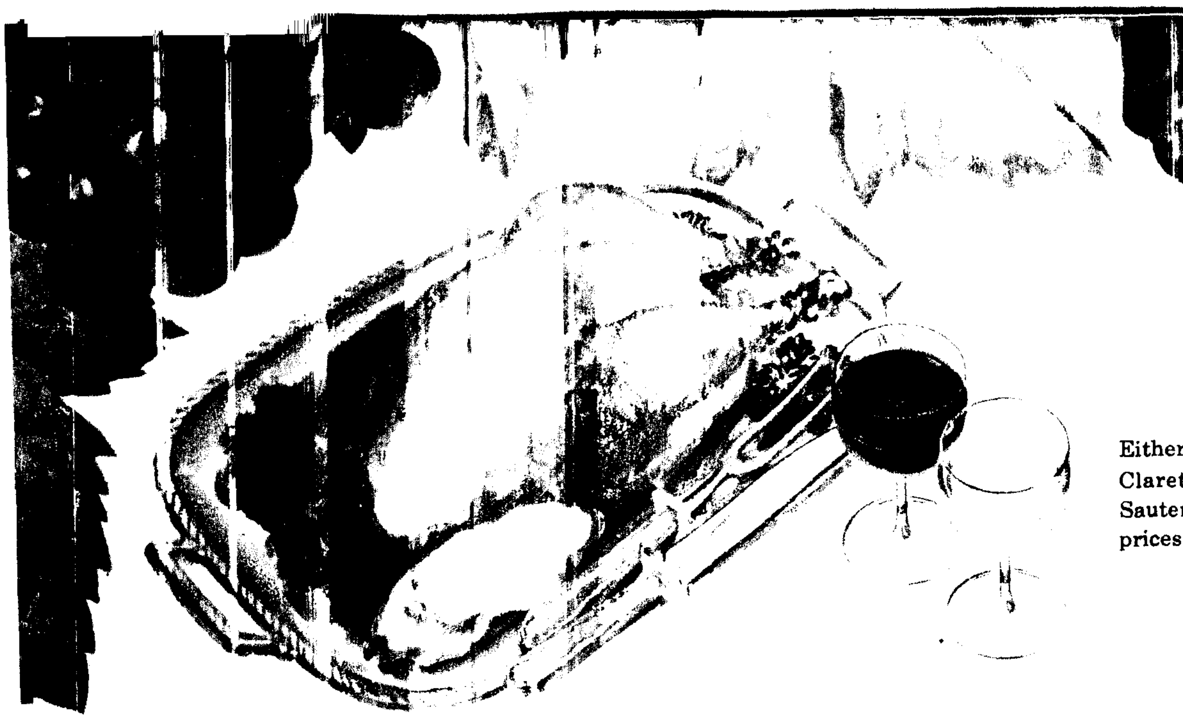
COLLIER'S BILL KING

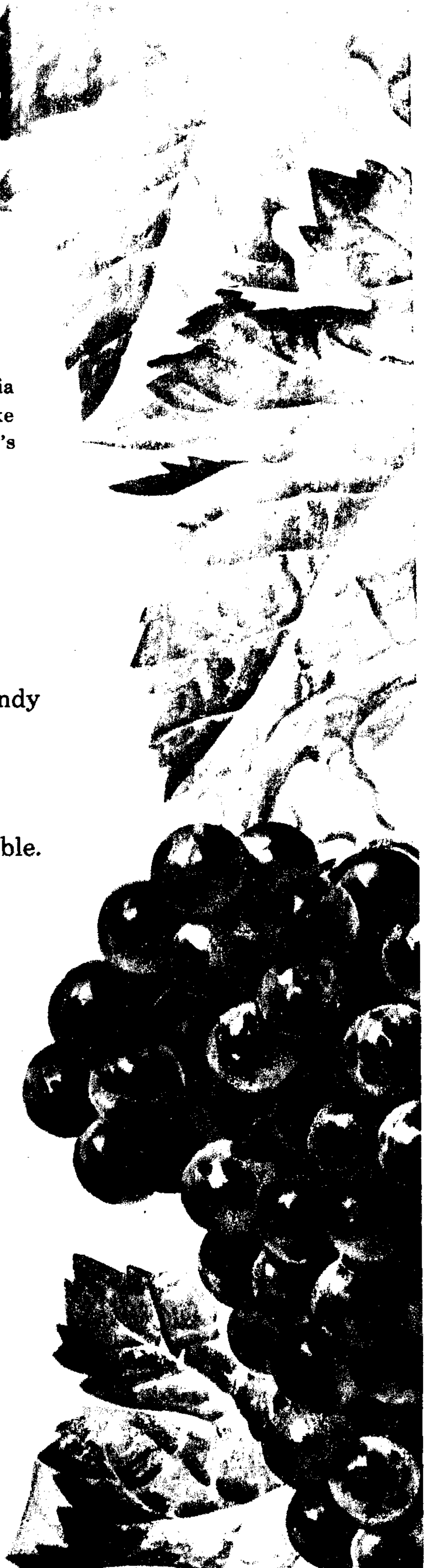
A Land of Strife and Hatred

The people of Ghairatpur Bas lived in occasional peace with the people of Tikli for hundreds of years, but they dwelt apart. For the Hindus despised them, saying they were of the same race, but converted to the Moslem faith by the threat of the sword. The Moslems likewise despised the men of Tikli, for they counted themselves descendants of the conquerors of the Hindus, and equal in the sight of the one true God. The Hindus worshiped many gods and held the cow sacred. They believed the Moslems evil men for slaughtering the cow or any animal and eating it or offering it up as sacrifice.

The Moslems, on the other hand, hated the Hindus for not killing pests and insects, or the crows and the bands o monkeys that raided the fields; but th Hindus held that each of these had soul, and ought not to be harmed.

So the ground was waiting for bloo





Either a **red table wine** (like California Claret) or a **white table wine** (like Sauterne) goes with turkey. At today's prices you can offer guests a choice

To make any dinner festive... bring out good California table wine—like Claret, Burgundy or Sauterne—along with your turkey. Table wines are the pure fermented juice of vine-ripened fresh grapes. And so they taste particularly good with meals.

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IT COSTS SO LITTLE . . . AND ADDS SO MUCH

When you plan to entertain... wines like Sherry and Port are good to have on hand. These wines are made so as to retain some of the sweetness of the grape. California Sherry, for example, has a moderate sweetness and a "nutlike" flavor. It is a favorite with appetizers or light refreshments. California Port is a richer, sweet red wine that tastes wonderfully good by itself. It also goes with fruit, nuts or cheese. Both Sherry and Port are inexpensive today.

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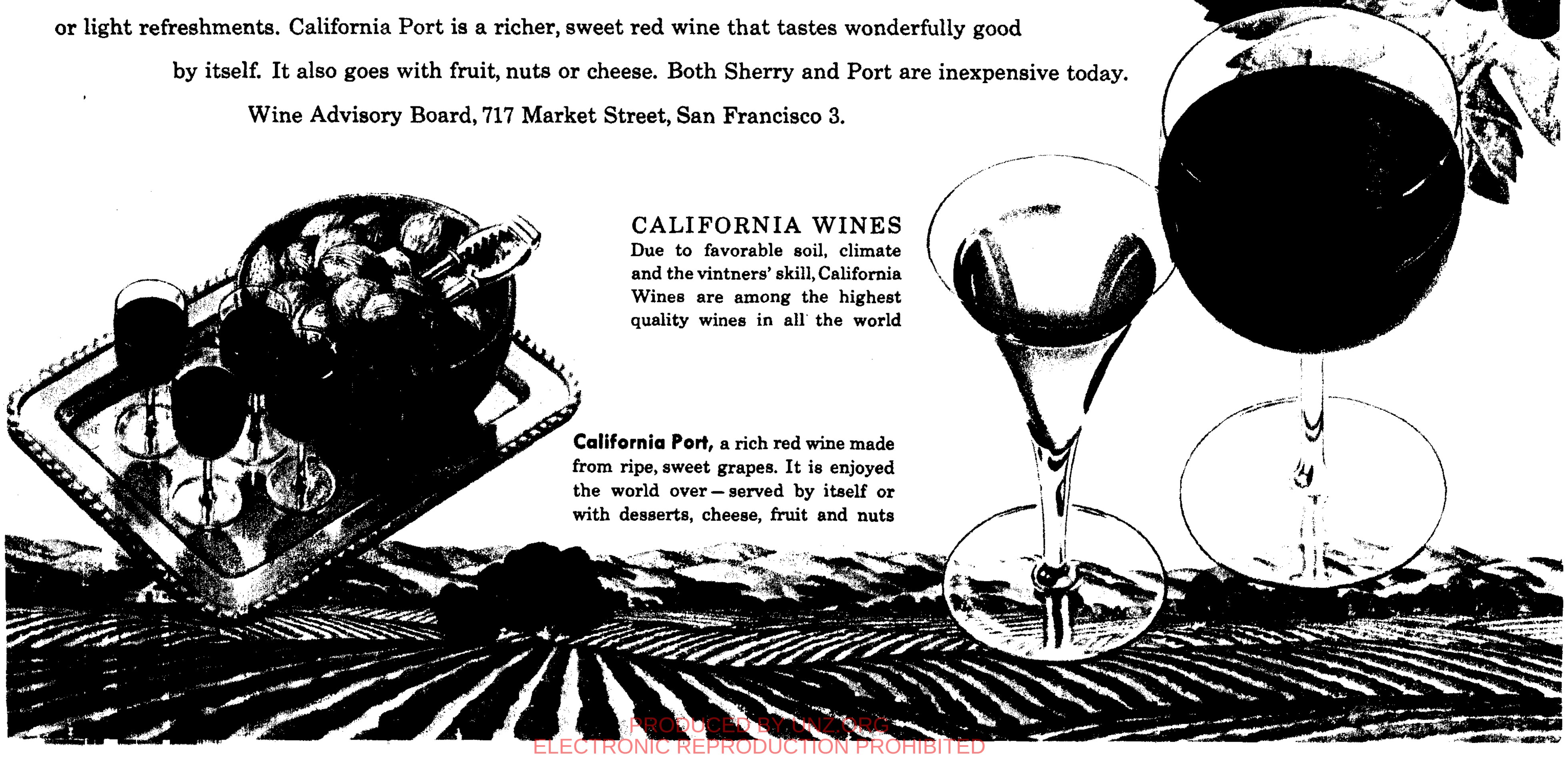

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California Port, a rich red wine made from ripe, sweet grapes. It is enjoyed the world over—served by itself or with desserts, cheese, fruit and nuts

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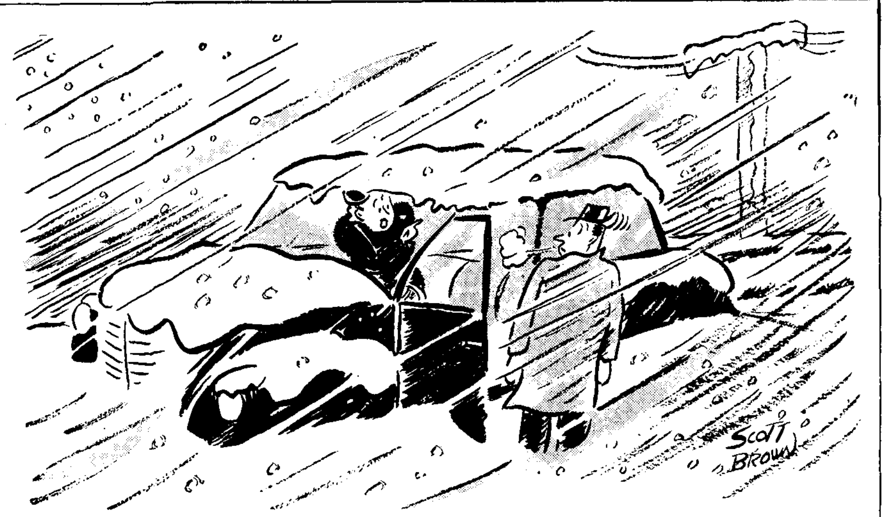

"Junior's sand bucket and shovel might still be in the trunk from our last trip to the beach"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

when the runner from Ali Meo came to Ghairatpur Bas, and told how Ali Meo, a day's journey away, was razed to the ground by the Hindus. All the men and women and children had been killed, he reported, so that he alone had escaped to tell the tale.

The men of Ghairatpur Bas now were furious for two of their shepherd boys had been slain in the far fields but one day before, and this they now blamed upon the Hindus. Fearing for their own village and their wives and their households, they counseled together to smite their enemies the Hindus before they might be smitten themselves.

Old Men Argue for Peace

The elders of the village, the panchayat, the Council of Five, all spoke for peace, or at the least for waiting; so did the mullah, the Reciter of Prayers, Kamal Khan; and so did Frizand Ali, a learned and pious man.

But Mohammed Riaz and Yakub Khan, who had served in the wars of the British, and all the young men of Ghairatpur Bas would not have it. They overrode the words of the elders, and prepared for war. The women and children were sent away to a village across the plains, and the men promised to join them there, once the fighting had ended.

Seeing their neighbors no more in the fields, the men of Tikli now set a guard before their village and placed their women and children in a walled compound. They armed their men with knives and lathees and *pharsas,* the crude battle-axes of every village, and some few with rifles brought home from the wars abroad. Some Hindus from other villages joined them near by so the men of Ghairatpur Bas were outnumbered.

But the leaders of the Moslems skillfully divided their band into three groups, with 60 men in each, and they came in the night, not along the path where the Hindus waited, but over the hills. Without sound, they reached Tikli itself and all but surrounded it.

Then, shouting to terrify the people of Tikli, they fired their few rifles and threw lighted faggots onto the rooftops and the trees and into the granaries, and charged through the village. Mohammed Riaz and Yakub Khan, once havildars in the army, killed many with their rifles, and Mohammed Sadiq, the leatherworker, killed three with his *pharsa* alone. Many, both Hindu and Moslem, were slain in the brief fight.

The rains had not come in four months and the flames burned the wheat, the doorways, the roofs, the trees and all except the very stones. Many were killed when one of the Moslem bands penetrated the walled compound of the women and children and many were wounded. The shrieks and groans of the dying mingled with the shouts of the attackers and the weak cries of the women being abused.

As suddenly as it had begun the slaughter ceased, for the Moslems feared the arrival of Hindus from the other villages. At the signal of a ram's horn they vanished into the night, bearing their dead and their wounded with them, and two of the younger women.

On the second night, after they had burned their dead, the Hindus of Tikli assaulted the village of their neighbors in great numbers, killed many of the men the Moslems had left to defend it and forced the remainder to flee. Then they put the torch to Ghairatpur Bas, battered its walls with stones, and its destruction was greater than that of Tikli.

When troops from the government arrived and were placed between the two factions, there was no more fighting. The people began to return to Tikli and to Ghairatpur Bas, slowly, family by family, and began to repair their houses and to till their fields again.

Despite the coming of the troops, a scattered battalion, the killing and the burning spread to the places where no troops had been sent, and in all, 119 villages burned and thousands died.

But the town of Gurgaon did not burn, for the troops were numerous there, Punjabi paratroops who had fought the Germans in Europe. Wherever they went in the land, in groups of six to thirty, they brought an end to the warring.

Some of the troops were Hindu, some of them were Moslem, and these last were to go to Pakistan, when the boundary troubles ceased. But all were good soldiers and they worked for the end of the war. They favored no one, whatever his faith might be.

The Colonel Who Went Unarmed

Their English colonel commanding, sandy of hair and mustache, tall-bodied and fair of skin, was wise in the ways and tongues of the people. Trusting his men, and wishing to set an example, he sent some of his Moslem troops to the villages of the Hindus, and his Hindu troops to the Moslems. He moved through the villages unarmed, talking peace and forbearance, but he kept his soldiers armed.

Reporters came and photographed the ruins, but the Hindus saw only Tikli, and the Moslems, Ghairatpur Bas, and so did their newspapers. And far from Gurgaon men read and were angered and the killing spread. The colonel swore, but he said it had ever been thus.

The Hindus wrote nothing of Jemedar Abdul Ghaffar, commanding the Moslem platoon which had pitched its tent in the banyan grove on the path that runs by Tikli. But the people of Tikli, though they feared him at first, had come to love the jemedar. His men had stopped the raiding by night, preserved the peace and lived in good order. The elders implored the colonel to leave him there forever. And the elders of Ghairatpur Bas asked the same.

This could not be, but the colonel agreed to leave the jemedar and his men for a time, until the villages could work out their peace. There still remained danger of kidnaping and of murder in the farther fields.

The colonel finally persuaded the men of Ghairatpur Bas that they could not all move to Pakistan but must continue to live in the land of their fathers, and amongst the Hindus. He got them, and the elders of Tikli, to agree to a meeting of peace.

Meeting on Neutral Ground

But neither dared meet in the village of the other. So they met at a watering place far beyond. A few of the soldiers stood by, at a distance, but they were not needed. The people came without arms because they longed for peace.

They talked for hours, Hindu and Moslem alike. The accusing finger was pointed, the fist of anger shaken, as men reviewed what had happened and blamed each other for it.

But the voice of the elders was heard this time. Moslem and Hindu alike berated their peoples and agreed it was clear the Moslems could not slay all the Hindus, nor the Hindus all the Moslems. They advised to putting aside thoughts of vengeance and living in peace, no matter what happened elsewhere.

They agreed to return the cattle stolen and to enforce the peace among themselves, and to turn over to the law in Gurgaon any who might still seek to make trouble. But they made no demand of the women taken, for the men thought them lost beyond redemption and only a burden to their families if returned.

The men of Tikli and of Ghairatpur Bas smoked their brass water pipes in peace as they listened, and speech removed a portion of their anger. Then the colonel spoke to them briefly, praising the wisdom of their decisions and grieving that soon he must leave them, and go to Pakistan, which he must, because most of his troops were Moslem. But he would never lead them, he said, in war against their comrades, for they were his comrades too.

In his own tent later he said, "They will honor their pledges, and live in peace for a time, and forever, perhaps, if left to themselves. But if there is fighting elsewhere and the refugees come through with their tales of families roasted alive, of women abducted and of whole populations slaughtered—tales, unfortunately, too true—they will fight again. Their gods are too much with them, and too much opposed, and their ideas of God govern them too much in all they do."

Gandhi, whose peculiar mixture of religious sainthood with political genius has not always appealed to the Moslems, has piously urged the Moslems, Sikhs and Hindus to live in peace. But going communally political, he warned that if Pakistan "persisted in doing wrong" there "is bound to be war between India and Pakistan." Doubtless he means a really big war.

Many observers in Delhi and Karachi don't believe there will be a war—certainly not for some years. The big men don't want it and the little men all over India, like those in Tikli and Ghairatpur Bas, get wearied of blood baths eventually. Observers think that within a few weeks or a few months both governments will be able to control their populations and peace will come, "the troubles" will end.

Or they will end, as my erstwhile bodyguard Mohammed Ali was saying, when enough little men have died. But Mohammed Ali said that would take forty years. His astrologer had told him so.

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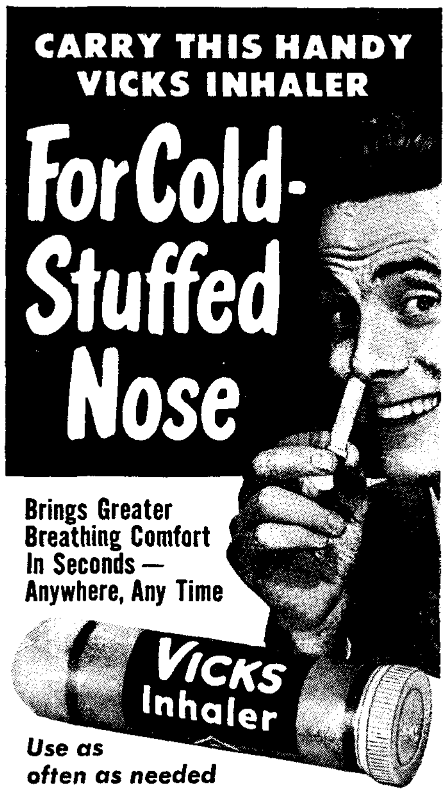
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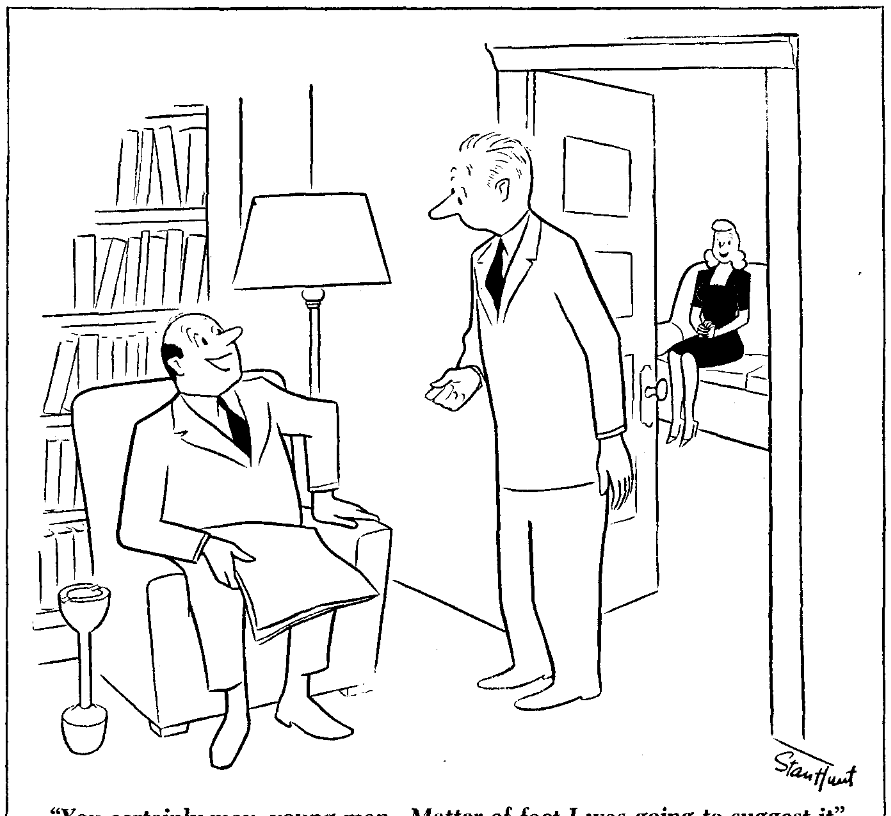
VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Continued from page 13



"You certainly may, young man. Matter of fact I was going to suggest it"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

It was such thoughts as these which went through Virgil Oliphant's mind as he sat listening in awed silence to the voice. There was no getting around it. The wonderful voice was his! He had always had it and hadn't known it! The man in his mind was himself, or could be. And—incredible notion—the man's accomplishments might be Virgil's accomplishments! Virgil began to tremble so violently that the collapsible metal chair rattled under him like the lid of a kettle.

". . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth," said the machine solemnly, and silence flooded over the little room once more.

Virgil leaped out of his chair, and a look of concentrated fright settled on his face. For with silence, with the end of the recording, the man in his mind slid away from his grasp, eluded his imagination like water on his palm and left him the man he had been before—the shy, ineffectual Virgil Oliphant, who was frightened by Christmas.

Virgil had to have him back, whatever the cost! He had to hear again that rich, firm voice, and take strength from it, live up to it, become the sort of man to whom such a voice should properly belong. In short, he had to have the recording machine for his own.

He pulled open the door of the booth, swallowed as though he were trying to swallow something too big to swallow, and said to the clerk, "I—I'll take it."

THE clerk snapped a notebook mysteriously out of somewhere and began to write figures in it, showing both rows of teeth at once. "Fine!" he said. "Fine!" Then, when he had calculated several kinds of taxes and added in some extra spools of ribbon, he mentioned a sum which was a little more than twice what Virgil had in his savings account.

So Virgil, whose moral belief in paying cash for what he bought would have persuaded him cheerfully to go without his dinner rather than buy it in installments, said, "You said something about—uh—easy credit terms?"

So that was arranged, and, in order to prevent delay, Virgil ran four blocks to the bank and four blocks back again, and gave the clerk all the money he had in the world except seventy-seven dollars. Then he signed his name to a lot of papers, shuddered a little as he wrote the names of the Alumni Insurance Company and Harold B. Weaver, Jr., and moved dizzily toward the door.

The clerk accompanied him. "You'll be glad you met me for years to come," the clerk said, squeezing Virgil's elbow happily. "What a surprise for the little wife! Your little purchase will make every day Christmas for her."

"I haven't got a wife," said Virgil.

"Oh, well," said the clerk, who was already beginning to make tentative signs to a puzzled little man in a brown overcoat on the other side of the window.

Virgil drew himself up to his complete height and, speaking largely to himself, said, "That machine is a Christmas present to myself." Then he hurried back to the office, sublime in the knowledge that he would have his machine on the following day. He arrived twenty minutes late, which made him glance apprehensively toward Harold B. Weaver's suite of offices at the end of the hall.

He did no work whatever during the rest of the afternoon, but sat at his desk, staring at a piece of white paper on which was printed: ALUMNI LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—"Every Employee a College Graduate." Beyond this he did nothing but contemplate the vastness of the miracle in the radio store.

From time to time Virgil let his glance wander cautiously to Miss Brinker's desk. Small and dainty, with huge brown eyes and soft brown hair, Miss Brinker bent over her typewriter, frowning prettily at her work; and Virgil felt within him an actual physical ache to be the man in the black Homburg hat, who might with his native charm and his magnificent voice compel inaccessible Miss Brinker's attention, her respect and perhaps more—perhaps much, much more.

Once, while Virgil watched, Charlie Doyle, the recently appointed head of the Statistical Department, stepped out of his glass cubicle and walked over to Miss Brinker's desk. Doyle's college years, or so his own account seemed to indicate, had been spent largely in the pursuit of touchdowns for the football squad, and he was still inclined, with encouragement or without it, to draw diagrams of certain ingenious plays in which he had distinguished himself. Virgil knew that Charlie Doyle and Miss Brinker had lunched together at least once to his certain knowledge, and this fact was much like a barbed hook in his side which he was impotent to withdraw. Now he saw Doyle smilingly address Miss Brinker and Miss Brinker look up from her work, returning his smile, waiting. It was impossible for Virgil to know what precisely passed between them, but it was enough for him to see Doyle whisper something to her, leaning audaciously close to her ear, and to see Miss Brinker laugh a stifled, merry laugh. Virgil could not, in fact, stand to watch any longer and he turned his head away in a flood of miserable and acute anguish.

Staring at the piece of Alumni stationery before him, Virgil could think of nothing but the recording machine. Its potentialities charged him with an inner excitement so uncontrollable that the very thought of work repelled him and made him, at five o'clock, dash out of the office and race the few blocks across town to his little apartment without bothering to wait for his bus. He had planned to spend the next hour or so in rearranging his scanty furniture to make room for the recording machine; but he saw at once, upon opening his front door, that he would have to change his plan, because his brother Homer was waiting for him, and he hadn't seen Homer for almost a year.

Homer, the only family Virgil had in the world, was sprawled across the room's one comfortable chair, an unlighted cigarette stuck to his lower lip, reading the Racing Form. He looked up and smiled sidewise at Virgil, his cigarette pointed toward his eye. "Hi, Virge," he said. "Surprise. Got a match?"

Virgil winced reflexively, as he always did when he saw Homer, because Homer's advent during the past few years had invariably heralded unqualified bad news. "No," Virgil said, "I haven't. How did you get in here, Homer?"

"Your landlady let me in," Homer said, smiling still. "Who has a better right to be let in than your own brother, Virge?"

VIRGIL didn't try to answer this question directly, but as a sort of reflex, looked apprehensively around the room to see if anything was missing. His action made him ashamed, although he knew in his heart that it was perfectly justified. There was no longer any sense in pretending there existed between them any brotherly devotion. They were, in fact, only half brothers, but it is unlikely that anyone would have suspected even that relationship, so opposed were they in every way. They shared in common only the legacy of their father's unusual height and the label of their father's preoccupation with the classic poets.

"I see," Virgil sighed resignedly, sitting down on the edge of his brass bed, "that you're still betting on the races."

"The sport of kings." Homer nodded. "Hoofbeats ringing on the turf. Lay out five and get back fifty—mostly."

"I haven't any money, Homer," Virgil said bluntly.

Homer laughed engagingly, somehow managing to keep the cigarette from falling out of his mouth. "Who said anything about money?" he said. "I didn't say anything about money—real money. I *could* use a quick fifty."

"Well, that's too bad, Homer," Virgil said severely, "because I haven't got a quick fifty or any other kind of fifty to spare. I only have seventy-seven dollars in the bank and that's the truth, so—"

"Why, Virgil!" Homer interrupted, simulating pained sensibilities. "You mustn't tell your own brother things like that. Especially when I know just about how much you *have* got in the bank. You see, you're the responsible type, Virge. I know what you're going to do even before you do it. You put away ten dollars at least, every week, maybe even more, for a rainy day. You can't help it. You should have pretty well over two hundred by now. Remember I haven't been around for a long time, Virgie. You wouldn't hold out a measly little fifty on your own brother, would you?"

Virgil leaned forward on the bed and frowned earnestly. "But you don't understand, Homer," he said. "Maybe yesterday I did have something like you said in the bank, but—but today I bought something—something expensive."

"What was it?" said Homer flatly.

"Well, it's—it's not here yet," Virgil said defensively. "But I bought it and it cost a lot of money, and now I only have seventy-seven dollars in the world."

HOMER shook his head sadly so that the cigarette waggled in his mouth. "Oh, Virgil," he said slowly, "you'll have to think up a better one than that. *You* going out and blowing all your dough except seventy-seven bucks some lunch hour. Oh, Virge! Tut, tut."

"But it's true!" said Virgil desperately. "I know it was—was rash of me, Homer, but it *is* true. And not only that but I owe a lot more on—on *it.*"

Homer frowned irritably. "On *what,* for crying out loud?" he demanded.

"Never mind what!" Virgil said, sitting up very straight. "It's something very useful, and I spent the money."

After studying Virgil in silence for a moment, Homer shrugged his shoulders a little. "Okay, Virge," he said, sighing heavily. "If that's the way you want it." Then he arranged his hands as though they held a ukulele and, strumming invisible strings, he sang in an unpleasant tenor voice to what he evidently imagined to be the tune of The Old Oaken Bucket, "Oh, the old Alumni Insurance Company, the good old Alumni; every employee a college graduate, a college grad-u-ate . . . Yes, sir, Virge, the good old Alumni Life wouldn't think of hiring anybody but a college graduate, would they? They certainly would fire anybody mighty quick if they knew he *wasn't* a college graduate, wouldn't they, Virge?"

Virgil squirmed uncomfortably on the edge of the bed as Homer carefully presented his hypothesis. "Well, I'm pretty *nearly* a college graduate," he said at last. "I finished three years, three months and fourteen days of work, and passed all my subjects right up to the end and you know it, too, Homer Oliphant."

"Got a diploma?" snapped Homer.

"Well, you know *why* I haven't got one," Virgil said miserably. "I *would* have had one if I hadn't tried to pull you out of a jam at that Christmas party, just like I've always had to do. I *would* have had a diploma in June if I hadn't been expelled on your account. If *you'd* stayed sober enough to take the dean's daughter home, maybe *you'd* have broken down on the road and had to spend the night in the car instead of me. Maybe *you'd* have been expelled instead of me. I didn't *want* to take her home. You brought her. I didn't even like her. She had poppy eyes."

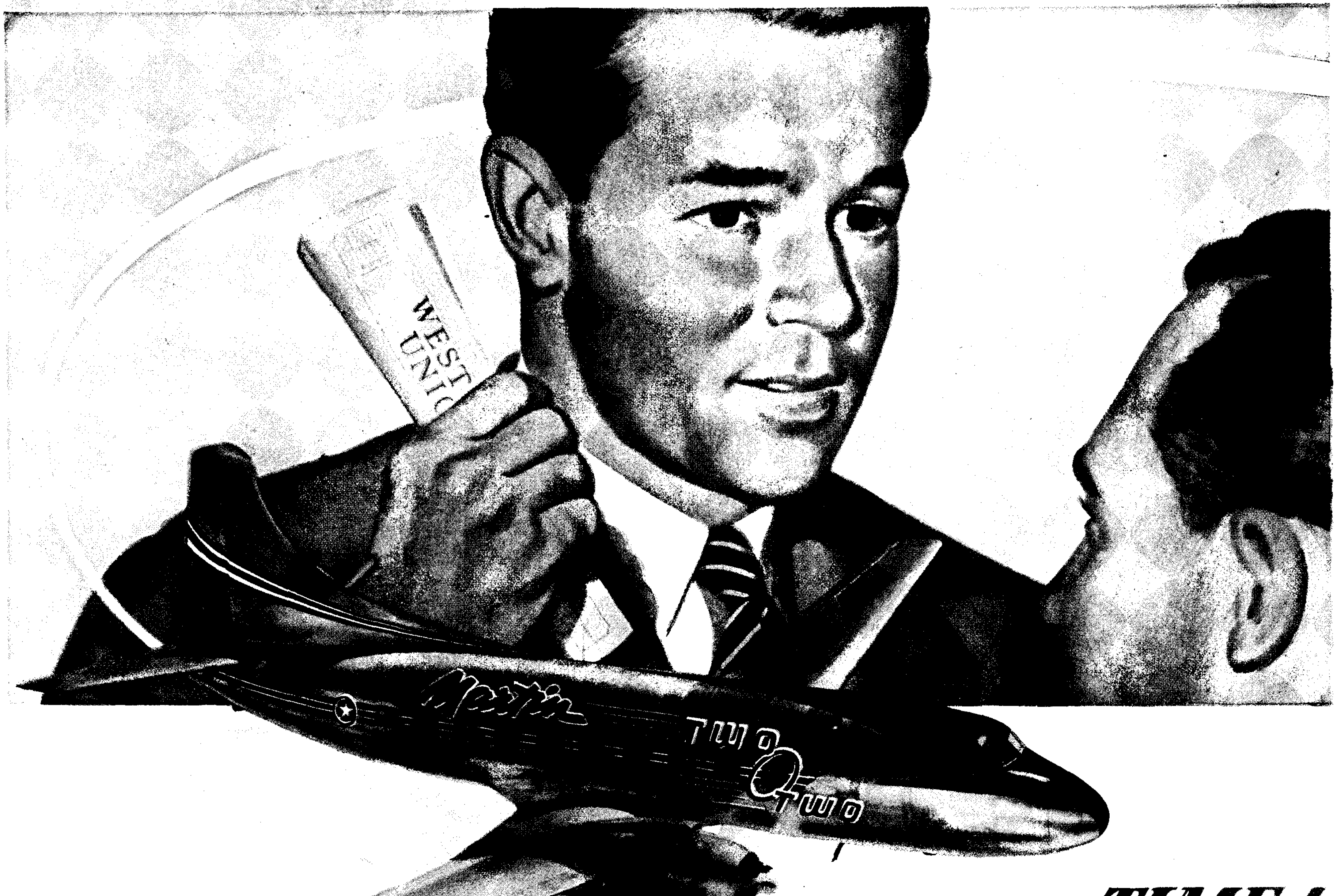
Homer shook his head from side to side, clucking his tongue sympathetically. "That's a sad, sad story," he said. "Very sad. You know, Virge, it's *so* sad I think I'll tell it to Mr. Harold B. Weaver, Jr., of the good old Alumni, just to see if he thinks it's as sad as I do."

"No!" Virgil interrupted nervously. "Please, Homer, you mustn't do that."

"Oh, why not, Virge?" Homer said blandly. "Weaver probably doesn't really mean that about every employee being a college graduate. He'd probably be glad to make an exception in your case. Don't you think so?"

Virgil stared bitterly at the toes of his enormous shoes. "You know perfectly well he wouldn't," he said. "The whole

"THE ORDER IS MINE IF I GET THERE FIRST . . . BUT IS THERE TIME?"



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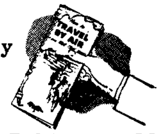

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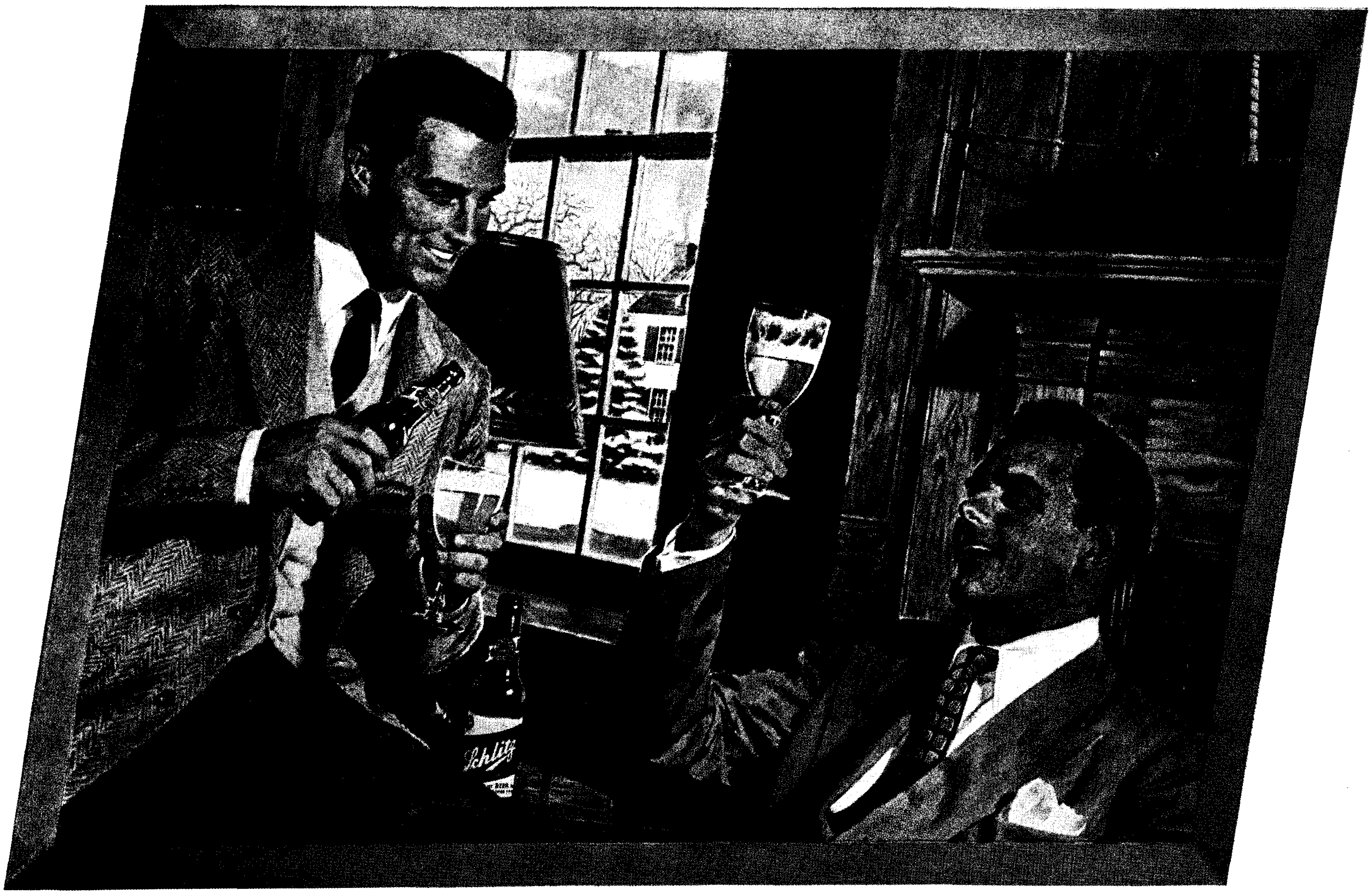

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organization is founded on the idea that all its employees are college graduates. Even the name. They even advertise that they won't hire anyone else."

Homer raised his eyebrows as high as they would go. "You surely don't mean, Virge," he said in a shocked tone, "that you *lied* to get your job with Alumni?"

Virgil winced at the word, and continued to stare at his shoes. Then, in sudden defiance, he said, "Yes, I lied to get it! I knew I could do the job as well as a college graduate—and I have, too. That was in the middle of the depression, Homer. I needed a job. We all needed the money. So when Mr. Weaver asked me if I was a college graduate I lied to him and told him I was. He wasn't cheated! It didn't hurt anyone!" Pleading, trying defiantly to draw logic out of the dead past, Virgil looked into Homer's face and saw that he would as well have held a controversy with a closed door.

HOMER, like the door, was not open to persuasion for, like the door, Homer was not listening. So Virgil thought for a moment about that other long-ago Christmas adventure and wondered, with a transient flash of insight, whether it was that which had started him on the road to his present state of disenchantment with Yuletide matters. However, it did no good to think about that.

"All right, Homer," he said presently. "I'll give you the fifty dollars. I'll get it out of the bank at lunch hour. Come up to the office around two. But you've got to promise me one thing, Homer. You've got to promise me that you won't be around again for at least six months."

At once Homer's sidewise smile returned. "Why, of course I won't, Virge," he said heartily. "What for? As a matter of fact, there's a smart dollar to be made at Tanforan Tuesday . . . Oh, well. You don't care about that. By the way, I'd just as soon drop by here tomorrow instead of your office. I wouldn't want to—"

"No!" said Virgil violently, thinking about his beautiful recording machine. "No. Come to the office!"

Homer looked startled, then sly, and finally winked elaborately. "Why, Virge! You old rascal, you! I didn't think you had it in you. Don't worry, I won't disturb you. I know how it is."

"You don't know at all how it is!" Virgil cried.

But Homer only winked again and strolled to the door. "Sure, sure," he said. "That's right. See you tomorrow, Virge."

Then he went out, and when Virgil saw him go out again the next afternoon from the offices of the Alumni Life Insurance Company, there remained in Virgil's bank account only twenty-seven dollars and forty cents, which didn't seem like enough.

But the wound mended and vanished and left no scar behind it when, on the following afternoon, he got home from work and saw that there was a workman in his room who was just finishing installing the recording machine. The workman knew all about the machine and wanted to talk about it but he went away at last. And Virgil was left alone with his extraordinary new possession. For a long time he just sat on the bed and looked at it.

The recording machine looked enormous in the little room, and its gleaming bleached wood contrasted oddly with the room's shabby paint, its marble-top bureau, its vase of dusty artificial oak leaves. After a while Virgil got up and ran his fingers across its mirrorlike surface. It seemed to shudder sensuously under his caress, and the memory of the fine strong voice stirred him again. There were a hundred, a thousand things he wanted to hear that voice say to him; he plugged in the microphone with stumbling fingers.

First of all, of course, he thought of Miss Brinker, but he saw at once that she was far too important to start on, that he must practice first before so great a plunge, so he set her tenderly aside in another part of his mind. He thought next of a waiter named Al, who worked in the Happy Hour Lunchroom, a restaurant in which Virgil had eaten his lunch every weekday for seven years. In all that time Al, a squat taciturn man with a grease-spotted apron had not once indicated by word or smile or nod that Virgil was anything but a total stranger to the Happy Hour. The only gestures which might possibly have been construed as recognition on Al's part were his throwing plates on Virgil's table with more abandon as the years advanced, seating him at tables progressively closer to the kitchen door and glowering wordlessly at his tips, irrespective of their size.

Submitting to these indignities had become a part of Virgil's daily life, and only now that he thought of Al in connection with the recording machine and the man with the firm authoritative voice did he realize how Al's silent bellicosity had gnawed at his soul and brought subconscious shame to his manhood. And Virgil realized also that he was afraid of Al.

Presently Virgil put on his hat and, standing before the microphone, closed his eyes for a moment and thought about the front door of the Happy Hour. Then he opened his eyes and began to move his feet up and down in a stationary position. Then he stopped and pressed the button on the machine.

Alone in his little room, Virgil snapped his fingers twice peremptorily. "Al!" he called into the microphone. "Al!" Then he paused for a moment and said more quietly, "Your name *is* Al, isn't it? Yes, I thought so. Now, I want some lunch. I think I'll sit at this table here by the window. No, not that one. This sunny one, by the window. That's right. That's a better way to treat an old customer." Virgil tossed his hat onto the bed, bent his knees a little and backed onto the bed. He drew his brows together into a frown. "You know, Al," he went on, "I *am* an old customer. I've been eating here every day for seven years. I should think that would entitle me to some consideration, wouldn't you? I think it's about time we changed things, Al. Now look. My name's Oliphant. I expect you to remember that. I also expect my food to be served decently, not thrown at me. Understand? And another thing. I expect to be thanked for my tips and I don't like Harvard beets. Right?—Right! Now bring me a menu."

Virgil stood up straight again and turned off the machine. His knees were shaking violently. He could almost see Al's surly face jeering at him contemptuously at the conclusion of this speech. Quickly, he reversed the spools and pressed the playback button.

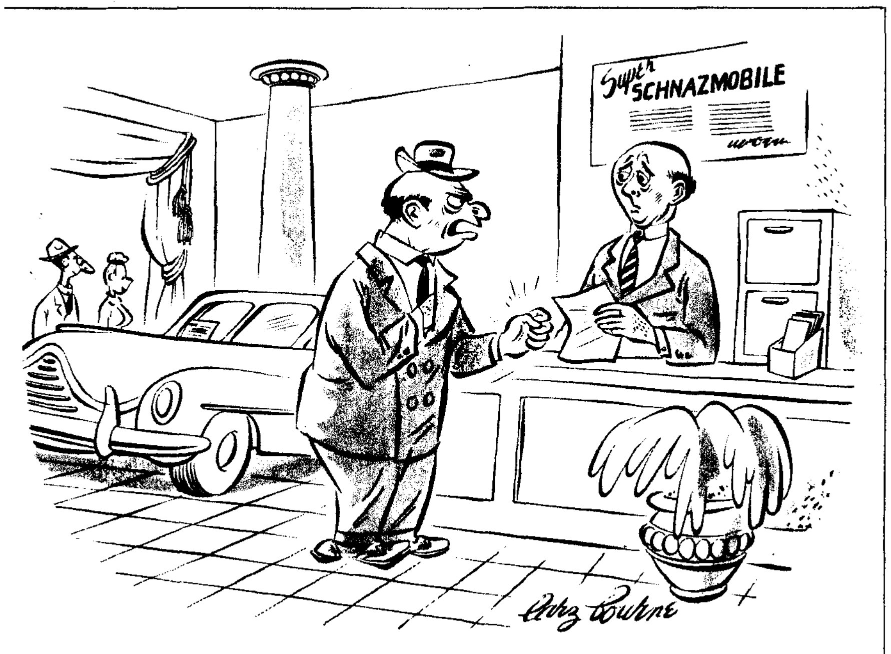
Suddenly, out of the stillness, the machine called, "Al!" and Virgil stared. "Al!" And there he was back again, the man in the black Homburg hat, the miraculous other Virgil Oliphant, telling Al the waiter where to head in. It was magnificent. The voice was quiet and dignified and firm and packed with authority, and as it spoke its stern rebuke Virgil, in his fancy, envisaged a broken, contrite Al, sheepishly hanging his head as he twisted his grimy apron in his fingers.

It couldn't be and yet it *had* to be, and Virgil was more excited than he had ever been in the whole of his life. He felt as a man might feel who takes down an old jacket from the back of his closet and finds tucked away in an inside pocket a roll of thousand-dollar bills.

Virgil played the recording through six times without a pause, listening eagerly to every syllable; then he got up and looked for a long time at himself in the mirror. It was at first something of a shock and a considerable disappointment to him to see that he hadn't changed. He decided it would probably be best not to look at himself any more so that he might forget about *that* Virgil and grasp at the other, the splendid but regrettably elusive Virgil. He hurried back to the machine for reassurance, and as he switched it on again he wondered if Miss Brinker would think he looked silly in a Homburg hat.

IT WAS one in the morning when Virgil, from sheer exhaustion, turned off the recording machine for the last time. Even then, he lay awake for a while in his bed, gazing across at the great, shining box, half obscured now in the shadows. And, quite suddenly, he made a decision—a final, daring decision about the following day—a decision which would, in all likelihood, have astonished Al, the waiter, asleep in his bed.

At four minutes after twelve the following day Virgil reached the front door of the Happy Hour Lunchroom. He paused outside for a moment, looking furtively through the window until he saw Al stamping down the dining room toward the kitchen; then he hurried, shaken, on up the block to reassemble his courage. He walked twice past the Happy Hour in the next five minutes, bitterly chastising himself for his cowardice, and the third time he came to the door it occurred to him that he was in reality not gaining but losing courage through his equivocation. So he stopped,



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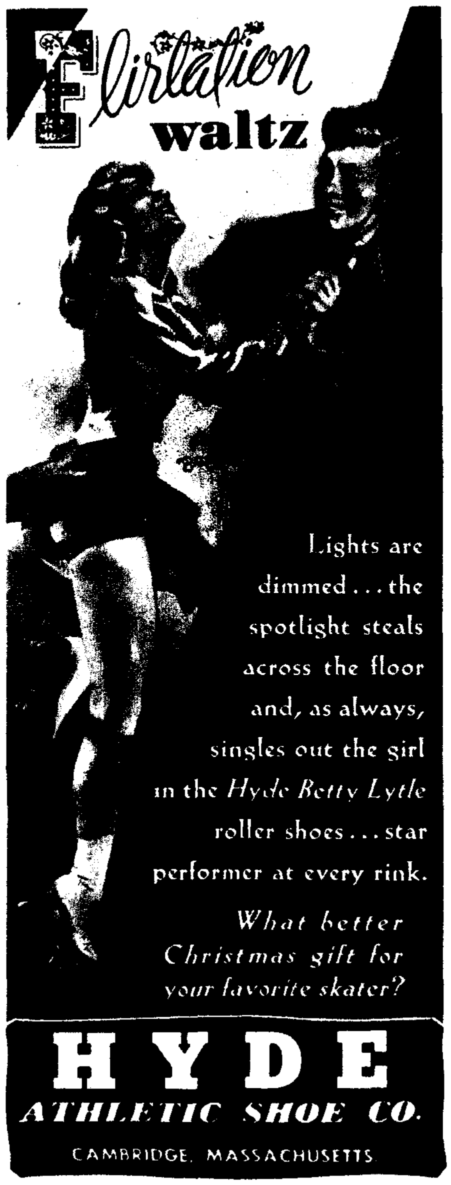
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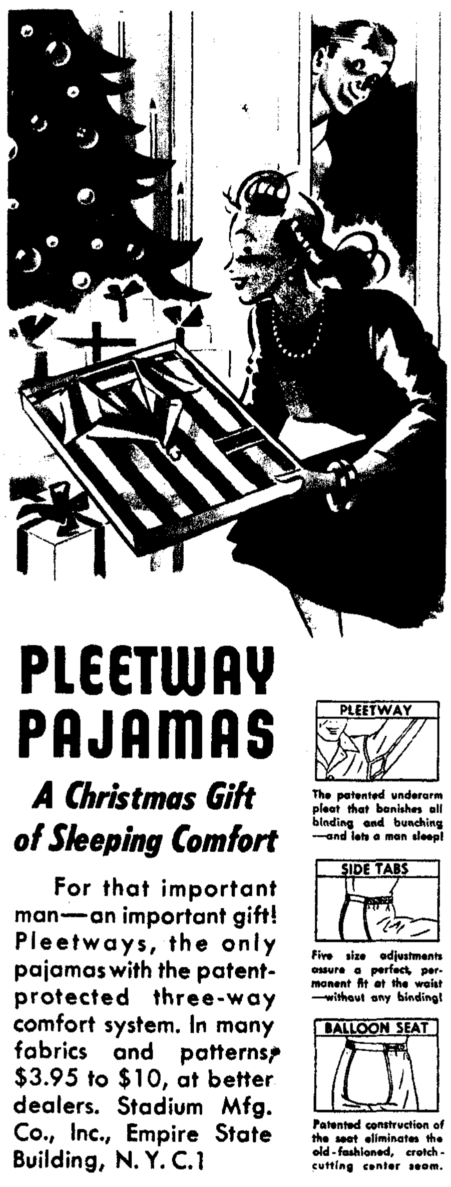
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braced himself, and, like a water-winged swimmer who at last decides to try putting his head underwater, took a deep, gasping breath, closed his eyes and hurled himself through the door.

"Al!" he cried. Several of the customers turned to look curiously at Virgil, but by a mischance, Al himself was at that moment in the kitchen. However, the initial plunge over, Virgil was hurtled forward by the momentum of his plan. He moved like a sleepwalker to the sunny table by the window where he had never dared to sit before, sat down and waited. In a moment Al banged open the kitchen door. He caught sight of Virgil at once, fixed him with a long, belligerent stare and started slowly across the room toward him.

AT THE table Al stood menacingly, and started to speak, but Virgil was too quick for him. "Al!" he said, rushing forward. "Your name *is* Al, isn't it?" Al said nothing. "I thought so," said Virgil. "Now, I want some lunch." And Virgil went straight through the speech he had recorded, even though parts of it had only a scanty application to the situation now that he was already sitting at the sunny table, but he was terrified to deviate a syllable from the devastating original for fear the result would be altered. It seemed to him that the strong, commanding voice would come out of his mouth only if the words were the same as those the machine had spoken, that any improvisation would necessarily come out in the wispy, ineffectual voice of the other Virgil Oliphant.

When he had finished, at last, the part about the Harvard beets, Virgil waited nervously. But Al neither sneered nor cowered, nor laughed contemptuously nor hung his head in shame. Instead, his eyebrows shot up in astonishment and he backed away from the table a little, sayng, "Okay, *okay*, Mr. Oliver. Don't get sore. Keep your shoit on."

"Oliphant," said Virgil. "I'm not sore. It's just that I've been eating here so long and I always seem to sit right next to the kitchen, and the beets and all—"

"All you got to do," Al interrupted, "is tell me what you want, you know, Mr. Oliphant. I'm no mind reader, you know. If you don't want beets you got o tell me."

"I guess that's right," Virgil said, and he looked up at Al, studying him cautiously. And he saw that it was true—ncredibly, magnificently true. Al was, t least so far as Virgil was concerned, ot the same man he had been a few moments before. The waiter, despite the omplaining note in his voice, was looking at Virgil with a new respect, grudging perhaps, but apparent in the way he stood, in the way he folded his stained napkin less casually across his arm, in his shifting, reluctant eyes.

It was an extraordinary moment for Virgil. It astonished him, and his awe of the wonderful machine became altogether boundless. A sense of power, completely unfamiliar, swept through him and made his stomach ache pleasantly. Never before in the whole of his unassuming life had any sensation even approximating this one been known to him, and it made him long to reach out and grasp it and hold it forever close to him.

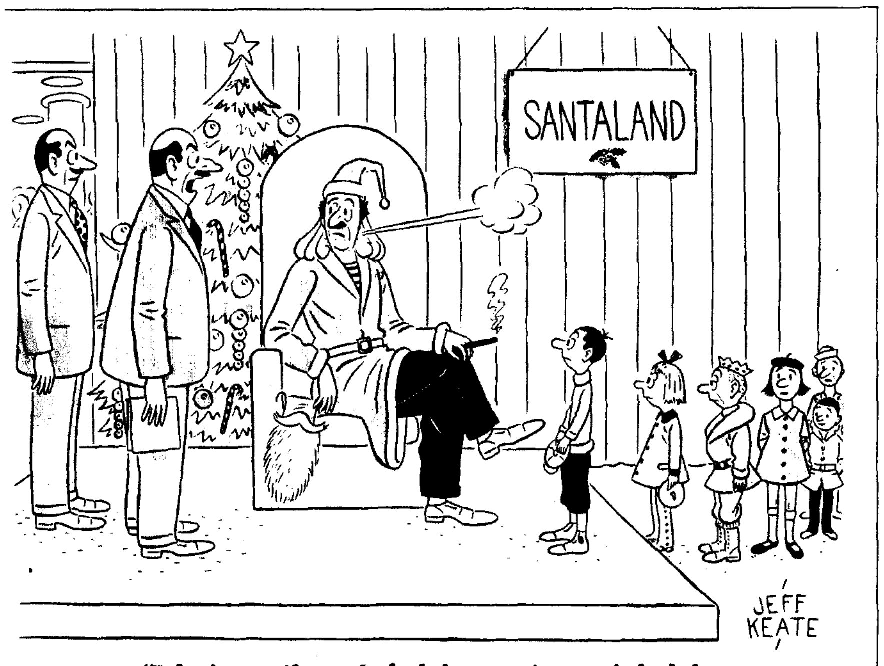
Also, it made him rash. It made him want to test the new power to make sure that it was real. If he had followed his original impulse to say no more than the recording machine had said, everything would, in all probability, have been all right. But in order to prolong his moment of triumph as far as possible, Virgil was presently carried away and completely lost in a sudden surge of madness.

"Well, I'm glad we understand each other then, Al," he went on. "Everything should be all right from now on." And then, because Al was about to walk away to get a menu from another table and that might break the spell, Virgil said the terrible thing. "Oh, by the way," he said, "I'll be bringing in a young lady for lunch tomorrow, and I'd like things to be as nice as possible, so you'll save this table for us, won't you? I mean—" Then he realized what he had said and whom he had meant when he said it, and a wild panic came over him. "That is, Al—" he began, stammering. "What—"

"Sure, I'll save this table for you, Mr. Oliphant," Al said. "Don't worry about it." Then he walked away to get the menu.

Virgil made a quick, desperate gesture at Al's back, then let his hand fall weakly to the table. He would joyfully have cut out his tongue if he could recall his words. It was too late now to pretend he had never spoken them. Al had heard him and promised to reserve the table for him, for them, for—he had to face the appalling truth—for himself and Miss Brinker on the following day. And he had never said anything more intimate to Miss Brinker than "Good morning" and "Good night" and "May I please have the Stouffer figures on the chief causes of accidents in the home for the 1933-36 period?"

He became possessed with the notion that he must somehow, some way fulfill his rashly made rendezvous with Al and the sunny table, or lose forever the new respect he had won from the waiter, and lose with it the magnificent new sensation



"I don't care if you do feel that you just can't fool the kids of today, Simms—we'd appreciate it if you'd try!"

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"It's high time you learned the facts of life, George!"

"Why, Honey—what have I done?"

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"Oh no? Just how *would* you manage if I tangled with a truck? I'm making a good salary now, but we haven't much to fall back on. We don't have security. And I don't know what to do about it."

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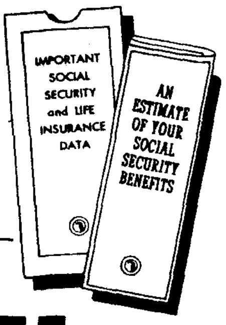
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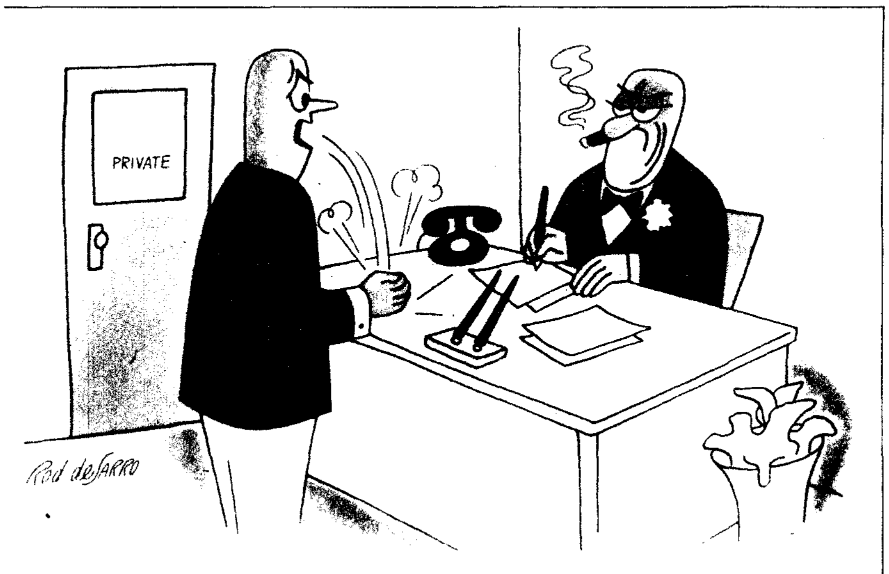
of confidence and power which he had known so fleetingly—for the sensation had vanished like a soap bubble on the wind a moment earlier.

A list of evasions darted quickly through Virgil's mind. He could eat somewhere else tomorrow and tell Al he had been sick. Or not eat at all. Or he could bring someone else and pretend she was Miss Brinker, but he didn't know any other young ladies even as well as he knew Miss Brinker. Then Virgil thought of the purposeful man in the Homburg hat who spoke Virgil's words so effectively on the machine, and he was ashamed. But being ashamed didn't seem to help him think of anything, and when at length he left the Happy Hour, and Al called across, "I'll keep that table for you and the lady tomorrow," Virgil could only wince and smile bleakly.

VIRGIL saw Miss Brinker only once during the afternoon, and he couldn't have asked her then about lunch even if he had dared. Harold B. Weaver, Jr., had sent for her to take care of extra work in his office, and no matter how busy a girl might be in her own department, at a call from Mr. Weaver she dropped everything and hurried to the big suite of offices at the end of the hall. It was as much a part of the company's policy as he slogan about college graduates on its etterhead. So Virgil got only a brief glimpse of Miss Brinker as she hurried ound a corner and passed him in the ll. As invariably happened when rgil encountered her unexpectedly, his eathing refused to function normally d he was made agonizingly conscious his great size in contrast to her extreme intiness. So he drew his head farther between his shoulders in a completely effective effort to look smaller than he ılly was, smiled tentatively and looked ay at once so that she wouldn't think was staring at her.



"To put it bluntly, Mr. Haynes—I—ah—was wondering if perhaps you thought I deserved a raise, possibly"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Miss Brinker looked up at him and re-ned his smile in a harassed, preoccu-d sort of way, clutching her notebook her. "Hello, Mr. Oliphant," she said. ve got to hurry. Mr. Weaver."

'Hello, Miss Brinker," Virgil said ckly, but he said it mostly to her trim :k retreating down the hall, and he felt ıdden, violent swell of indignation for rold B. Weaver, Jr., pressing in upon ı. It was wrong, all wrong, for this nument of feminine gentleness and .cacy to have to bustle down the hall ı a notebook every time Mr. Weaver ught of another way to make more ney for the Alumni. She deserved so :h better than that, Virgil cried in-dly. Lovely, clever Emily Brinker,) knew more about life insurance ıarial statistics than Harold B. ıver, Jr., would ever know and who never made erasures on letters and who was a college graduate and who wore a fresh white cotton blouse under her business suit every day, and whose voice was spoken music! Why, she deserved the very best the world could offer.

Virgil had a fleeting vision of Miss Brinker reclining on a chaise longue in her business suit. Then he realized that what he really meant was that Miss Brinker deserved *him*, and he thought about his little one-room apartment, his minute bank account, which wasn't even his any more, his brother Homer, his depraved lack of a college diploma here in the Alumni's corridors; and the full consciousness of his unworthiness rushed over him and appalled him.

When five o'clock came and Miss Brinker was still closeted with Mr. Weaver, Virgil hurried, like a drunkard to his bottle, home to his recording machine, stopping only long enough on the way to buy a can of corned-beef hash and a quart of milk for his dinner.

Before he turned on the machine, before he ventured to address even the most tentative luncheon invitation to Miss Brinker, he first played back his speech of the night before to Al, the waiter, in order to give himself courage. And as he listened again there was no denying the fact that it was an extraordinary thing, this other voice, this instrument of power which was Virgil's, and it was certainly true that it had worked a miracle with Al. But there was also no denying that Al was not Miss Brinker.

His own comparison shocked Virgil, and he quickly turned off the machine. Miss Brinker was— What was she? Then Virgil told himself a truth which he had really known all along, but hadn't dared to speak even to his most private self. Emily Brinker was the reason, the complete, the final reason he had hurled all caution and better sense into the air, signed away his only security in the world and bought the recording machine in the first place. The moment he had heard the rich, strong voice in the radio store and imagined the man who owned it, who might be a new Virgil Oliphant, Virgil had thought of Miss Brinker. It had all been for her—to leave behind the clumsy, insignificant man and to become fine and splendid in her eyes—all for her.

And so Virgil steeled himself, stood up again before the microphone and imagined himself in the offices of the Alumni Life Insurance Company.

He didn't know whether to imagine it as nine o'clock in the morning when he would first see Miss Brinker or as a few minutes before lunch hour, so he thought he'd better try it both ways.

He closed his eyes and after a moment he could distinctly see the hall just outside the Alumni offices where the elevators were. He began to move his feet up and down again in the stationary walking motion. Then he put out his hand, turned an imaginary doorknob and switched on the machine. At once the silence in Virgil's little room seemed to come alive, as though someone had just entered it.

His eyes still closed, Virgil went on walking until, in his mind, he had reached the cluster of desks at the back of the vast, unpartitioned room which was the Statistical Department. He whistled as he walked, nodding occasional greetings along the way, and when he reached his own desk he took off an imaginary Homburg hat, tossed it onto the hatrack and sat down, smiling cordially. "Morning, everyone!" he said aloud, and in his fancy Virgil's eyes swept briefly across the eight other members of the Statistical Department to settle significantly on Miss Brinker, two desks away.

Virgil, in his room, frowned and made vague shuffling motions with his hands, as though he were sorting papers. Presently, he said, "Oh, Miss Brinker, would you be kind enough to get me the latest Peabody survey on the birth rate out of the files? I know you can put your hand right on it." Then: "Thank you, Miss Brinker. *Uh—Miss Brinker, I was wondering whether you had any plans—* No," said Virgil irritably to himself, "too wishy-washy. Got to be firmer. *Miss Brinker, I want you to have lunch with me today.* Well—mustn't be *too* firm. Offhand? *By the way, Miss Brinker, why don't you and I have lunch together someday? How about today?* Too flippant. Disrespectful. Businesslike? *Miss Brinker, I've been meaning to discuss further with you the November summary, and I see by the clock it's about lunchtime—* Transparent. See right through it. Maybe direct? Straightforward? *Will you have lunch with me today, Miss Brinker?* Adequate, maybe, but not very imaginative. Perhaps charming? Cosmopolitan? Man of the world? *Miss Brinker, I know of a delightful little restaurant near here. The waiter, a friend of mine. . . .*

And thus Virgil, until the spool of recording ribbon ran out.

UNTIL deep into the morning hours he kept vigil with the machine, speaking to it the infinite variations of an invitation to luncheon and listening with meticulous attention as it spoke his words back to him, warming his courage in the voice and the image of the wonderful Virgil Oliphant inside the box.

When at last weariness forced Virgil to bed, he had still not decided on the precise phrasing of his invitation, but there was nothing alarming about that, for however the splendid voice in the machine had chosen to speak it, the invitation had sounded just right—charming, gracious, gallant, never in the smallest degree overstepping the limitations of so slight an acquaintance. And the reason that Virgil was able to drop off to sleep so easily, the trace of a blissful smile only just fading on his lips, was because—regardless of how the man in the machine had presented the invitation—the Miss Brinker in Virgil's mind had invariably accepted it.

In the morning, a deep inner excitement apparently making up for lost sleep, Virgil bounded out of bed, switched off his alarm clock and, with an almost simultaneous gesture, switched on the recording machine. All during the time he shaved and dressed and ate his breakfast he listened with profound attention to every word and alternate word so that their sound and essence and spirit as well as their meaning might be instilled in him, their sense of confidence and power become a part of him. Then he hurried out of the house and almost ran to the office in order to keep the wonderful voice in his ears, and not lose it before he had a chance to address Miss Brinker.

(To be concluded next week)

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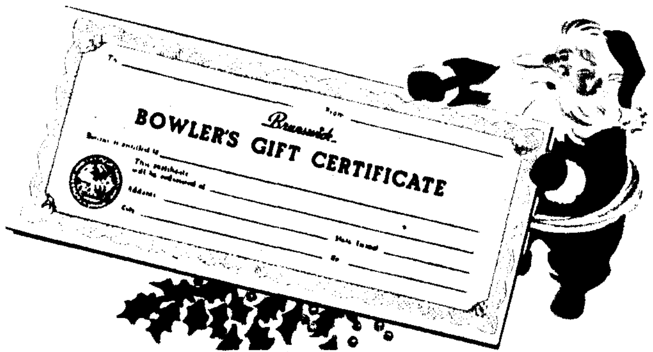

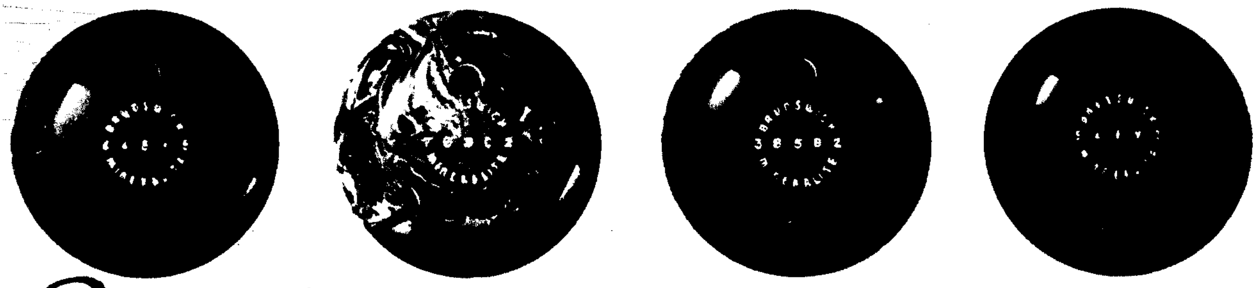

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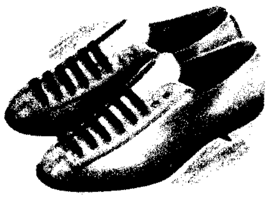

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Continued from page 26

gone through?" The other man sounded aggrieved. "You don't know what a damn' nuisance a woman can be."

"Why'd you marry her if this is the way you feel about women?"

"Did you ever try to live out on Long Island the year around?" the plump man asked. "It gets pretty lonely." He laughed. "Besides, she can drive the car and do errands."

"My God," the thin man said, "when I think how good she's been to you!" He leaned across the table. He looked angry.

"Oh, I don't know," the other man said. He yawned carefully. "We've had our fights. I remember a couple. She might have walked out on me then . . . but . . ." He shrugged.

"But what?" the thin man demanded.

"Money," the other said sadly. "Money. A couple of times she said if we had the money she'd pick up and go to Reno. But we didn't have the money."

The thin one stood up again.

"You mean," his eyes narrowed, "if you had money—"

The plump one looked up, all surprise. "Hey," he said, "that's funny. Neither of us thought of you at those times. You've got a lot of money, haven't you? Banks full of it."

"How much money would she need?"

"Oh . . . say six thousand?"

"Six thousand? Just to get a divorce?"

The plump man laughed deprecatingly. "Well, no," he said. "About a thousand would do for the divorce."

"Why'd you say six thousand?"

"Five thousand for me."

"For you?"

"Well, if she isn't worth that much to you—" The plump man shrugged.

"She's worth all the money in the world to me." The thin man was furious. "But I never heard of a man who—"

"Would give up his wife so cheaply? Well, after all, you're a friend of ours and I don't want to bleed you—"

"Are you serious?"

"Five thousand for me," the plump nan said firmly, "not a penny less."

"Can I tell her that? That you'd take noney for her?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"I'll wait till she comes back," the thin nan said angrily. "If she wants to leave oday I'll give you a check."

"Uh-uh, cash. You might try to stop he check."

"Oh, you're impossible."

"No, just practical. You see, I don't rust you."

The thin man snorted. "That sounds ine. Coming from you."

NEITHER spoke for a few minutes—the plump man, smiling and reflecve; the thin man, glaring.

"I know you don't have a high opinon of me," the plump man said at last. But I've got to be honest with you. 1aybe you won't think she's worth six iousand dollars. Just because she hapens to be beautiful—" He paused. "She as some bad points, you know."

"I don't want to hear anything more om you."

"Oh, you'll hear it. She snores someing fierce. Keeps me awake nights."

"I don't believe you," the thin man id angrily.

"Ask her yourself then." The plump an was earnest. "After all, you don't ant to buy a pig in a poke. Then—"

"Will you shut up?"

"She walks in her sleep," the other id sadly. "Naked. I have to go out into e woods and get her."

"I don't believe that either!"

"Then she gets kind of high on whisky. try to hide the bottle, but she always ıds it. When she gets drunk she always ks about a guy named George."

"That's you!" the thin one said. "I think you're crazy."

"No. This is another George. I can tell the way she talks about him. He sounds like a handsome fellow and you know I'm not that. So that's something you'll have to worry about. Jealousy. I think that's why she married *me*. Because my name's George, too. It's something in her past. She's a deep one."

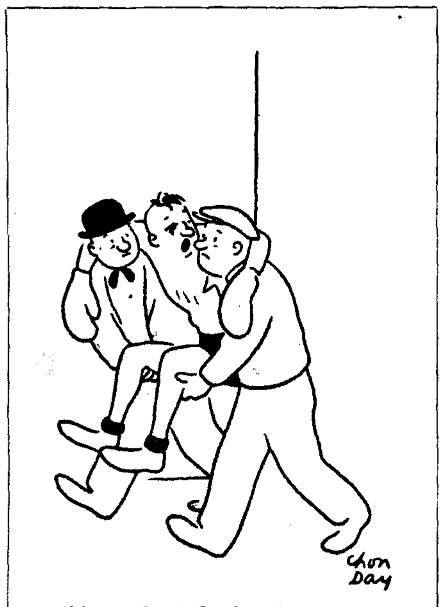
"You're really crazy," the thin one said with distaste.

"And then," the other said dreamily, "she bites. You'll be sound asleep and suddenly in the middle of the night—"

The thin man was so angry he was trembling. "Don't think I won't tell her everything you've said about her—"

"MAYBE you'd better start now," the girl said. She had been standing silent in the doorway. The thin man was startled. The plump one just looked up and smiled.

"What's all this about?" the girl said. She came into the kitchen and put a shopping bag on the table between the two men. She was small and dark and very tanned, and although she was not really beautiful there was a nice, alive quality about her.



"'Passé' might be the very word you're groping for"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"You know how I feel about you," the thin man began.

"Yes, I know," she said. She gave him a faint smile.

"He's been saying the most awful things about you." The thin man leveled a finger at the other. The plump man eyed the finger and went on drinking beer.

"It isn't the first time," the girl said darkly. "What was it this time?"

"He talks about you as if—as if you were his servant," the thin man said. "She's getting *my* whisky," he quoted. "Doing *my* errands. He also said you were a damned nuisance. He said you snored—"

"That's a lie," the girl said ferociously.

"Don't think I believed him," the thin man said hastily.

"How would she know?" The plump man inquired. "She's always asleep when she snores."

"I don't snore, I whistle," the girl said.

The thin man looked startled, then laughed politely. "That's not all," he went on. "He said that you walk in your sleep . . . that he has to go out in the woods after you sometimes—"

"He said *that*, did he?" The girl stared at the plump man moodily.

"But you haven't heard the worst," the thin man said.

"That's what I want to hear. The worst."

"He offered to sell you for five thousand dollars . . ."

"Sell me?" She was really surprised.

"Well, I mean—" The thin man was nervous again. "He said if you wanted to leave him it would be all right with him, only he didn't have the money for a divorce."

"Did he," the girl asked, "did he ask you for money for a divorce?"

"Now wait a minute," the plump man said genially. "I merely said that we should have thought of him those times when you wished we had money enough for you to go to Reno. It was his idea. I want you to know he's been very generous and he should get all the credit."

"Where does the five thousand come in?" the girl asked. "The business of selling me."

"Well, *that* was my idea," the plump man admitted.

"Yes," the thin man said eagerly. "He said he wouldn't let you go for a penny less. But I'll be happy to give it to him."

The girl looked at the plump man thoughtfully. "Five thousand," she said wonderingly.

"Well," he answered, "there are a lot of chores around here. It wouldn't be fair to me if I had to give you up for nothing. You know I need you."

The girl stared at him.

"You know," he went on, reasonably, "if I got a hired girl it'd have to be one who could drive a car. That old broken-down car of ours. It would cost quite a bit, these days. Of course, if I got a pretty one, and I'm not denying I'd try to, a pretty one like you . . . well, she'd probably cost more. But then," he grew speculative, "maybe I could persuade her to marry me. It'd be cheaper in the long run. If I marry her," he spoke directly to the thin man, "I'll refund part of the money. The part I haven't used."

"Oh, you will, will you?" the girl asked.

"You don't have to put up with any more of his insulting talk," the thin man said. "I'm here now and I'll see that you get your divorce. Let him have his five thousand. I'd give ten thousand, twenty thousand, if you'd marry me."

"Oh, shut up!" the girl said. She was crying in a kind of vague, offhand way.

"You're upset," the thin man said. "I don't blame you." He put his arms around her shoulders. "How could you live with a man like that so long—"

"Oh, take your hands off me, you fool," the girl said. "Why don't you go back to the city—and count your money? Why don't you leave us alone?"

WHEN the thin man was gone in all his bewilderment, the girl leaned over the man who was still sitting in his chair.

"Well," he said, "I straightened that out once and for all. You always said he was a pest."

"Don't think," she warned him wickedly, "that you've eliminated *all* my suitors. That young butcher in town's been making eyes at me." She laughed. "Of course, I don't think he has five thousand but you could probably work him for a couple of sirloin steaks."

Then with a great and happy sigh she fell into his lap and, with her arms close about his neck, she bit gently at the lobe of his ear.

"Do you really need me, George?" she said into his ear. "Am I really worth five thousand to you?"

"When you behave yourself," he said gruffly.

THE END

Hollywood actors and act

"New COLEO cleans FALSE TEETH cleaner!"

Many of those million-dollar movie smiles require costly plates and bridges. That's why Colgate-Palmolive-Peet tested new Coleo in Hollywood.

8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser.

Coleo gets false teeth really *clean!*

No danger of offensive breath from dentures cleaned with Coleo!

False teeth cleaned with Coleo sparkle with cleanliness . . . have a pleasant taste!

Try the amazing new Coleo (with that special "fizz" ingredient) on *your* false teeth *today!*

WATCH FILM AND STAINS
FIZZ AWAY
—NO BRUSHING
Coleo
COLGATE'S CLEANSER FOR FALSE TEETH

NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

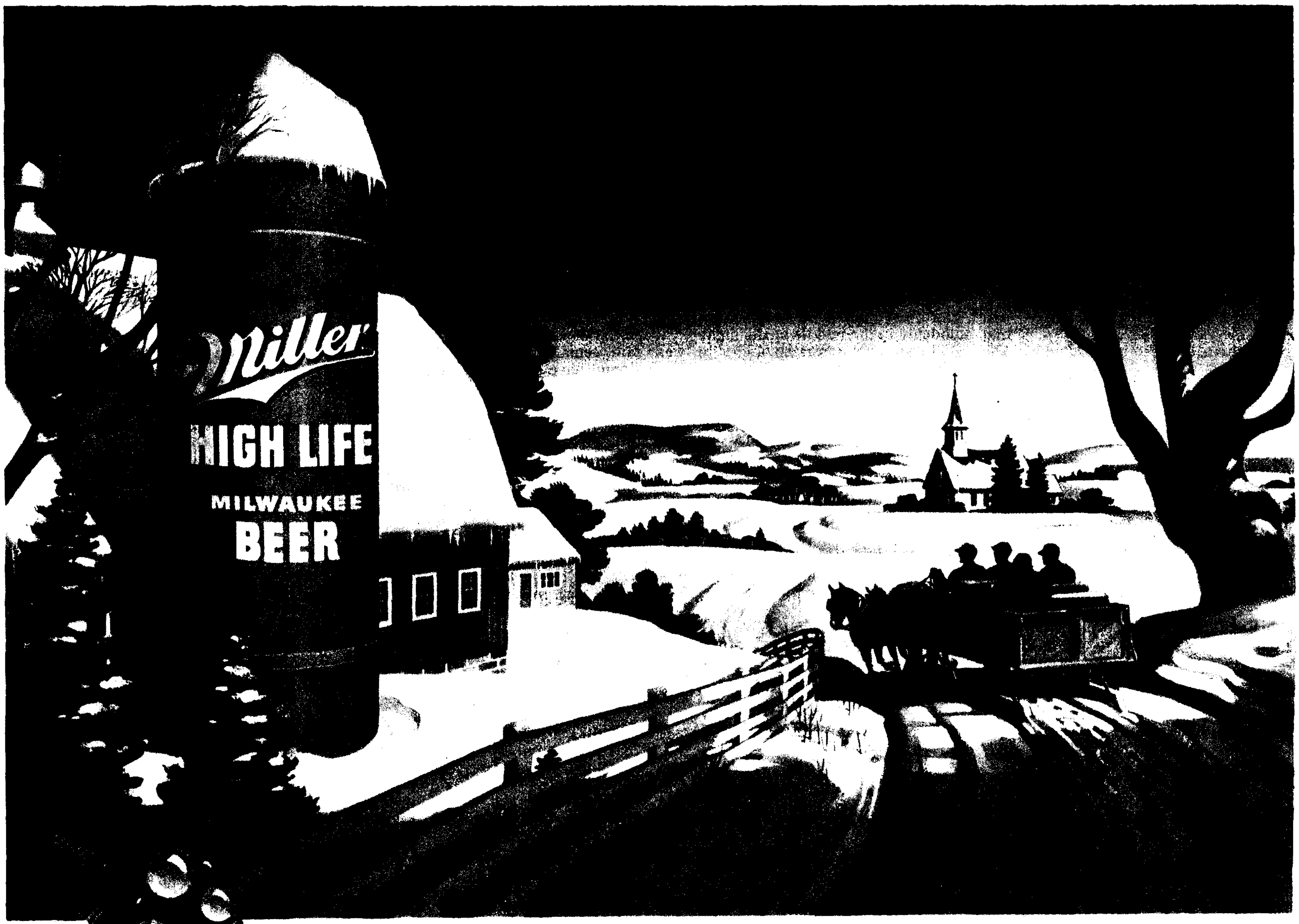
at Christmas and always

The Bosom Friend of Well-Dressed Men

A smart, long-wearing white shirt of fine rayon. The buttons are staunchly sewed on to stay . . . the fabric is washable and sanforized for shrinkage control. A really handsome shirt.

At your store or write M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York 1, New York.

Lion of Troy SHIRTS

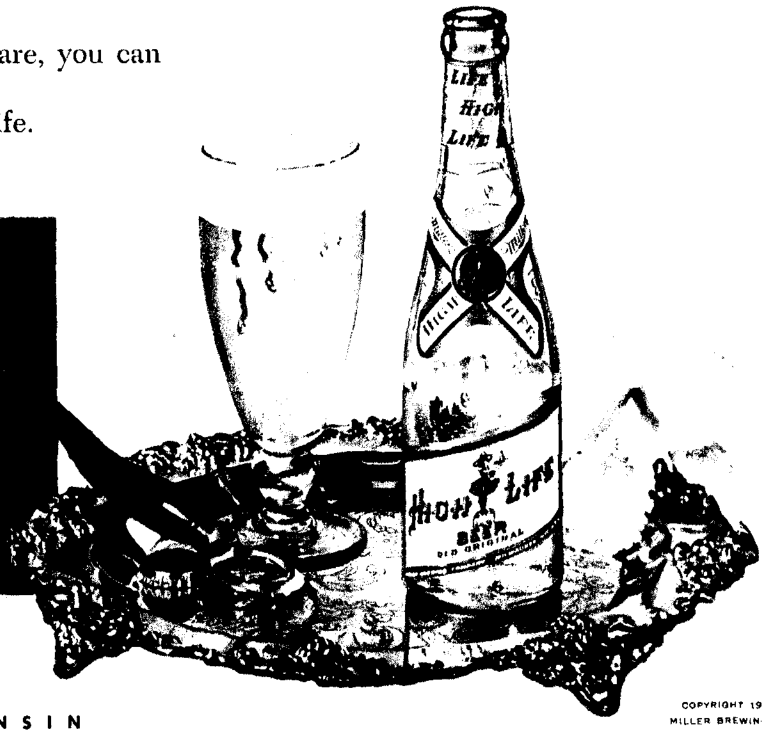

Miller
HIGH LIFE
MILWAUKEE
BEER

Painting of Dane County, Wisconsin for Miller Brewing Company by Roswell Brow

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Christmas in the country is a pleasure that everyone would enjoy . . . but wherever you are, you can relax and enjoy life with Miller High Life.

Enjoy life with . . . Miller HIGH LIFE


LIFE
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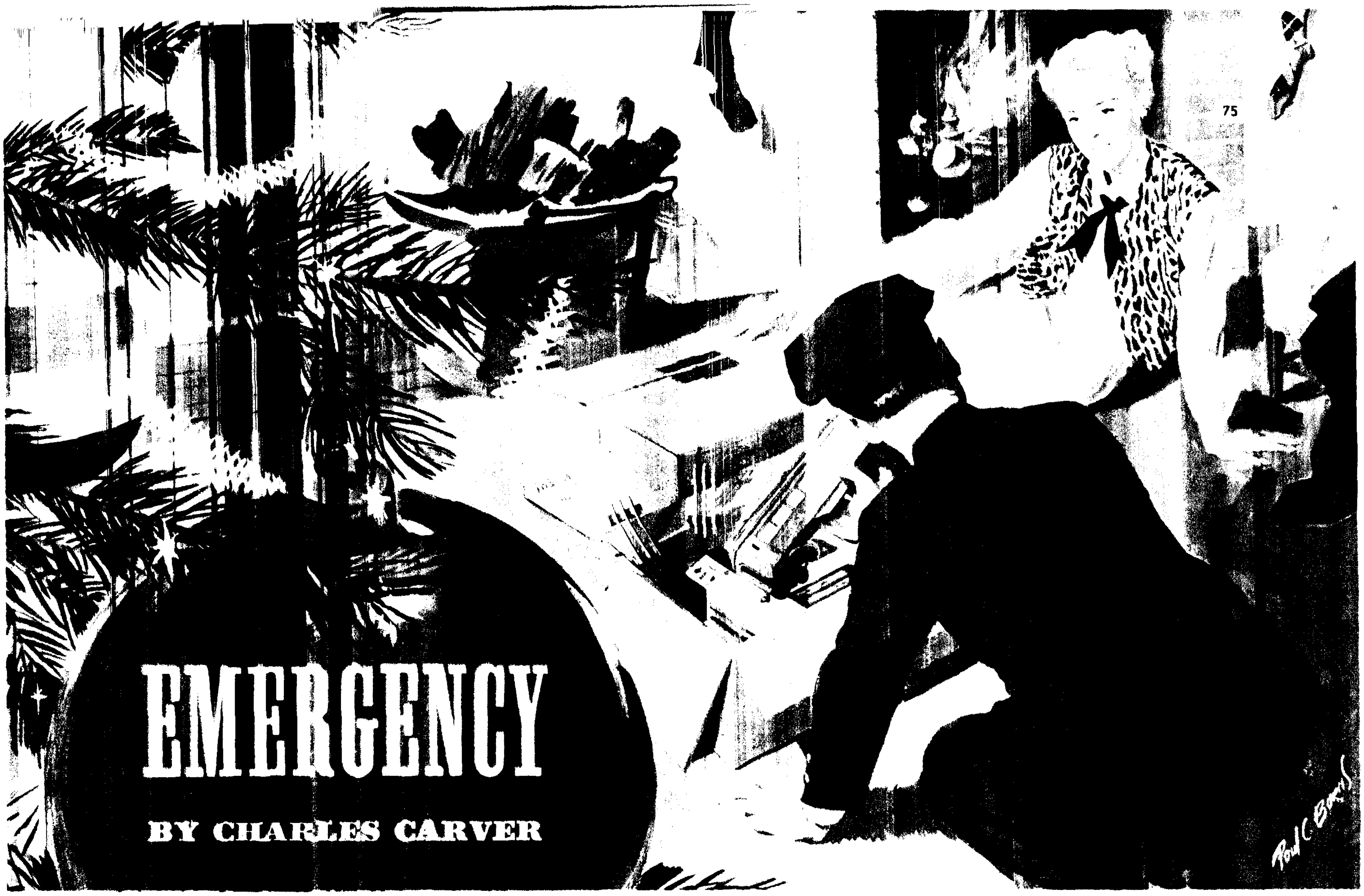


EMERGENCY

BY CHARLES CARVER

The toy Pullman was very light in his hand. "I'm going to set it up around the tree," she said

AT THE corner of Elm and Morrow the prowl car passed a particularly bright tree which blinked with dozens of red, green and orange bulbs. The sight of it brought a new twist to Officer Wheeler's bitter soliloquy, for he had been speaking more to himself than to Ellis at the wheel. "There's an example," he muttered. "They go out and freeze to death stringing lights on trees—to heck with the fire hazard and the electric bill—and for what? All part of the same foolishness, that's what it is."

"You should gripe," said Ellis. "I got a wife and kids. So I get the duty Christmas Eve."

"Who's griping? It's okay with me if they all want to go soft once a year."

"Sure, sure. Well, cheer up. Only an hour and a half longer." The anticipation in Ellis' voice was lost on Wheeler, who was without family.

The radio speaker began to hum. *"Car twenty-four—Car twenty-four—prowler reported at 29 Morrow. . . ."*

Wheeler flipped the switch. "Two nine Morrow," he repeated. "Okay. Twenty-four." Ellis increased speed carefully, for the roads were icy. . . .

The address was a large house on a double lot at the edge of town. It was surrounded by trees, and Wheeler noticed with glum satisfaction that none of them was illuminated. Leaving Ellis in the car, he walked to the door and found the bell, which had been hidden under a holly wreath.

From the imposing size of the house Wheeler expected the door to be opened by a servant or perhaps, in view of the nature of the emergency, by a frightened old lady. Such calls were rarely phoned in when the man of the house was at home. He was surprised, therefore, to find himself looking down at a small attractive woman who was neither terrified nor old. Wheeler guessed she was a little over thirty, and her shy smile of welcome disconcerted him so that he spoke even more gruffly than usual: "What seems to be the trouble?"

She opened the door wider and he entered. Over the top of her head he saw in the other room a Christmas tree. Near it was a mantel from which hung two small stockings. A wood fire flickered behind a brass fender.

"I'm Mrs. Barnes," the woman said, with the barest tremor in her voice. "I'm sorry to have bothered you on a night like this, Christmas Eve and everything. But my husband isn't here and I thought I saw a man in the back yard, in the shadows."

"Let's take a look," said Wheeler. Unconsciously he had drawn himself up to his full height.

She led him through the half-lighted house to a large back porch. "I was standing here," she said softly, "looking in that direction, toward the tool house, and something seemed to move by the large elm tree."

WHEELER peered in the direction her small arm indicated. There were many trees, but through the dark pattern of shadows he could see an oblong blur about two hundred feet away. "That the tool house?"

"Yes." She looked up at him helplessly. "You see, if Howard were here, if his plane hadn't been held up by the weather, he could take care of it. But I'm afraid to go out by myself. I'm quite certain I saw someone—"

"You want something from the tool house, is that it?"

She spoke anxiously. "Yes, I do. You see, we have some things for the children locked up there."

Wheeler stepped abruptly into the shadows. "Come on," he said, "I'll take you out and back."

At the tool house he held his flashlight while she unlocked the door. Inside there were two cartons, each about three feet square and a foot deep. With difficulty the small woman lifted one and held it awkwardly to her. Wheeler mutely took the other.

"It's a train," she whispered excitedly. "I have two boys, four and six, and it's their first train. We had an awful time finding one, but we did."

It was not in him to ignore her enthusiasm. "Kids like trains," he said.

"Oh, have you a boy?" she asked eagerly.

"No, I haven't."

"Girls are just as nice," she said. Her expression became suddenly compassionate. "Oh, it is a shame you have to be on duty tonight! Christmas Eve of all nights!"

"We get off at midnight." Bleakly Wheeler wondered what he'd do after midnight.

He followed her back through the house again to the cheerful room where the tree stood and the stockings hung. She put her carton on the floor and Wheeler placed his beside it. A flap had sprung open and he saw the glittering little tracks with their pronged ends. The cars were packed in boxes. They were bright red.

"Looks like a nice train," Wheeler said. He felt an odd urge to hold one of the cars in his hand. "May I look at it?"

"Of course!"

He reached down, picked up one of the cars, and turned it over. There was a name printed on the side—L-A-K-E-V-I-E-W. The toy Pullman was very light in his hand.

Mrs. Barnes knelt by the box. "I'm going to set it up around the tree," she said, "so that when the children come down in the morning it will be the very first thing they see." Her eyes were shining.

She reached into the carton and gingerly unwrapped a small metal object. "Look," she exclaimed. "What in the world—? 'Transformer,' it says. What do you suppose that is?"

Wheeler hesitated, but only briefly. "It probably fits between the wall plug and the tracks somewhere," he announced glibly. "That cord there sticks into the wall, and those wires—"

A HORN blew sharply. With a shock Wheeler remembered Ellis waiting in the prowl car. He stood up slowly, handing the little black transformer back to Mrs. Barnes. She looked at him in dismay, eyes wide with disappointment.

He stood looking about him for a moment, then walked to the front door and opened it.

Silhouetted against the gay wreath, Wheeler waved an impatient and most un-Christmaslike gesture to his driver. Then he turned back.

"As I was saying," he continued, "these two wires must hook on to the track somewhere. Now if we can find a piece with two little gadgets sticking from it—"

Earnestly he bent over the box of tracks and began lifting the bright sections out, one by one, while the woman sat and smiled wonderfully at him.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

It's 'Chap Stick' Time

Winter time—that's when children's lips get chapped and sore. That's when 'CHAP STICK' is the ready friend and comforter. 'CHAP STICK' is the famous lip reparative for young and old in every walk of life. So handy to use—so swift and lasting in results. Specially medicated, specially soothing, and *the only antiseptic lip balm.*

For chapped, cracked sore lips—insist on 'CHAP STICK'. And Mothers—buy a personal 'CHAP STICK' for everyone in the house.

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE ANTISEPTIC LIP BALM
FLEET'S ChapStick
25c U.S. and Canada
KEEPS LIPS FIT

CATCHING COLD!

Remember
"More people rely on LUDEN'S than any other COUGH DROPS"
Medicated for CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Medicated
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
5¢

Biltrite
WILL NOT SLIP
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES
Best by Any Test
At Leading Shoe Rebuilders Everywhere

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

Continued from page 17

many, that the little copywriter gathered his courage, staggered to his feet, pushed his spectacled face into that of the guest of honor and inquired:

"How would you like the unprintable knocked out of you?" Once again, the little man was edited, this time by all of his superiors who rushed him from the room.

A more continuous bid for business friendship is the junket, the traveling party. In its more dramatic forms, the junket can have direct cash-register results by winning newspaper attention for the entertainer's product or service.

When Pan American Airways System inaugurated its round-the-world service recently, it did so with a global flight of publishers, editors and public officials so prominent that their names alone made news. In their 13-day sky trek, guests met the world's great: Chiang Kai-shek of China, MacArthur in Tokyo, the leaders of the newly independent India states.

Along with the world travel and regal entertainment guests were showered with gifts. As the travelers boarded the plane in New York they were presented with gold wrist watches, a gift of the watch company whose timepieces Pan American uses. At Chicago, Governor Green of Illinois presented the travelers with silver cigarette cases—another form of business entertainment calculated to make publishers and editors friendly toward Chicago's aspirations as a world airport. Pan American felt its junket money was well spent when its guests made news wherever they went.

The supercolossal junkets naturally are produced by the movie industry. When Warner Brothers unveiled its movie, Dodge City, press agents put on their own lavish show. With Dodge City, Kansas, as the stage, there converged on the scene two trainloads of movie stars and the press, one from New York, another from Hollywood.

Mystery of the Missing Critics

For the visitors' entertainment, Dodge City males were induced to grow beards. So convivial was the junket that many journalists never did show up for the world *première* of the movie they had come many happy thousands of miles to see—and canned handouts had to be rushed back home to their editors. But the movie people regarded the reputed $50,000 cost of the junket and *première* as a good investment. The junket which attended the first showing of Union Pacific in Kansas City, Missouri, was reported in the trade press to have cost Paramount $75,000.

And more lavish junkets may be on the way. To launch its Arch of Triumph, Enterprise Pictures has been dreaming of an opening in Paris attended by American writers brought there in triumph by airplane.

Even such veterans of the airplane and train junket as New York's magazine writers were wide-eyed at the entertainment provided by an advertising agency acting in behalf of a cigarette company client. Insured for $1,000,000 each, the writers were flown to Nashville, Tennessee, in two airplanes, each equipped with a bar. In a local hotel, taken over lock, stock and bar by the host, the journalists found they could order anything—a case of Scotch or pompano *en papillote* in the dead of night—simply by picking up the phone and asking for "George."

Culmination of three days of Southern hospitality was the fishing party at which startled but willing guests were handed a fishing license by one functionary, a fishing rod by another—and as they stepped into the boat—a can of bait by a third. The most thoughtful gesture came a half-hour later on the lake. There as the guests settled down dreamily under the Tennessee sun, the Sunday afternoon stillness was broken by a gentle, almost apologetic put-put of a specially designed, fish-reassuring outboard motor. There glided into view a floating bar, complete with bottles, lemons, olives, ice and a soft-voiced barman.

"Your pleasure, sir," he whispered—so as not to startle the fish.

So important have fishing and hunting junkets become that executives invest in them as they would in a new cutting tool to speed production. The partner of a New York banking house owns fishing rights in Canada granted him by the King of England. The head of a great advertising agency owns a hotel at Cat Cay, off Florida, to entertain business friends.

But you can run a junket with less. The Kentucky Derby, the Army-Notre Dame game are good business fun too. And of course there are the night clubs. Some 3,000 cafés flourish in New York and a glamorous dozen are so well publicized by the syndicated Broadway columnists that they are visiting-firemen musts.

But taking the customer to the Copacabana to hear Lena Horne sing her heart out for love and $1,000 a night, or to the Stork to rub shoulders with Walter Winchell or Jim Farley or for a raucous time at Leon and Eddie's requires more than just reserving a table. Café society has its own usages, and to impress the customer, the thing should be done with style. Nightly, Sherman Billingsley of the Stork Club is asked by entertaining businessmen to send over a bottle of champagne—as if it were a gift, and of course to put it quietly on the tab.

The mightiest tycoon, inured to eight hours of daylight "yessing," will melt with pleasure at the welcoming recognition of a barkeeper, a maître d'hôtel or the owner of the joint himself. Monte Proser, head keeper of the Copacabana, once cooled his heels for three hours outside a movie magnate's office in a vain attempt to sell a movie idea. Back in New York some weeks later Proser received a long-distance call from the big movie man. "I'm bringing a party of friends to the Copa," said the magnate, "and do you think you could find a few minutes to sit at my table and chat with me—you know, just as if we were old friends?"

What to Do About the Ladies?

Once the night spot is decided on, a universal and delicate question arises: female companionship for the visiting fireman. Wise business hosts try to duck this chore or pray the customer brings his wife. If not, the harassed host must do his best. The maître d'hôtel of one lush bistro has a stock answer to the inevitable nightly requests for an introduction to the young ladies of the floor show.

"Look for it on the menu," he says smoothly to the guest. "If it isn't on the menu, we haven't got it."

In New York's garment center, going out with visiting buyers has long been a familiar chore for the cloak and suit models. But this chore may go the way of the short skirt. The glamor girls have formed a union—the National Models Association. The girls don't ask for much. They just want to be left alone by the buyers. The Models Association polices the garment manufacturers, runs a "white list" of those who don't ask models to entertain. Flagrant violators face the penalty of boycott by modeling agencies. Good dress houses frown on the use of models for entertaining buyers anyway. They get too chummy with customers, and spill trade secrets.

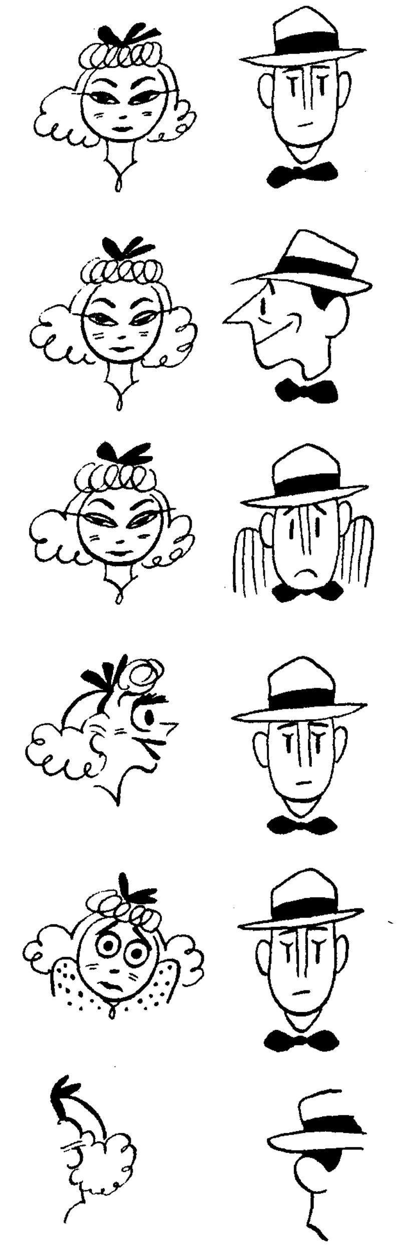
Checks for a night's entertainment may run from a modest $30 for four menu-conscious people to $400 if they consume champagne. To close a deal linking a domestic air line with Scandinavia, the air line's executives played host to a Swedish prince and his entourage, started with cocktails at an East Side night spot carried on with specially prepared Scandinavian dishes until 4 A.M. by which time, presumably, the deal was consummated. The cost: $2,300.

Night-club checks, according to authority Billy Rose, have shrunk considerably since speak-easy days whe hoodlums would peel off thousand-dollar notes to buy champagne for the hous and to impress their molls.

"Good food, good drink, good music, philosophizes Monte Proser, "they're th great equalizers. Get a man away from his desk and to a café; get him to relax and history is really made at night."

But some customers are harder to entertain than others. Prewar Japanese pu chasing missions presented a new varie of the white man's burden to America businessmen who had to entertain them One machine tool producer who too out twelve Japs found, "They never sto drinking. When I thought they had the fill and would go home," he relate "they'd put their heads down on the t ble and go to sleep for a half hou awaken, order several more rounds an repeat the performance. After this we on about three times, I tried the sam thing. Four hours later the propriet

FATE



COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

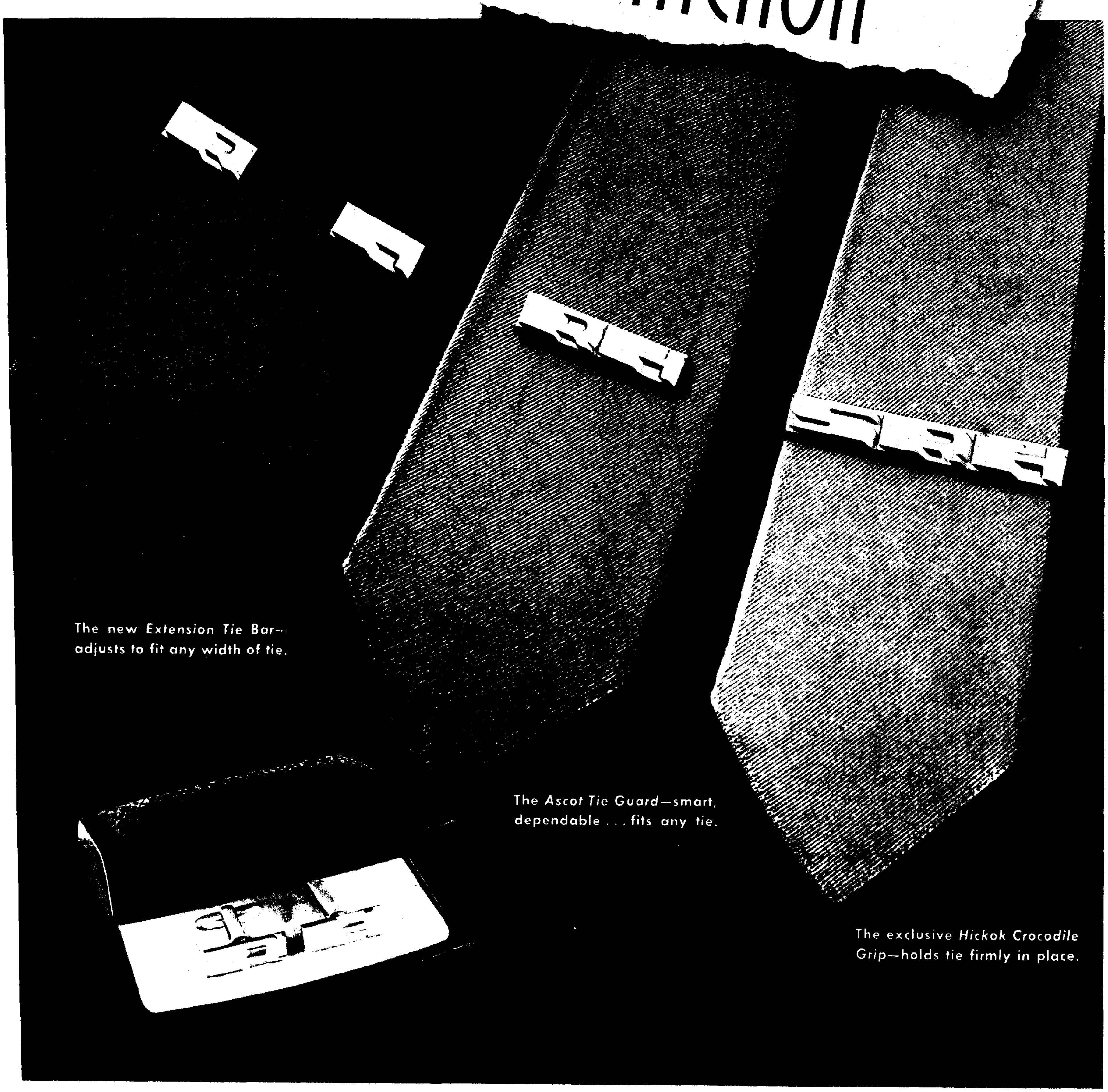
Hickok presents another style "original"...a distinguished new idea in men's jewelry. Your initials *sculptured* in masculine, three-dimensional block letters...your choice of three popular Hickok Tie Bar designs, each in a handsome gift-box. Tie Bars, $2.50. Cuff Links, $2.50.

New!

SCULPTURED INITIAL JEWELRY

Designed by

HICKOK



The new *Extension Tie Bar*—adjusts to fit any width of tie.

The *Ascot Tie Guard*—smart, dependable . . . fits any tie.

The exclusive *Hickok Crocodile Grip*—holds tie firmly in place.

A SKIN LEVEL SHAVE

for the man in your life

The Perfect Gift

. . . and a useful gift that keeps right on giving a close, smooth shave Christmas morning and every morning—a practical, time-saving gift well-groomed men appreciate, the—

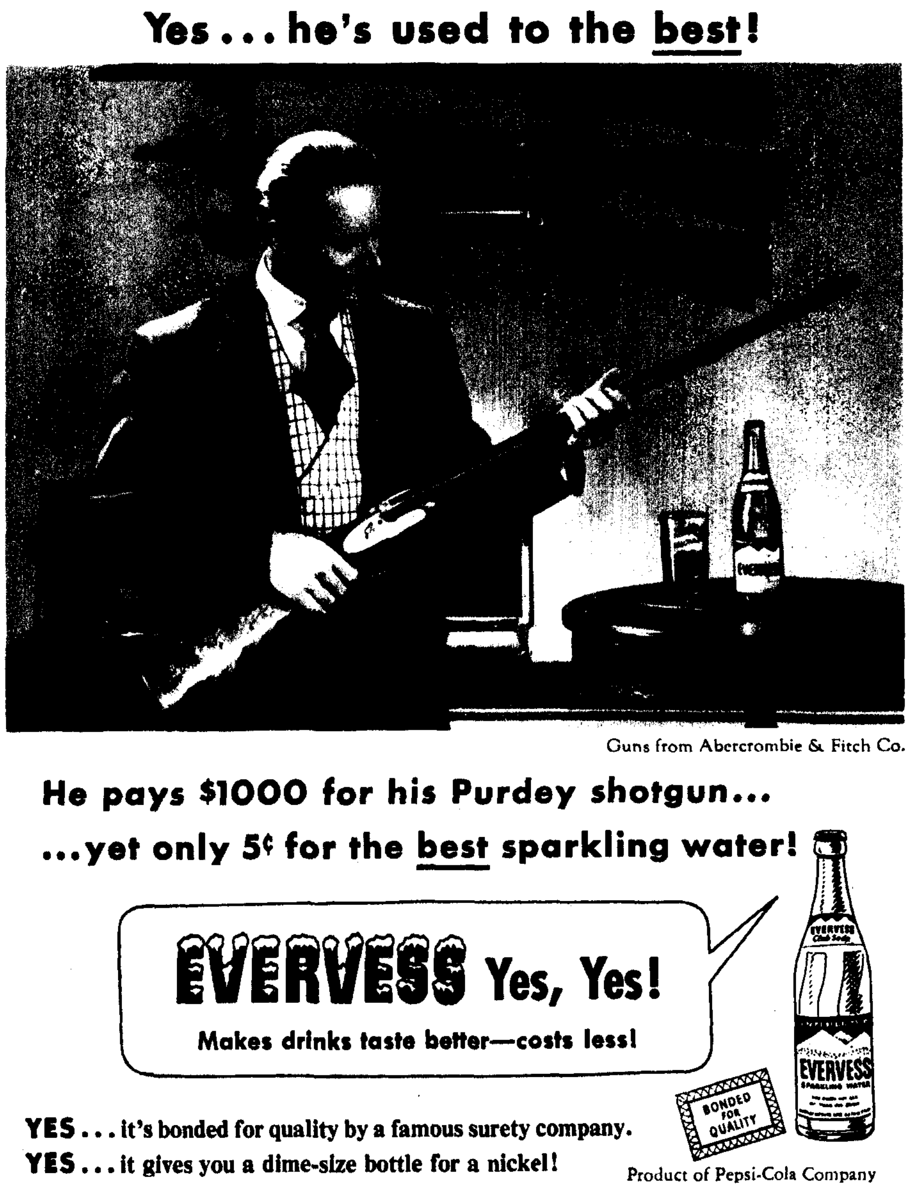
PACKARD ELECTRIC SHAVER

$19.75

Packard has four separate shaving heads. Everybody knows that four heads are better. That's why Packard shaves faster and closer—that's why with Packard you always get a—

SKIN LEVEL SHAVE... in less than half the time required by messy, old-fashioned methods. Ask to see Packard in its modern traveling case. At better stores everywhere!

LEKTRO PRODUCTS, INC., MILFORD, CONNECTICUT


Yes... he's used to the best!

Guns from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

He pays $1000 for his Purdey shotgun...
...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

YES... it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES... it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

woke me up and told me to go home. My guests had gone."

How much drinking is enough—is a delicate question. An eager young man once maneuvered his superior to a bar and was delighted when the older man took over and ordered round after round of drinks. In the swift intimacy that double Scotches bring, the young man saw his chance. He looked earnestly into the bleary eyes of the boss:

"That layout department, Walter," he said, "how about me for the job?"

"Hell, no," said Walter, weaving from side to side. "You drink too much," and with full dignity walked out of the saloon.

Firms Foot Bills for Millions

Making business friends via the Gay White Way is a serious matter. Ask Sherman Billingsley, king of New York's plushier saloons, or Broadway Sam, the ticket tycoon. Fifty per cent of Mr. Billingsley's $2,000,000 yearly take can be traced to business entertaining. Three of every four of Broadway Sam's show tickets go to corporate charge accounts and monthly, during the season, "Broadway" sends bills topping $1,000 to at least half a dozen business corporations who entertained at the theater. New York's giant entertainment industry—the Madison Square Garden, the Fifty-second Street night spots, Broadway—could not live if used just for fun.

Largest dollar volume of business entertainment is spent on the business luncheon. Here the protocol can be as rigid as a quadrille. If your luncheon companion ranks you in income and position you call for him at his office. If it's a tossup as to who ranks whom, you meet at the restaurant or club.

The wise luncheon host tailors the eating place to the guest. When one radio executive takes Milton Berle, the comedian, to lunch, Lindy's on Broadway is a must. For Berle loves his cheesecake and blintzes. Another radio man who has business with the police department takes police commissioners to the swankiest luncheon spot he knows. To impress the commissioner? "Hell, no!" says the radio man. "To impress the maître d'hôtel and captains by drawing up in style in a police limousine so that they'll address me by name the next time."

In hustling New York where luncheons seldom last beyond 2 P.M., or in the more leisurely hinterland where midday repasts can go on to three, luncheons can be serious affairs where, away from telephones, considerable business can be done. The waiters of Keeler's Restaurant in Albany, New York, can sense when a machine-tool man who eats there has an important customer in tow. On such occasions the waiters clear the dishes quickly to give the machine-tool executive a chance at the tablecloth on which he elaborates his sales talk with scrawls of motors and cutting tools. Luncheon finished, the machine-tool man sweeps up the tablecloth and takes it with him.

So important is the business luncheon that a growing number of concerns are building private wining and dining facilities on company premises. Crowded hotels and restaurants where waiters shooed executives just as they were beginning to write on the tablecloth were partly responsible.

Many sizable companies now have their own office bars ranging from modest cabinets no bigger than a telephone stand to Hollywoodish creations which materialize at the touch of a button. Most of the elaborate jobs are concealed by paneling. A fine New York furniture house has been doing a land-office business putting in tasteful luncheon rooms, suitable for cocktail parties as well.

To put up business guests overnight near outlying plants, companies are also building guesthouses. One oil corporation has a seven-room guesthouse at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in a residential neighborhood. A housekeeper and butler preside, stand ready to mend the guest's clothes, serve him an evening snack. A well-equipped bar is always open. Other companies rent and staff apartments or take long-term leases on hotel suites.

One fabulous New York public relations man does most of his important entertaining in his five-story, elegantly appointed town house. To writers, editors and other business guests who are awed at the troops of footmen, the obviously costly *décor*, the Lucullan food and drink, the super press agent explains, "In my business it's necessary to show my clients I can spend more money than they can." Most of this spending is deductible for tax purposes.

Hardest licks at making business friends are put in at conventions. Wherever businessmen feel they have something in common they get together for a convention. The reasons for conventions—some 5,000 a year—range from pest extermination (National Association of Pest Control) and selling horoscopes (American Federation of Astrologers) to opening up new oil sources (American Petroleum Institute) and weighing world monetary problems (American Bankers Association).

High tide for all conventions was the Machine Tool Builders Exposition in Chicago in September. Since practically every manufacturer in America uses some sort of machine tool, close to hal a million visitors came to look. Entertainment? Selling a machine tool is akin to selling a bridge, since a tool can cos from $50,000 to $100,000. So prospective customers can expect good treatment. Best treatment was that provided by a Middle Western machine-tool ma who sailed to Italy, picked up and flew back with a prospect, showed him th sights en route to Chicago, then late returned him to Italy—all for free.

Morticians in Merrier Moods

Even undertakers' conventions a gay. At one morticians' conclave a co fin manufacturer displayed a cask which at the touch of a button produce a bottle and two glasses from its sati lined interior. This was set up as a gris gag for delegates. Other gags which r veal the merry and boyish hearts th beat behind the somber frock coats: si ting up suddenly in each other's exhib tion caskets and yelling bloody murde or placing before slumbering delegate doors bronze signs which warn, "N parking! Funeral in progress."

Because conventions provide fat ho revenues, hotelkeepers compete vigo ously for them and do a little busine entertaining themselves. It sometim takes three to five years of wooing land a fat convention. Association o cials spend week ends sampling the h tel's wares, and entertainment costs (the hotel) may run into several thousa dollars.

Other entertainers who entertain the radio people who "romance the spo sor," and the night-club owner, who pl favorite people with gifts of champag perfume and silver cigarette lighters.

And so for the businessman who wa to have and to hold new business, moral is clear—entertain. But there a few simple rules.

It is the man who needs the other w picks up the check. The customers w were plied with gifts from their suppl before the war found when shorta came that they had to do some fa shopping themselves to butter up men from whom they bought supplie

And be sure it's the guest who is h ing the good time. Don't make the m take of the businessman who brou along a gorgeous model for a date w his biggest customer and after a d too many, walked off with her himself

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While I sipped my coffee, Irene would sit across from me biting into a big red apple while she read the new script

A DISH OF APPLES

BY WALTER C. BROWN

I was numb with loneliness that night. I forgot about Chris, forgot that he was even more lonely than I

IT RAINED that night. There were five bouts on the boxing card, and when the black clouds gathered, they put the main bout on ahead of the semifinals. Down at ringside, hunched over my typewriter, I thought about Chris, alone in the house. Chris was only eleven. I remembered Irene telling me Chris was afraid of thunderstorms.

The windup ended in the fourth with a kayo, and then it came pouring down. I decided not to go on back to the office. I could write up my stuff at home, and phone it in to the paper.

I was noisy with the front door. I thought if Chris were awake, and scared, it'd give him a chance to pop out of his room, and talk a while. But there wasn't a sound from upstairs. Beyond the dim light burning on the hall table, all was darkness, and silence, and the terrible numb loneliness Irene had left behind her.

I went up the stairs and stood in the dark hall, staring at the dark door—our door, Irene's and mine. I forced myself to open it and go in. I closed the door before I clicked the switch. All of Irene's personal things were gone from sight. The window draperies had been changed, and the twin beds covered with a pair of brown spreads I had never seen before.

But all the changes in the world couldn't fool my memory. I remembered rising up on one elbow that morning, staring sleepily at the clock, mumbling, "Irene! We've overslept! . . . Irene!" I could see her dark hair spread on the pillow, the soft curve of her cheek, the long lashes of her closed eyes. Closed, just as if it were merely sleep that held her—

My sister Harriet had done all she could to change the look of the room. Harriet had a kind heart, a warm heart, but she was levelheaded, too, and practical. "Ken, I know this has been a terrible blow," she told me. "But you've got to face things—the realities. Life goes on, you know."

Harriet had been with me all that week, attending to things, smoothing the shock as much as she could. Harriet had figured out what was best for me to do, about giving up the house, and about Chris, Irene's son by a former marriage.

"You let me take Chris," Harriet said. "It will be better for you, and better for the boy, too. That way he'll have a regular, normal home life. You can't give him that, Ken, not with your job. I love Chris, and so does George. We'll make him happy. And we're only seventy miles away. You can drop in and see him."

Harriet had gone home the day before, but she'd be back the next week end, to get Chris. So this was my first day alone, and I had taken Harriet's advice—I had faced realities.

I'd had a talk with Chris. I'd explained about sending him to Aunt Harriet's—about the crazy hours of a sports reporter, the dreariness of a house without a woman. Every growing boy needed a woman's care.

The kid didn't kick up any fuss. So far as I could tell by his face, Chris seemed quite satisfied. Only after I'd finished he'd asked gravely, "This isn't for all the time, is it?"

"No, Chris," I said. "It's just till we get straightened out again." I didn't tell him how long that might take.

(*Continued on page 96*)

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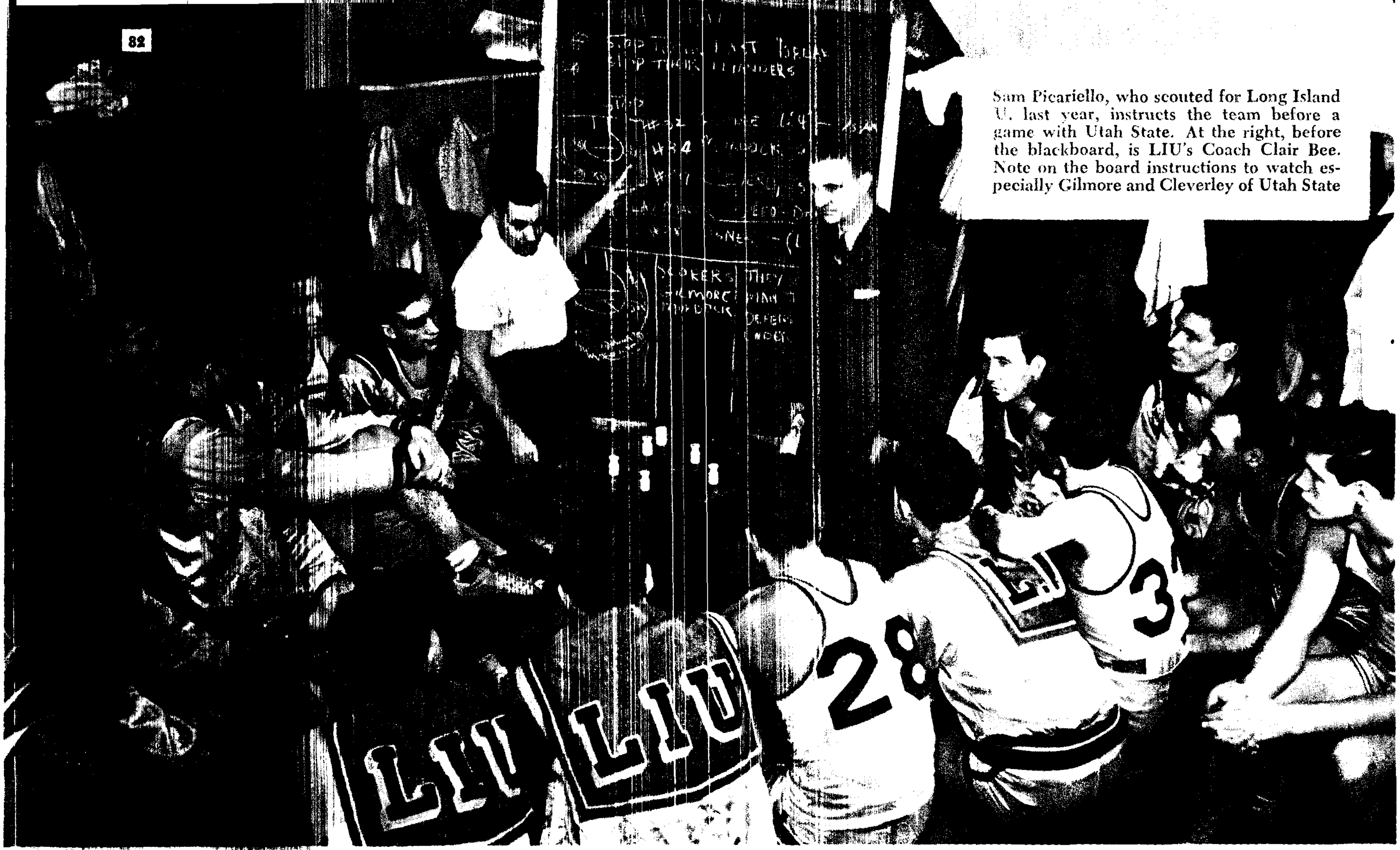


Sam Picariello, who scouted for Long Island U. last year, instructs the team before a game with Utah State. At the right, before the blackboard, is LIU's Coach Clair Bee. Note on the board instructions to watch especially Gilmore and Cleverley of Utah State

SETTLED OUT OF COURT

BY ARCH MURRAY AND HY TURKIN

It's no accident when a strange basketball team exploits its opponent's weaknesses with uncanny regularity. It's the result of patient, eagle-eyed scouting, which often converts defeat into victory

BEDLAM reigned in the catacombs of New York's Madison Square Garden. Jubilant St. John's supporters were storming the dressing room of the Redmen who had just upset a heavily favored DePaul five, 47-39, to capture the National Invitation basketball crown. The snarl was worse than any subway rush; the burly guardian of the locker-room entrance was toppled by the hysterical mob.

But Joe Lapchick, the towering genius who made St. John's the Notre Dame of basketball, just chuckled as he gripped one sweaty paw after another on this March night in 1944. "That one," he said succinctly, "was settled out of court. We really won it before we ever took the floor."

At the moment, nobody knew what he meant, or really cared. But an hour later, in the soft-lighted hush of a near-by restaurant, he explained that cryptic statement.

"I had watched DePaul play only twice; once in the regular season and then in the tourney semifinal. After the first game I suspected, and after the second I knew, that (1) the Blue Demons could be beaten only by bottling up George Mikan, their six-foot-nine All-America center, and (2) Mikan *could* be bottled. But it required some trick that hadn't been used before.

"It was my job to rig up such a plan. I finally decided to assign Ivy Summer, our crude but spirited freshman pivot, to keep Mikan away from the rebounds. Mikan is sure death on them. his big hands and fine timing enabling him to slap home rebounds from almost any angle. The big thing was to keep him from getting his hands on them.

"I told Summer to play between Mikan and the basket, to jump with him on every rebound play, but never to try to catch the ball. His only job was to take up vital space and thus block out Mikan. Ray Wertis and Bill Kotsores were told to rush in and grab the ball off the basket or backboard while Mikan was tangling with bulky Summer.

"Mikan is a tremendous battler. Time and again he tried to break out of the trap. But his youth and inexperience led to repeated fouls as he

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Utah State
21
32

Cleverley (29), a fast dribbler, is guarded by Long Island U.'s Art Tropin (21). At far right, Gilmore (32) is helped off the court exhausted. Score: LIU 56, Utah State 38 tried to reach over and around Summer. You saw the result. The big fellow went off on personal fouls in the fifth minute of the second half, having scored only 13 points as compared with his usual bag of 20 to 30. DePaul had no one to fill his shoes, and we won going away."

Thus was a basketball championship settled off the court, won more by virtue of judicious scouting than by any other single factor. The story is not too unusual.

Pregame Plotting Essential

Fruitful study of the enemy-to-be's plays has become the rule rather than the exception these days. The balance of power is so evenly distributed in the court sport that scouting and pregame plotting are now among the most vital elements in winning basketball.

It's even more important in the national championship play-off tournaments that wind up the season. By March, the teams all have such vast knowledge of one another's talents and weaknesses that it takes deep study to provide the deciding margin. Moreover, the tournament teams are so evenly matched that one minor trait, caught in the flash of a canny scout's eye, can make all the difference.

Last spring, when Utah's underdogs fought their way to the finals of the National Invitation Basketball tournament, the Utes captivated not only the crowd but also the local coaches. Just before the final game several of them went to Vadal Peterson, Utah coach, and offered him the distillation of their scouting efforts against Kentucky. "Alex Groza, their All-America center, favors his right side, so you'd do well to overshift your team a little to guard his right side.". . . "Kentucky likes to play a fast-breaking game from the opening whistle, and taper off toward the end. Double-cross 'em. Play a deliberate ball-handling game for the first half and break fast in the second half."

Peterson employed some of the tips gratuitously offered him. He also unfolded a few of his own—such as having Wat Misaka and Arnold Ferrin guard the Kentucky forwards toward the side lines, edging them away from the middle lane just long enough to ruin the timing for their famed fast break. The final score was: Utah 49, Kentucky 45.

Certainly basketball has become the most far-flung college sport, with even dinky schools carding transcontinental rivals. But mere mileage is no barrier to ambitious coaches. Lloyd Brazil of Detroit, for instance, traveled more than 1,000 miles a winter to scout opponents. When Honey Russell coached Seton Hall, he covered 3,000 miles in one season for similar "secret service." And when geography or schedule conflicts present too great an obstacle for personal scouting, there are always Pinkertons of the hardwood floor for rent at the main meccas. Mike Pincus, former CCNY pivoter, serves as scout at Madison Square Garden for many out-of-town teams. Harold (Chink) Halton, ex-NYU, provides the same service at Chicago Stadium.

Scouting is a relatively modern development in basketball. A bit over a decade ago, it was almost unknown. The spies of the dart-and-dribble arenas even now don't catch the eye as the ubiquitous football scouts do. They don't have seats reserved for them in the press box. They don't come equipped with big field glasses and reams of blueprints. Yet these days they're doing as effective a job as the sleuths of the gridiron—or better.

How many points is a good scouting job worth? "About four or six," says Lapchick.

"At least ten," insists Brazil.

"Ten is right," votes Everett Shelton of Wyoming. "I would dread playing a team without having at least the fundamental information whether they employ a man-for-man defense and a fast- or slow-breaking offense. Suppose, though, that I were to face a team blind, then reschedule them a day later. For the second game our style of play would be likely to improve from 40 to 50 per cent!"

Value of Weaving Offense

Shelton, mentor of the '43 national champions, teaches a fundamental weaving offense with some nineteen basic plays, enough of a variety to plumb almost any enemy's weakness. But rather than waste 14 plays before learning that the foe can be harmed by the 15th, Shelton prefers to be prepared.

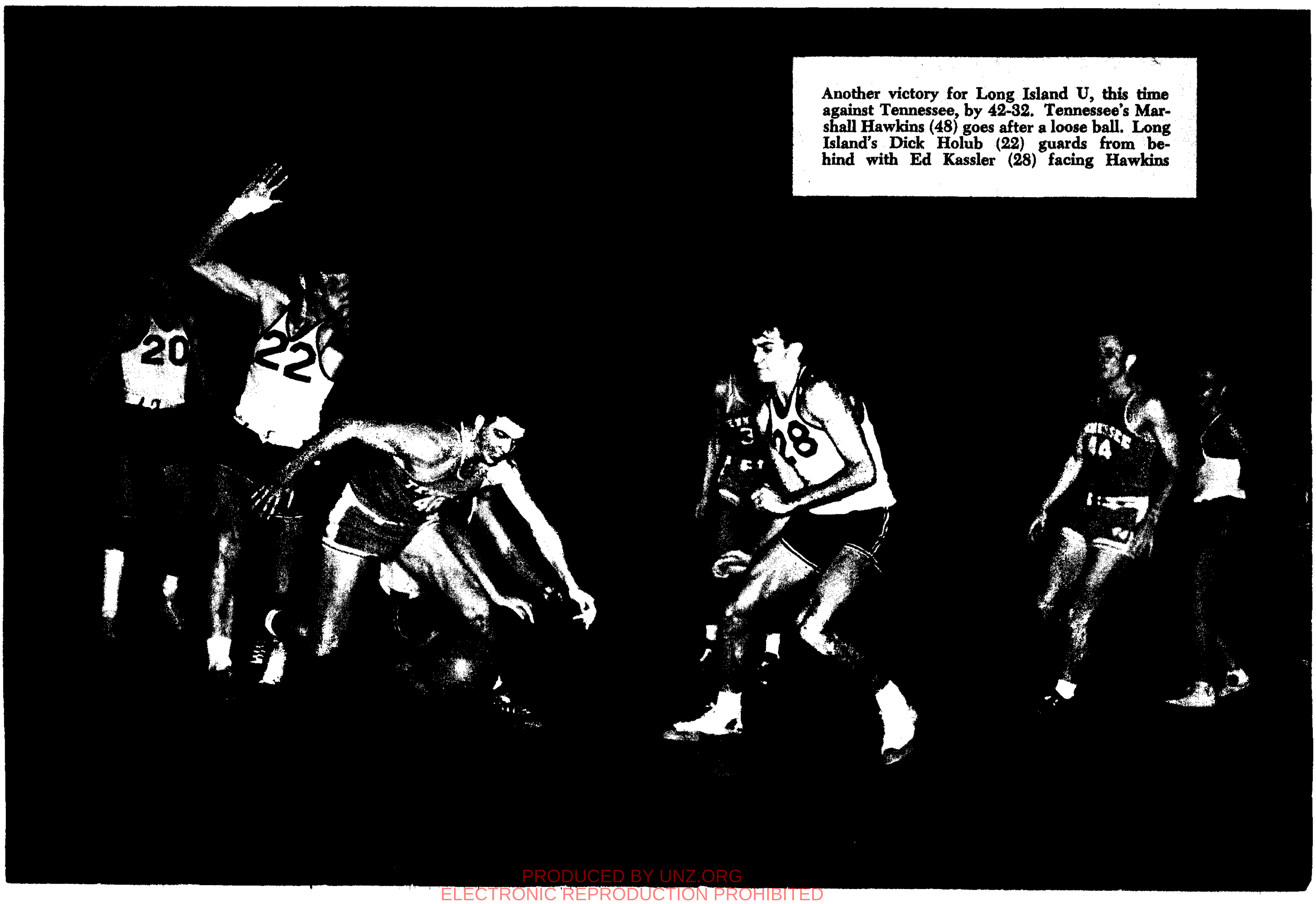
Ev Shelton's prime probing plot is to spot a lax defender. He immediately rigs up a screening play to explore that weakness. But Everett the erudite is capable of detecting other Achilles' heels. He endorses the practice of Valparaiso Coach Loren Ellis, who often spends an entire evening scouting a single key player, "so that by the end of the game I know more about that fellow than his coach or the player himself!"

As Shelton puts it, "Get a player's peculiarity down pat, and you've got him 80 per cent whipped. If a boy is the kind of grandstander who habitually tries to intercept passes instead of following his man, we have a simple move to feint him out of the play entirely. If he dips his hands before taking a set shot, as so many do, he can be blocked. If he can go only one way—but wait, that reminds me of the game in which we beat St. John's for the title. We knew that six-foot-nine Harry Boykoff couldn't go to his left; that when he did turn that way, he had to shoot overhand, ineffectively. So we kept forcing him to his left, and the big fellow, who held the court record for points in one game, was squelched for the night."

In another phase of scouting technique, Lloyd Brazil posted a fine record at Detroit one season largely because of a "nonstarting" regular, Gene Malinowski. The pudgy sophomore was Brazil's chief trouble shooter, although he never started a game. For the first few minutes of play, he'd sit beside the coach and exchange observations on the game. An astute analyst in his own right, the canny youngster was quick to spot the strength and weakness of both teams. Once he went into the game, Malinowski would direct any changes necessary in the Titans' style of play.

The first coach to take up scouting in a big way was Howard Cann, the NYU pilot. Even then, it happened by chance. But let Howie tell it:

"Back in 1930, we were up against a tough task. Fordham was our biggest rival in all sports, and a victory over



Another victory for Long Island U, this time against Tennessee, by 42-32. Tennessee's Marshall Hawkins (48) goes after a loose ball. Long Island's Dick Holub (22) guards from behind with Ed Kassler (28) facing Hawkins

them in tiddlywinks was worth two football decisions over anyone else. Well, the Ram court squads of that era were to basketball what the Army and Notre Dame powerhouses have been to football. They were big, tough and the best team within a thousand miles at least.

"In desperation, I took a trip over to see the late Ed Kelleher's gang drub some club. I had no preconceived plan; I was just vaguely hoping to ferret out some weakness. But flaws were hard to find on that Fordham squad. Bo Adams, Ed Daugherty & Co. could do everything with a basketball but make it recite Shakespeare. Watching them that night, however, I suddenly was struck by the sight of the orthodox play that kept their stationary guard deep in their own back court throughout. What was the use of keeping our man down there with their guard when we were on defense? It was sheer waste of a player.

"Sure, all this seems obvious today. But remember that basketball of that era wasn't so fully developed a science. Anyway, in charting our plans for the big game, I told the squad we would drop Gyp Schuman back to our foul line on defense. That would give us a virtual five-man defense to their four attackers no matter how fast they broke. History records the success of that guess. We wrecked their split-second timing, with Schuman on the loose wreaking much of the havoc. The scoring dynamite of the high-powered Rams failed to explode, and we upset them in decisive fashion."

That was the beginning for Cann. Now he's completely sold on scouting. He uses as many as 50 men—mainly Violet veterans of previous squads—to scout for him in a single season. Six assistants spot and chart every NYU play at home. Howie orders movies made of all his team's games, and reruns the reels the next time NYU preps for the same enemy. This gives him and the team a good idea of the other coach's style and of the foibles of the holdover players. He subscribes to the local papers of towns in which all his opposing teams are situated.

Scouting in Local Newspapers

"Let the sports writers be my scouts!" Cann chuckles. "They may not dwell on the technical stuff I'd prefer, but newspaper clippings often reveal important facts like injuries to players, which player is going hot, etc. Even generalities about their weakness or strength are so important that I tack them on our bulletin board for our players to scan and study. It was through a press clipping I learned that Valparaiso had been hit by a flu epidemic just before the first Garden game two years ago, and that its speedy forward had wrenched his knee. I passed the paper on to Coach Clair Bee of Long Island University, first foe of the Valpos, and his Blackbirds trounced the favored invaders by 20 points."

Several other scouting reports bore fruit that season. Kentucky's eagle eyes reported that St. John's was vulnerable to a screen pass from the right, so the forewarned visitors drubbed the Redmen, 73-59. . . . Dribble detectives found that Arkansas seldom shot from the outside, and the Razorbacks were stopped by a tight guard in midcourt. . . . Toledo's deadly two-handed overhand set shot artist had his timing ruined when, on the tip of scouts, he was rushed as soon as he leaned back. . . . And Detroit stymied a fast-breaking rival by taking advantage of a scout's observation that 80 per cent of the time the team threw the ball to the right side on an out-of-bounds play. Nat Holman, veteran coach at CCNY, prevented an upset at the hands of the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy, thanks to provident spying. Two days before the game, Nat assigned his assistant coach to scout the Mariners in action. The report shocked him. Young Lieutenant Earl Brown, former star football and basketball player at Notre Dame had drilled the raw servicemen in a tricky set of screen plays that called for more than one switch on defense.

"We hadn't faced anything like that in four war years," recalls Holman. "All teams of course are trained to switch their man-for-man guarding assignments *once*, to foil the usual screen play. But the Mariners had a hocus-pocus attack that necessitated *two* successive changes to defend on the same play. I immediately called an extra practice session, devoted entirely to multiple switching in guarding, and the game with Kings Point proved to be almost a replica of our practice period!"

As Holman so aptly sums it up, "Ability to solve problems is what makes a team good under pressure . . . and scouting enables you to learn the specific problems in advance!"

Freer Use of Movies Predicted

Holman can't afford extensive use of movies in scouting, but that's a coming thing. As Clair Bee told us recently, in the little bandbox of a gym where his Blackbirds stop in to practice shooting between classes, "I understand that some colleges send scouts secretly armed with 16-mm. cameras and telescopic lenses to film future football foes in action. That sort of thing is considered unethical in basketball, but I expect to see the day when it will be a widely accepted practice. Since it has proven so valuable in football, it would no doubt be the same in this game. I'm using movies this season, but only to scout the weaknesses of my own team."

Movies, however, are an expensive item. Not all colleges can afford them—though they may, eventually, if the court sport keeps blossoming at its current record-breaking rate. Cost: $125 per game. In New York, games are reeled by a specialist named Leslie Winik. He sells prints only to teams involved in the game he's shooting, but 'twasn't ever thus.

"There was a time a few years ago," Winik reveals, "when certain colleges (which I can't name for obvious reasons) used to send me out to take movies of teams they were to play later. That sort of thing is strictly taboo now. I sell and snap only for the teams playing."

While Clair Bee is no superstudent of action movies, he's been sold on scouting in general and has many feathers in LIU's headgear to show for these efforts. His proudest prize from scouting was bagged on a March night back in 1939. His Blackbirds had moved to the national tournament final with 23 straight victories, but still were quoted as underdogs against the powerful Loyola quintet of Chicago, winners of 21 straight against the toughest in the Middle West.

"We were sound fundamental players," Bee recounts. "But they had a six-foot-ten center named Mike Novak, who wa not only a terror on offense, but was on of the first and the best of the now-outlawed goal tenders of basketball. Thos were the days, you know, when a huma skyscraper could stand in front of th basket and knock out your best set shot all night. It was heartbreaking. The bi idea for us was somehow to enable ou set shot artists to pass him.

"Well, we scouted them thoroughl Out of the welter of data bobbed just on little loophole: When Novak jumped t knock down shots or passes, he alway leaped with his right arm upraised. Th made his left side vulnerable, for his rig arm would then have to be twisted ove his head and left ear, reducing h effective height and reach. I ordered o boys to bank their shots off the bac board from the right side of the cou (Novak's left) and they obeyed beaut fully. John Bromberg sank two quic ones that way. Irv Torgoff, a left fo

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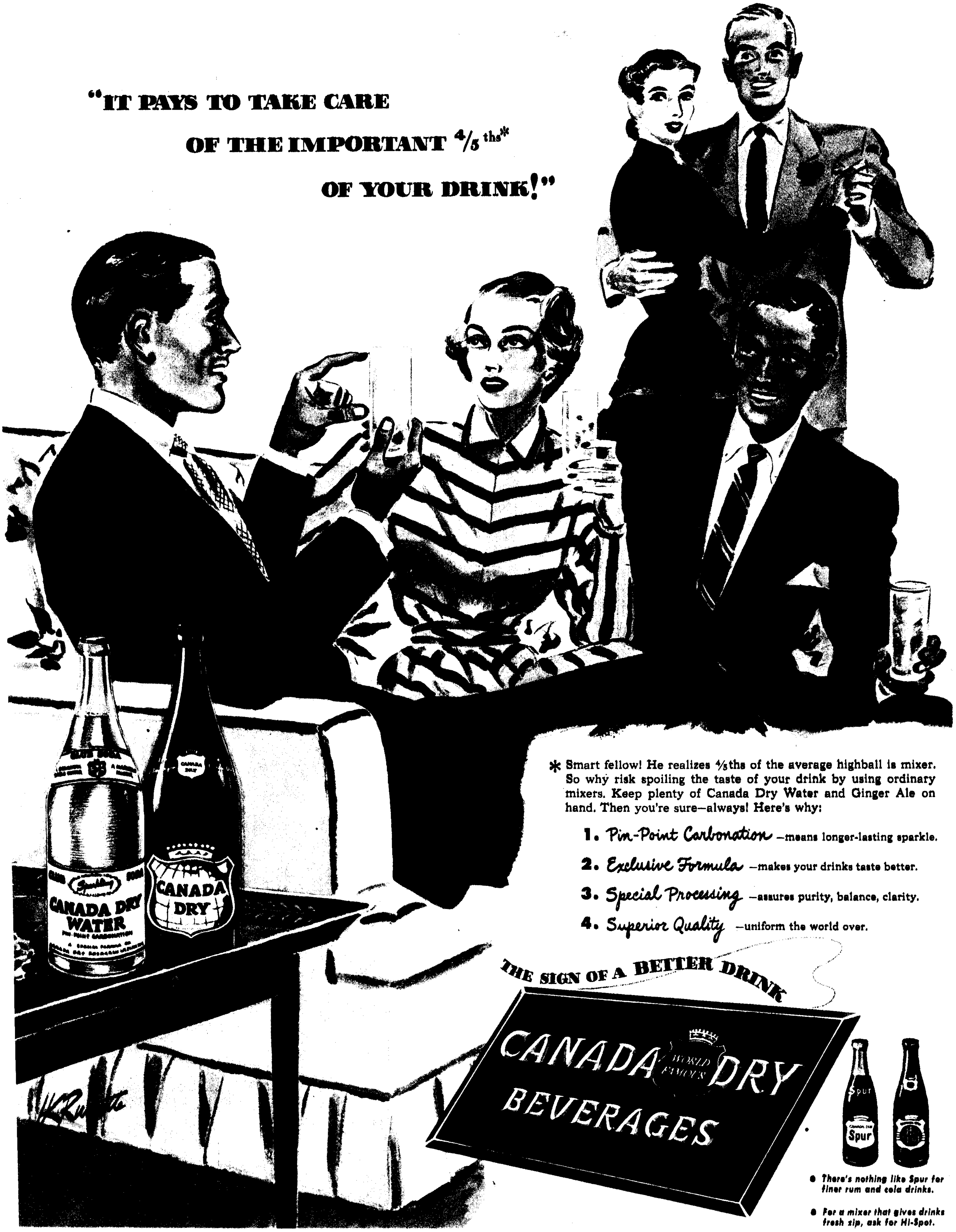
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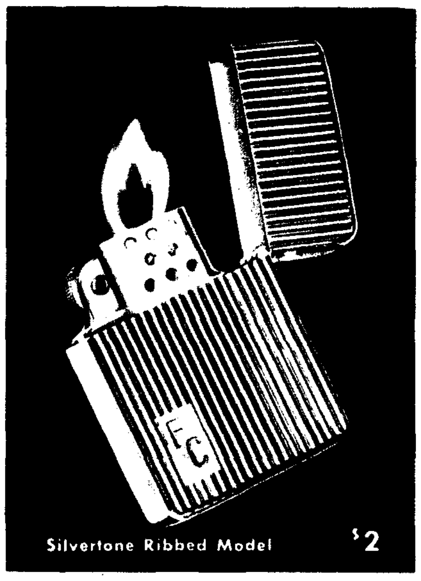

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ward, drifted far to his right and sank all five of his goals that way, too. We took a quick lead and were never headed.

"Forcing the point, we double-guarded Novak, with stress on his right or strong side, and he wound up with the lowest total of his college career and pro career. Mike made only one point that night as we romped, 44 to 32."

Another scouting addict is Howie Hobson, recently installed as Yale coach after putting Oregon in the court forefront, who insists that scouting is one of the most vital and least appreciated aspects of basketball.

Hobson reveals, "I like to use two men to scout a game, one a spotter and the other a tabulator. Then you can collect all the important data you need without a break in observation. Two trained men can bring back all the vital details, such as who usually takes the rebounds, who loses the ball on interceptions or throwaways or held-ball or walking, who makes the shots, what spot on the floor each shot is tried from, etc."

Luisetti Couldn't Be Anchored

Hobson, along with other basketball *cognoscenti*, admits there are times when all the scouting in the world won't help enough. "When Hank Luisetti—who is still the greatest player I ever saw—performed for Stanford, we hatched some deep, dark plans to stop him, after many nights of studying him on other courts. We decided to slough off a player from their weak-shooting guard and assign him as an extra anchor around Luisetti. So what? So Hank scored only 18 points that night. Funny thing, we were satisfied. He had tallied 50 against Duquesne that season."

Nat Holman insists that his famous Celtics of yore had the scoutproof style. "Expert ball handling is impossible to stop," he explains. "I used to pass the ball to Dutch Dehnert in the bucket, and if there was a chance at all for me to cut in, he'd flip a perfect spot pass; otherwise he'd pass out again. We kept feeding him in the pivot spot, and he kept sizing up the play. After prolonged passwork finally made the enemy relax somewhere—zoom!—one of us would cut in, take a pass in the clear and nudge it into the ring. No desperate passes. No long heaves, or rushing your luck."

But practically every club is scoutable and scouting becomes more intensive every year. Coach Hank Iba, of Oklahoma A & M's topflight team, scouts his conference foes as many as half a dozen times a season. Some high schools in the court-cradle country of Indiana scout one another 20 times a season!

Most coaches believe that scouting is still in its infancy, or at best not past the adolescent stage. Howard Cann looks forward to the day when a coach can send his scouts to a town in which the rival team is stationed, a few days in advance of the game. They could hang around beer *stuben*, barbershops, hotel lobbies and poolrooms. "That way," says Cann, "they could pick up plenty of stuff that the fans, the writers and even the coaches don't know—off-the-court details that affect a player's condition or edge."

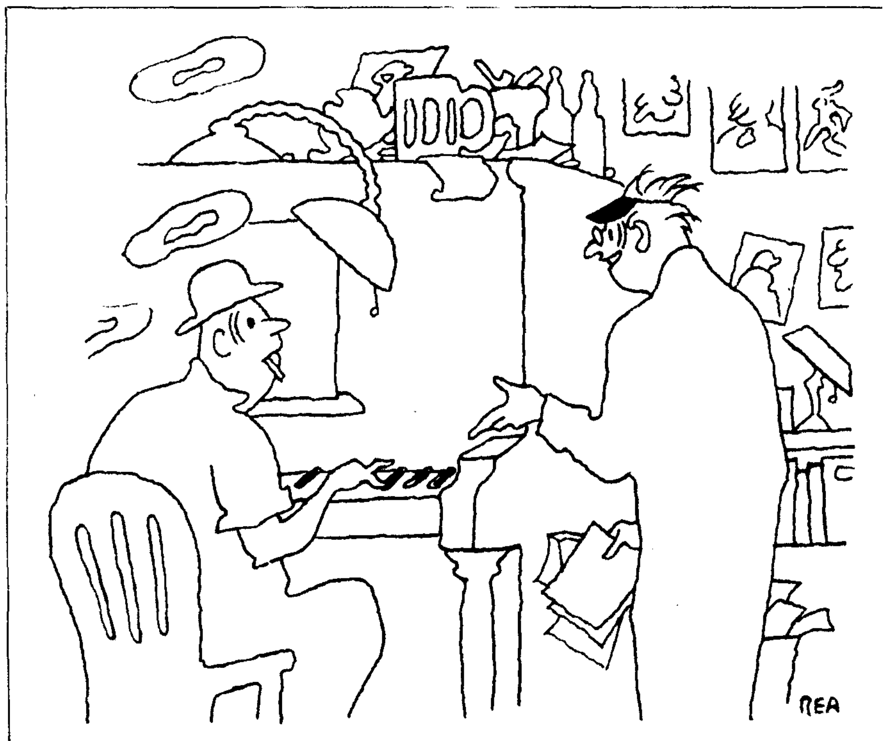
But John D. (Honey) Russell, who has coached and played college and pro basketball for almost 30 years, prefers to do his own scouting for his Boston Celtics of the Basketball Association of America. "I know my own personnel best, so I can make the best deployment of forces to combat the team I see firsthand. I travel as far as Chicago, between games on our schedule, just to scout a future rival. If there's some game I can't cover myself, I send two of the best players on my team—one to scout offense, the other for defense."

Actually, it isn't always a trained scout who discovers tips leading to great victories. Advice from a 55-cent customer led to one of NYU's most notable triumphs. About 10 years ago, CCNY had one of its finest teams, and ranked as top-heavy favorite over Cann's crew. A few days before the big game for the metropolitan title, a gallery sleuth came to Cann with the suggestion that he let Milt Schulman do the shooting for a change. "City will be ganging up on Rubenstein and Maidman all night," he predicted. "Why not let Schulman do some shooting on his own?"

NYU's best floorman, Schulman was a superb feeder, a precision passer and a great defensive player. He'd never con centrated on shooting before. This nigh he did, and came through with three key baskets that turned the tide.

So whether the information comes via trained scout, newspaper clipping or pay ing fan, there's no doubt that out o such prebattle plans come many victorie on gym and Garden floors these days Yes, more games than you'll ever suspec are actually settled out of court!

THE END



"It's Christmas Eve, see? And all the toys in the nursery suddenly come alive—and they hold a strike meeting, and . . ."

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

candy gets a big play, since it doubles as refreshment and ammunition.

Respite comes only after the third Western, the bloodletting serial and the sixth Mickey Mouse have run their course.

BILL LEONARD, New York, N. Y.

AMBASSADRIX SCHULTZ

DEAR SIR: I think that Sigrid Schultz' Germany's Underground Wants War (Nov. 8th) is most startling and deserves a lot of thought. I feel that she should be given a very high position in our American government in Germany.

A. A. PHILLIPS, Newport, R. I.

. . . That piece by Sigrid Schultz in which is described how Germany tries to play off the Western powers against Russia, like any hussy with two potential wooers, reminds me somehow of Kipling:—

"When your sweetheart runs off with your
comrade, be loath
To shoot; you'll swing for it, 'pon my
oath.
Make him take her and keep her, that's
hell for them both."

Propaganda is hypnotizing us into attaching concern toward Germany out of all proportion to her importance and value.

WM. S. MAXWELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

SHAPE OF THINGS THAT CAME

DEAR SIR: I enjoyed J. Lawrence Angel's article What Shape Next? (Oct. 25th). He didn't mention the color of the new American man's eyes. What is it? He should take a peek in Texas—his new generation is already here. The boys are really leggy, snake-hipped and slender. Of course their shoulders will broaden when they get through running around and out of sports in school. As to the girls—the teen-agers are doing all right too. Some are enough to make Jane Russell worry.

JACK JACKSON, El Paso, Texas

Eyes would be more honey colored, not so pure blue. As for Texas girls—woo, woo!

DEPORT JOHN L. LEWIS?

EAR MR. DAVENPORT: I wish to thank you or that most excellent article by Lewis H. rown, Let's Get Germany Off Our Back!, nd the reference to John L. Lewis in your ditorial page (Nov. 1st). I have watched he F.D.R. group do its level best to crucify ewis and his coal miners. If it had succeeded in breaking the man and the conidence of his men in his work, we might oday be in as bad shape as is Britain.

I was born in the coal fields of South Vales and began working in the mines of is country at the age of eleven, so I know mething of what a coal miner has to put p with. John L. is a saint in their eyes and ll the F.D.R.s in the world could not get in etween John and his people.

If Lewis could be sent over to England r a couple of years, England would be rought out of the mud that Lewis Brown aptly pictured in his article.

GEORGE W. EVANS, Seattle, Wash.

. . In my three months with the military vernment in Bavaria, I saw clearly that merica had no plan, and that no one had plan except Russia. The Germans were ger, co-operative and willing. They had eat hopes since the Americans, the exments of democracy, were in their midst. nfusion was further confounded beuse of open rivalry and jealousy between my commanders and between the miliy command and military government. I became sick at heart over the whole air and came home much earlier than I d expected. The solution given by Lewis Brown is so obviously the correct way, d would be so simple in its execution, I nnot see why it is not adopted.

SAM H. LONG, Tupelo, Miss.

BUNNAGLEISMS

DEAR SIRS: Col. Stoopnagle, who has named his dog General so when he throws a stick he can cry, "Brigadier General!", has a Bunny side. Cried the Col. recently: "No wonder I got up at six o'clock this morning, I'm as hungry as anything." Then he added more philosophically, "If it weren't for half the people in the United States, the other half would be all of them!"

DOROTHY LEFFLER, New York, N. Y.

ALL ABOARD FOR SHANGRI-LA

DEAR SIRS: "I PROPOSE:" Anent Frank Gervasi's recent article What's Wrong With U.N.? (Oct. 25th), in the event of a conflict between any belligerent peoples in the future, regardless of what the cause: Communism, democracy, racial controversies, aggression by would-be world rulers, etc., I propose the belligerent groups pick a spacious country and issue a proclamation that all peoples who do not wish to participate in the great cause or war be allowed to migrate to this spot as neutrals and that the aggressive parties on all sides allot a reasonable length of time for this migration and that these people in their country be free from atom bombs and any form of attack until they reach their destination.

Then let the others Fight It Out. . . .

P. S. I wonder how many people would actually be in the fray!

STEVEN CHRISTOFF, Toledo, Ohio

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT

DEAR SIRS: Stanley Ekman's cover (Nov. 8th) of the boy alone in a deserted stadium stirred the poet in me.

IT WASN'T OUR DAY

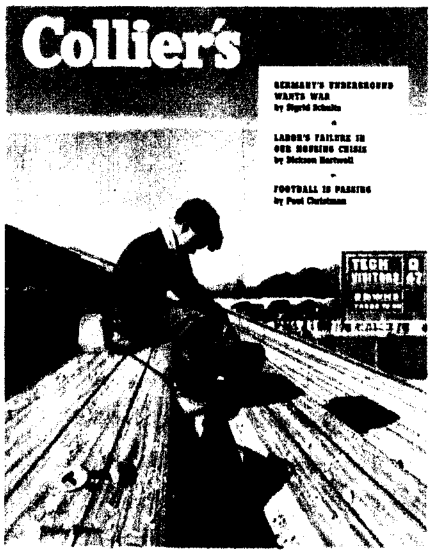
There'd been less than a minute of play
in the game,
The score stood at nothing all,
When Walsh crossed the goal and the fans
all exclaimed:
"Oh, why did he fumble the ball?"

Out from the bench raced big Frankie
O'Shea,
Now surely the foeman would yield!
He ran for a touchdown the very first
play—
But we had twelve men in the field.

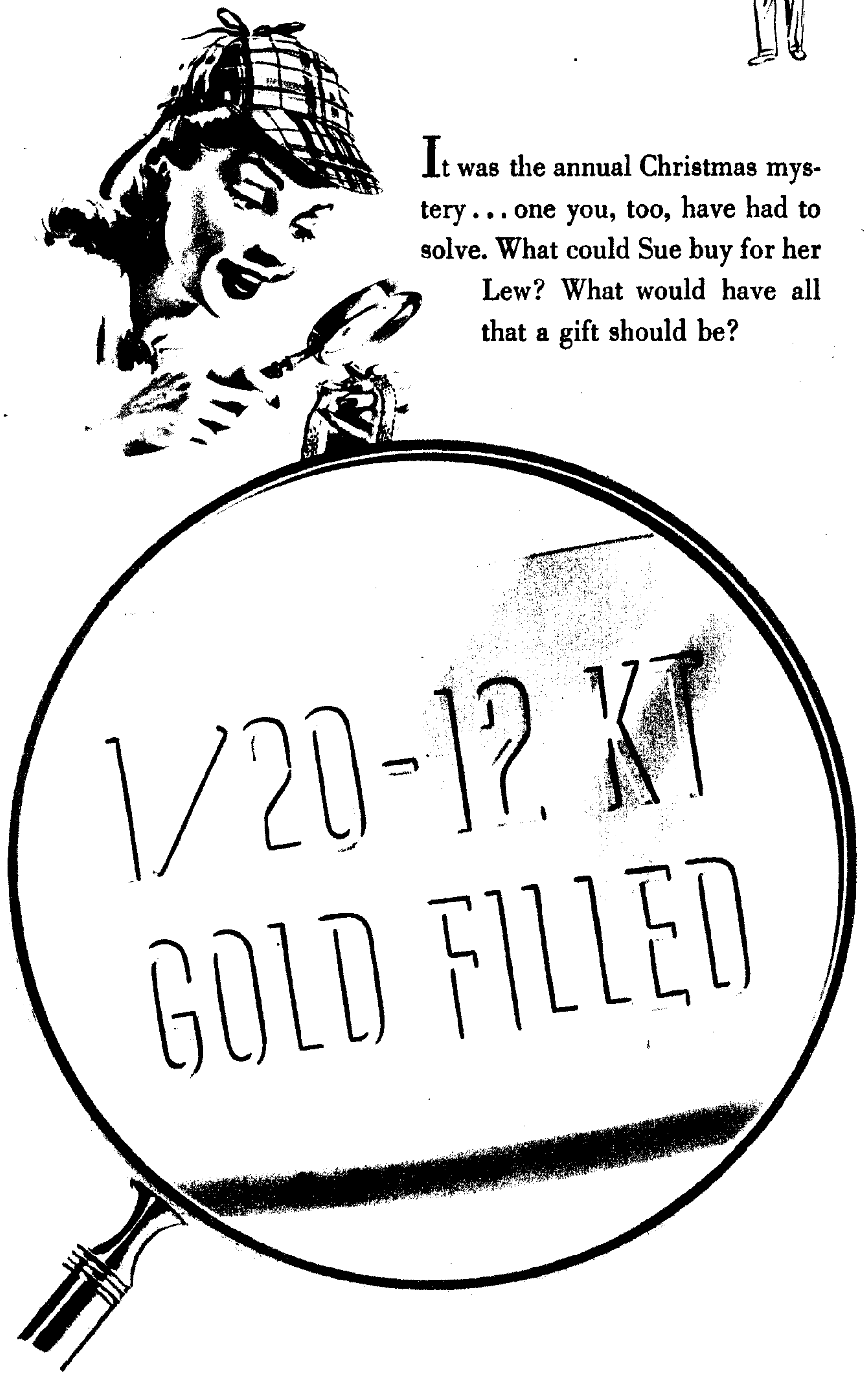
Finn stood in the end zone, his eyes on
the sky,
His feet planted firm in the grass,
There was nobody near him, he'd passed
them all by,
Oh, why did he bobble that pass?

The final score stands forty-seven to zero
I can sing no victory song,
My heart sadly bleeds for each Tech
football hero.
Why did everything have to go wrong?

HAL MARCH, Hollywood, Cal.



Sue gets Clue for Lew



It was the annual Christmas mystery . . . one you, too, have had to solve. What could Sue buy for her Lew? What would have all that a gift should be?

Sue's clue for her Lew can be a clue for you

Of course, a jeweler helped. Showing a piece of brilliant jewelry, he pointed out the mark "Gold Filled" in the metal. "There", he said, "is the high sign of high quality. For 'Gold Filled' is a time-honored metal made the 'Old Sheffield' way. It has long-wearing layers of solid karat gold on a strong supporting metal. It has beauty, durability, value, quality . . . quality that must conform to U. S. Government Standards. Yes, anything stamped with the mark 'Gold Filled' or its abbreviation 'G. F.' is a gift that is well received."

Look for the mark of Gold Filled . . . either "G. F." or "Gold Filled" . . . and you'll be sure of finding quality.

Gold Filled
Made the Old Sheffield Way

Look for and buy only Gold Filled jewelry, pens, pencils, watch cases, and eyeglass frames.

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock
it waited 6 years for Christmas '47

Discover for yourself the richness and flavor of Old Charter. Six years (yes 6!) have made it smooth, mellow, delicious! It's the whiskey that didn't watch the clock. Try it. You'll agree it's Kentucky's *Finest* Straight Bourbon Whiskey.

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE
OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON
THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD 86 PROOF STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO. INC. LOUISVILLE, KY.

POLITICS ON THE CAMPUS

Continued from page 15

the university committee and the chairman of the appropriations committee to be their guests at a University of Missouri basketball game.

Basketball in the Middle West is more important than almost anything else, and the legislators promptly accepted. Before the game Bob and Charley took their guests on an intensive tour of the campus. This included the veterans' deplorable housing areas and dinner in the veterans' mess hall. At the basketball game the appropriations chairman was introduced to the student body. He got booed!

"That," he told Bob Pierce, laughing, "will cost you $700,000."

Later when a member of the party was cheered, he said, "For that I'll put back $350,000."

The final increase in the appropriation, ascribed entirely by University of Missouri President Frederick A. Middlebush to the politicking of these students, was $3,000,000!

Systematic Drive on Legislators

This is not an isolated case. In the spring of 1946 a legislative action committee was formed by students of the University of Minnesota. During the summer vacation two students from each county called on their representative and told him about low salaries, crowded conditions and inadequate services. During Christmas vacation they followed up with another heart-to-heart talk with their legislators, indicating clearly that voting parents stood solidly behind them. The result: Last spring the legislature appropriated for the University of Minnesota a record $20,000,000, including $6,000,000 for new buildings.

At several colleges I learned that student interest in a United States of the World is now far beyond the bull-session stage. Students have built an effective national organization which demands that a government like our own do for all countries what ours once did for thirteen bellicose, divergent colonies and for a nation divided against itself. I met slight, clear-eyed Harris Wofford, of the University of Chicago, who has just turned twenty-one. Though he still doesn't need a daily shave, he is probably better informed on the problems of world government than half the members of Congress.

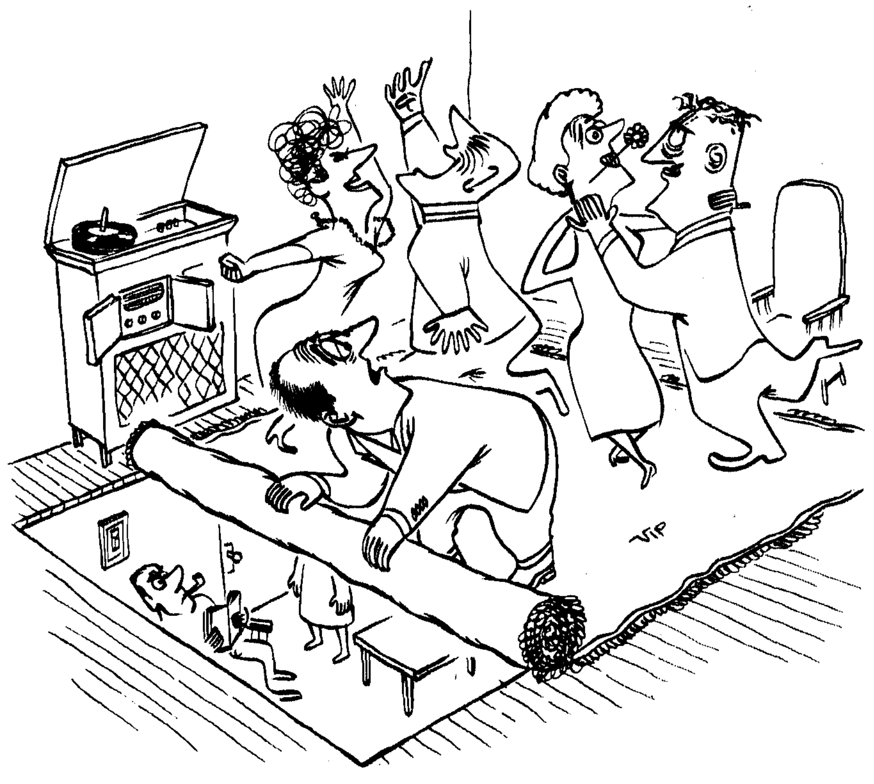
Harris is the founder of Student World Federalist, which is the oldest organization seeking world government in existence. It has 159 chapters and 7,000 paid members in high schools and colleges. Harris started it when he was a 15-year-old high-school student in Scarsdale, New York. While studying one evening and listening to radio's Mr. District Attorney, Harris decided to take a bath. He turned up the radio, filled the tub and climbed in. Then the detective story ended and a speechmaking program began.

"If I hadn't been in the bathtub," says Harris, "I'd have tuned in a jazz band or shut the radio off. But I was in the tub and I had to listen."

What he heard was an appeal from Clarence Streit, Dorothy Thompson, Clare Boothe Luce, Thomas Mann and others for a united world. They urged an immediate uniting of the democracies to defeat Hitler, and the organization of an association which would ultimately result in a united world—"a United States of all mankind."

His imagination was fired. Young Wofford began a campaign for this ideal in the Scarsdale High School. After many disappointments he finally organized the first chapter of Student World Federalist. Gradually the idea caught on in other schools. Harris took a year off from his studies and toured the country by bus and day coach, lecturing and pleading before student groups. Today his organization is one of the most powerful and influential college groups. Young Wofford now journeys summertimes to capitals of international student activity such as Prague, Brussels and Paris, where he observes and counterattacks the unending struggle of the children of Communism to control world student leadership.

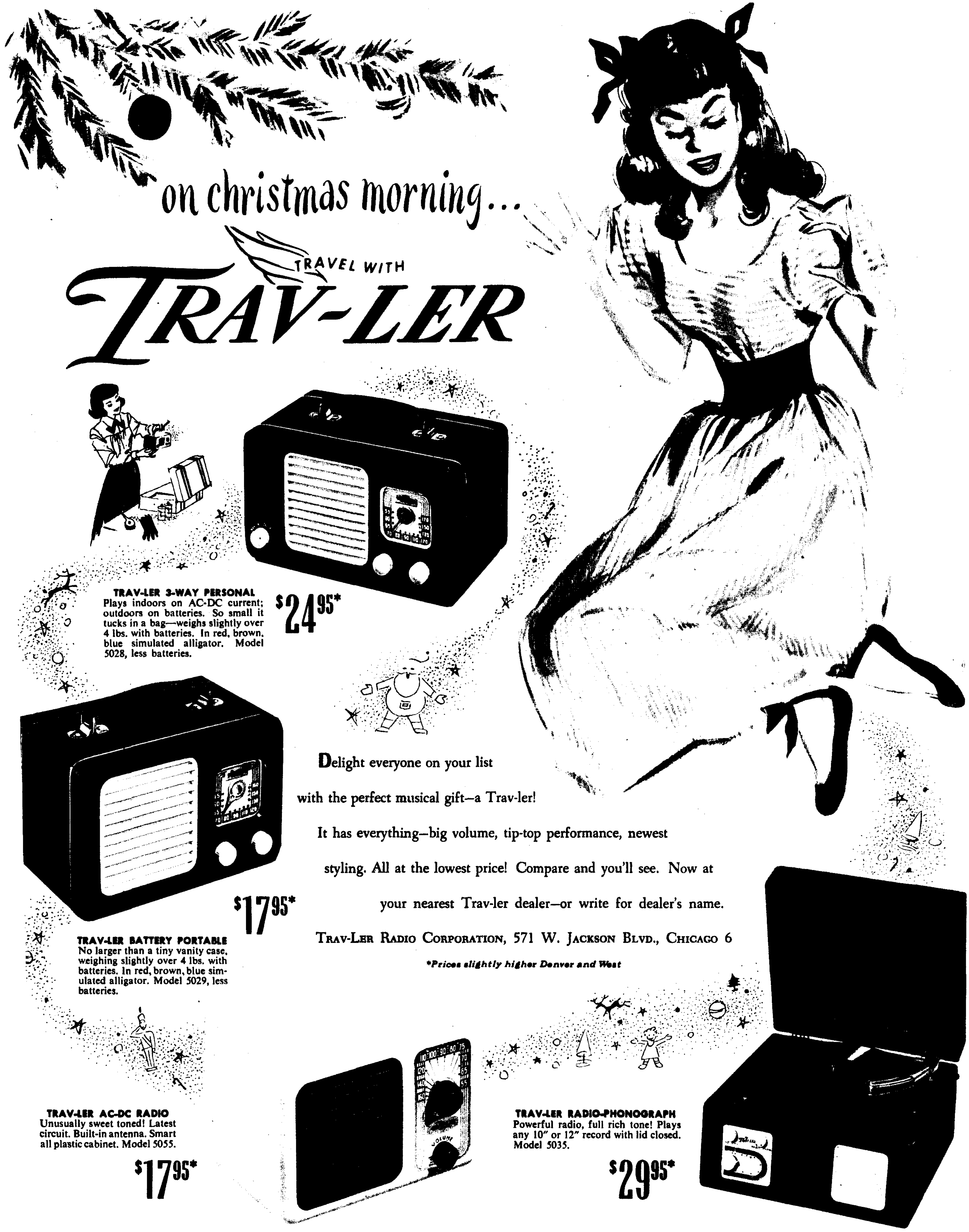
Student Federalist groups are no mere debating societies. The 103 members of the University of Minnesota chapter decided to canvass the population of famed Sauk Center, Minnesota, scene of Sinclair Lewis' novel, Main Street. For two weeks following a kickoff dinner, at which Lewis was the principal speaker, Federalist members rang doorbells, buttonholed surprised residents, gave them



COLLIER'S

"Any objections if I don't roll up the rug?"

VIRGIL PARTCH



on christmas morning...

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TRAINED FOR THE JOB. Air Force doctors, flight nurses, and medical technicians are skilled in life-saving air evacuation.

Your Air Force speeds the rescue

The call for help came in around noon. A short time later, 36 Air Force doctors and 11 nurses were flying to the scene, completely equipped for their errand of mercy. Other planes brought penicillin, morphine, plasma, tetanus antitoxin — more doctors and nurses. That night, an Army hospital which had been closed was reactivated, and patients were being received by Air Force disaster crews. It was the Texas City disaster.

Again, when a tornado tore into Woodward, Oklahoma, bringing death and destruction with lashing, twisting violence, the Air Force was ready. In the pre-dawn hours, a giant C-54, loaded with doctors, nurses, food and medicine, sped toward the stricken town. By afternoon of the day following the tragedy, hundreds of relief workers had landed; ninety litter patients had been flown to hospitals.

Catastrophe knows no geographical limitations, and the Air Force — mobile, quick to rise to the need — is frequently the only organization with facilities equal to meeting crises in remote areas. No hospital is located more than 12 hours away, by air, from any point in the United States. Expert doctors and surgeons, specially trained flight nurses, trained technicians — all these, along with trusted pilots and crews, make the Air Force worthy of its role—ready to serve in any emergency.

Your Air Force is constantly at work enlarging the contribution it makes to the good of the nation. Through research, development, intelligent pl ning for the future, it does its part — not only the military defense of America, but as a swift dependable deliverer in peacetime distress.

Service with the U. S. Air Force is dramatic exciting — now as in wartime. If you are betw 18 and 34 years old (17 with parents' conser you can begin your career in aviation with the Force. Full details on many new benefits available can be obtained at your nearest U Army Recruiting Station or Air Force Base.

Listen to *"Sound Off," "Voice of the Army"* and *"Proudly We* on your radio.

U. S. ARMY AND AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERV

YOUR ARMY AND AIR FORCE SERVE THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEA a fifty-word summary of world problems, described a united world as the solution and asked for signatures to a petition to be sent to the United Nations. Of Sauk Center's 3,000 people, 1,000 signed.

I wondered how down-to-earth student politicians can get. At the University of Chicago I talked with a practical politician, Bill Birenbaum, an ETO AAF veteran who is an officer of the American Veterans Committee's Chicago chapter, and organizer, mentor and instructor of a debating team which took top honors in a regional contest at Denver. In one long sentence Bill, who can talk without breathing, explained the way his AVC chapter runs an election of liberals vs. left-wingers:

"Each party has a master list made up of every AVC member, and a delegation from each party braces every member at least once during the campaign to explain objectives and enlist support for its candidates; but starting two weeks before the election, we hold a daily caucus to plan strategy, and on Election Day we (and the opposition, too) have from two to five automobiles constantly in operation running supporting voters from their lormitories or classes to the polls, and by ıfternoon, poll checkers study their lists o discover who hasn't voted, and the inal roundup begins; so that when the polls close, any member who hasn't voted ıas either got a broken leg or double ıneumonia."

I had been told that U.S. students vould easily be outmaneuvered by Comnunist-trained youth leaders who are indoctrinated in parliamentary trickery rom kindergarten. To the University of Visconsin I went to find out how the rst important U.S. student organization, ıe National Students Association, organized only in September, had met the Communist tactics.

From lovely Janis Tremper of Rockord College, intense Mildred Kiefer of Jniversity of California and veteran ohn Hunter of Wisconsin, I learned of ıethods militant conservatives had used) beat down militant left-wingers for ssociation control. Over a Scotch and oda in Madison's Hotel Lorraine (both irls had to prove with driver's licenses ıat they were twenty-one—they were, ıst barely) these youngsters traced, step y step, the eight-day battle involving)0 student delegates representing 1,100,)0 undergraduates of 351 colleges and quiring of the leaders continuous, eepless sessions as much as forty hours ng. Out of the convention came a conititution, by-laws, a "student bill of rights" and victory for the conservatives.

One problem was typical. Unless the association represented the entire United States it would have little right to existence and no standing with other countries. To win student respect and support, it also seemed essential for the convention to stand solidly against racial discrimination in education. But to demand immediate, equal educational rights for Negro students would drive Southern colleges out of the association. The left-wingers, recognizing that a split on this vital issue would give them control, held steadfastly for demanding immediate racial equality. Though no less concerned with the principle at stake, conservative leaders recognized that before they could reform they must first unite.

The result, after numerous stormy sessions, was By-Law No. 1, a model of compromise which might have been written by a career diplomat: "The USNSA will seek to secure and maintain equal . . . opportunities for education . . . regardless of race . . . political belief . . . or economic circumstances; especially by securing eventual elimination of all forms of discriminatory educational systems anywhere in the United States. . . ."

Improved Interracial Relations

That by-law held the association together. Quietly the students have already begun eliminating discrimination. At the association's regional meetings in Southern states this fall, for the first time in history, Negro and white students met together and discussed mutual problems. In two regions, involving seven Southern states, including Louisiana, South Carolina and Mississippi, Negroes have been elected regional vice-presidents!

To the uninitiated the large number of new student organizations, with their initial abbreviations, is perplexing. A generation ago the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A. and a debating society were about the most controversial organizations on the average campus. Today a college may have fifteen or twenty active groups whose political differences are sometimes almost imperceptible to the casual investigator but in which students find marked distinctions.

One young radical, trying to explain some of these subtleties as they affected his own and a rival group said to me, "You see, it's like this. *They* oppose the Marshall Plan and so do *we.* But *they* oppose it because it isn't operated through the United Nations, and *we* oppose it as an instrument of economic imperialism. So you see the two organizations are poles apart."

These student organizations are usually autonomous, and the principal aid they receive from headquarters is in the form of prominent speakers, gratis, and literature. They hold meetings as often as once a week, arrange debates (on the Truman Doctrine one debate drew 400 listeners on two days' notice), circulate petitions, organize speakers' bureaus (20 Bates College students made 60 speeches last year; 40 Michigan State students made 344 talks before 38,000 people), punch doorbells to get out election votes (one group visited 10,000 homes in the past year), carry sandwich boards, publish newspapers and conduct classes in city election tactics.

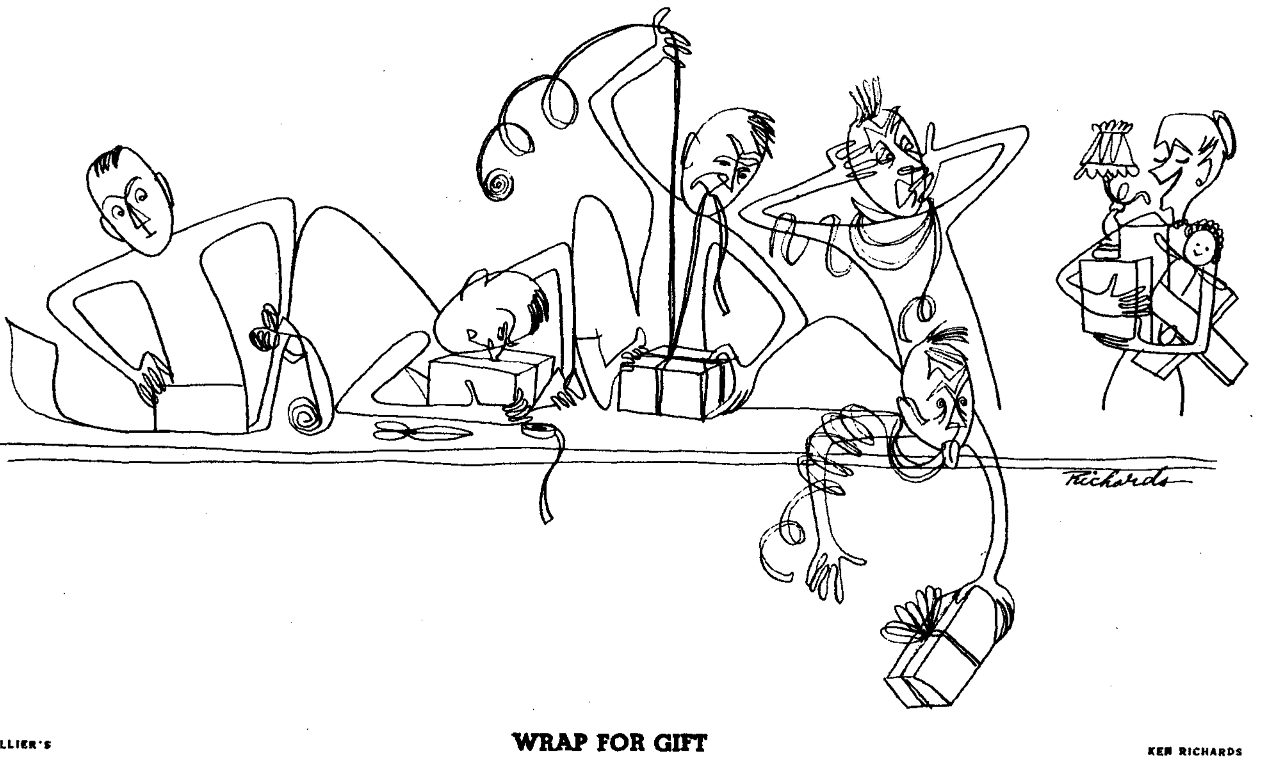
On slight provocation they will start an "investigation." Jerry Green, president of the Progressive Citizens Committee at Ohio State, in October had under way three secret investigations: discrimination against Jews and Negroes in off-campus rooming houses; anti-Negro discrimination on the basketball team, and efficiency and democracy in the Student Senate.

Occasionally the tactics of conservatives in quashing "leftish" opposition would win approval of a commissar. At Cornell the American Youth for Democracy chapter desired to forward a resolution to Congress asking for increase in veteran subsistence. They held an open meeting, ran off a quick and one-sided debate, introduced the prepared resolution and called for a vote. To their considerable embarrassment it was soundly defeated. Opposing such an increase, the AVC and veteran fraternity members had quietly packed the meeting.

Of the principal national organizations there are several political groups besides the Student Federalists which wield real influence, and one or two which give university trustees a constant case of migraine. From right to left they are:

Young Republicans or Democrats.—These groups usually hibernate between elections but in some instances they are continuously active, as at Columbia, which has forty paid-up members, and Minnesota where 100 members are almost solidly behind Stassen, and where the club constantly embarrasses the Republican State Committee by passing resolutions for the reduction of tariffs and maintenance of present income-tax levels.

At Ohio State cofounders of the Young Republican Club, William Saxbe and John Spittler, told me that twenty-six



COLLIER'S

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so much more

SEASON'S GREETINGS

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The famous Southern Comfort Electric Mixer will be available again soon, but the offer is limited. Write and learn how to obtain this fine mixer.

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Contains Needed Vitamins and Minerals
Shotwell's BIG YANK
VITAMIN FORTIFIED FOR BETTER NUTRITION
WHEN YOU EAT CANDY Eat Right
RIGHT FOR TASTE... RIGHT FOR NUTRITION!
BIG YANK

Marshmallow center, topped with roasted peanuts, layer of creamy-smooth fudge, Shotwell's rich chocolate coating . . . plus Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron . . . nutrients you need to eat candy and still eat right.

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Treat your sweet-tooth! Enjoy Big Yank *anytime!* So luscious . . . so good for you, too. Contains Vitamins B_1 and B_2 . . . both needed for a candy-energy "lift." Plus other vitamins and minerals that give it better qualitative nutritional-balance than an average meal! Sure you can eat Big Yank . . . and still eat right. Buy this delicious bar . . . today!

Right for Nutrition

PURITAN Marshmallows
Shur-Mac 10¢
"Hi-Mac"

Other Shotwell "Eat-Right" Products

Shotwell's Puritan [illegible]allows and [illegible] and "Hi- [illegible] and you Eat Right!

of their members work part time as pages on the floor of the Ohio House of Representatives. Saxbe, a veteran, is a member of the House and has risked his political future by bucking the American Legion in leading his group to oppose a state bonus and by holding up to ridicule the infamous biennial appropriation which the state legislature makes to the Legion and other veteran organization budgets.

Saxbe and Spittler's explanation of how their club happened to be Republican is typical of modern freewheeling college political thinking which cares little for labels.

"When we organized," said Saxbe, "the Republicans were the outs, and we figured maybe they would listen to us. So we called ourselves 'Republicans.' "

Collegiate Council for the United Nations.—This is devoted to upholding the United Nations through chapters in 137 colleges. Students hold model General Assemblies, Economic, Social and Security Council meetings, and attempt to resolve many of the problems perplexing the nations at Lake Success.

Middle-of-the-Road Liberals

Students for Democratic Action.—A subsidiary of the Americans for Democratic Action, this supports New Deal philosophy, disavows Communist support and is openly anti-Henry Wallace. Only recently organized, it is popular (one chapter already has 100 members) because it represents middle-of-the-road liberalism. It is ready to campaign against the reactionaries and the left-wingers, but more often it will merely try to persuade people to register and to vote.

American Veterans Committee.—The AVC has as many as 1,000 members in one chapter. Student AVC groups are now in some 225 colleges and this year have a total of more than 20,000 members. The AVC is politically mature, strictly nonpartisan ("We are interested in legislation—not in legislators") and rarely dominated by leftish leaders. The AVC will take up any cause concerning the veteran. At Harvard, when subsistence checks arrived late, the AVC arranged for veterans to borrow money from local banks. At Cornell the AVC broke up a college-bookstore practice which prevented veterans from getting a student discount on textbooks. When at Ohio State a Nisei Jap-American veteran was refused space in a rooming house, the AVC picketed the landlord into submission.

Young Progressive Citizens of America.—This organization is less than a year old and already claims 3,000 members in 65 colleges. It is conducting an intensive drive in 50 additional colleges, with the aid of the parent, Communist-supported PCA. On opening day last fall, on campuses from University of Connecticut to University of California, YPCA set up tables at registration lines and exhorted students to join.

This organization is the political entity behind Henry Wallace. It is formidable, left-wing and smart. (National headquarters advises student chapters to "Meet the campus big shots. They can help you." "Don't forget the lesser 'wheels.' Their support is important." "Work with religious groups." "Don't overlook the faculty." "Service new students with lists of best eating places, cleaners and laundries.")

Here is how the PCA sometimes operates: When Henry Wallace spoke in Baltimore, in October, pressure was put on Johns Hopkins University to have him address the students. The university offered the gym assembly if opposing views were also presented. Prominent opponents were not available, and so the Baltimore PCA rented the university's Levering Hall. PCA announced that "a group of Johns Hopkins students" had invited Wallace to speak there, implying that the students acted in response to the university's refusal to let Wallace address the assembly. This maneuver was well publicized.

But when Wallace did speak it was from a sound truck in front of the campus. To win student sympathy as a martyr to free speech he implied in his first sentence that the university had denied him the use of Levering Hall and later in his speech attacked the university's president. But a check with the city authorities reveals that the permit for Wallace's street talk was issued even before request was made to rent Levering Hall, which, obviously, it was never intended to use. This kind of chicanery doesn't fool students for long.

Students League for Industrial Democracy.—With 20 chapters, it is the principa Socialist organization, has the same philosophical objectives as the Communists i.e., a classless society and people's ownership of the means of production. Bu the two are in violent opposition. Th SLID insists that "the revolution" b achieved by peaceful, democratic mean and that these means are themselves mor important than the objectives. To direct action left-wingers, who want their millennium right now, this is fainthearte pussyfooting and they will have none o it. Because its program is largely educational, SLID gives little offense.

American Youth for Democracy.—Th AYD stimulates most of the charges c collegiate Communism. This is partly because the AYD objectives and prograr are no thorn in the side of the Communist party and partly because AYD ea lier this year was publicly described b the House Committee on Un-America Activities as a Communist front, forme in 1943 with the same ideology and t much the same personnel as the Youn Communist League. It was organize within 24 hours after YCL was dissolve to conform with shifts in Communist po icy.

I put this question to an AYD memb who admitted to me that he was a Con munist: "How many AYD students a Communists?" About 15 to 20 per cer he told me, on the basis of his intima knowledge of AYD college clubs. wasn't necessary to ask whether th controlled the organization. He had ready observed that, in student grou as among others, "10 per cent of t members did most of the work and real ran the show."

Exiled From the Campus

Both the influence and size of AY college groups have been somewhat exa gerated. Two thirds of AYD memb are not in college. There are less th 4,000 members in the 65 college chapte But of these, 25 clubs have been bann from campuses and at least ten have yet received recognition. To be bann is a serious handicap. Inability to bulletin boards, the newspaper, meet rooms and other facilities weakens college club almost to impotence. Ohio State, for example, the banish AYD meets across High Street from campus in a Unitarian church of wh Reverend Frank G. Ricker is pastor. a recent meeting of this group only ei students showed up.

"After I heard that," a student told "I stopped worrying."

Most politically active students c demn the banishment of AYD even m emphatically than they condemn A itself. An undergraduate told me, university that is afraid of a few radi can't have much faith in itself. We w to hear all kinds of opinions." Said other, "We'll run into Commies in a life, won't we? The sooner we learn to handle them the better."

Although colleges vary widely in dent political attitudes—usually refl ing the opinion of parents—on no m campus that I visited does any consid

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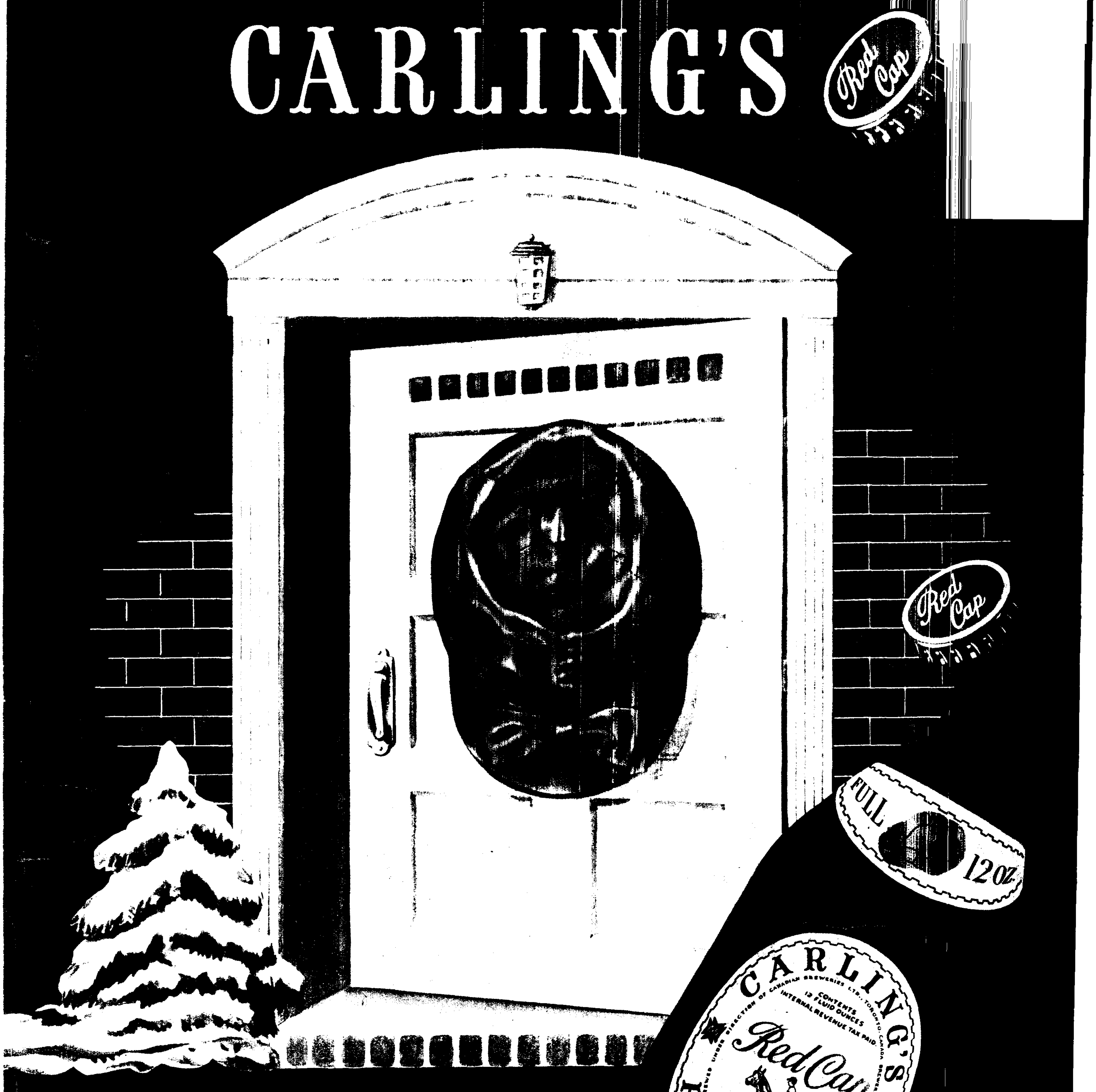
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ble Communist or radical group exist. Nor has there been any alarming increase. At some schools it is actually diminishing. Two years ago an AYD group was started at Missouri. But there wasn't enough interest to keep it alive. This fall no application to renew its charter was made.

Often described as a hotbed of Communism and soon to be investigated is the University of Chicago, one of few U.S. institutions where real political freedom is permitted both faculty and students. Because its students are unusually mature (there is no emphasis on sports or the social fraternity whirl) and unusually "leftish," Chicago should provide a magnificent opportunity for Communistic activity.

But the investigators are likely to be disappointed. There is a Communist Club, with Steven Bryant as president, which works openly and officially "to present to the campus the principles and present-day implications of Marxist theory." The members are assiduous letter writers and frequently express their point of view on current issues in letters to the student publication, the Maroon, and to key university figures. But what hampers their effectiveness is that from the huge "leftish" student body of this metropolitan university they have been able to enroll only eleven members.

This compares with a membership of 140 in the University of Chicago's academic Political Economy Club, of 190 in the Political Science Club, of 800 in the American Veterans Committee, of 210 in United World Federalists, of 49 in the Fellowship of Reconciliation ("those who believe in love as the effective force for transforming society"), of 80 in the American Youth for Democracy, 112 in the Young Progressive Citizens of America and 78 in Students for Democratic Action.

Remarked one observer: "Hotbed of Communism indeed! Chicago is just a hotbed of precocity."

Cornell's Communism Is Academic

The Number One Cornell Communist is Robert Fogel, a mild-mannered nonveteran who wears horn-rimmed glasses and speaks dispassionately on obscure Marxist philosophy with a slight suggestion of a lisp. Very little left-wing activity takes place at Cornell without Fogel's co-operation or endorsement. He is a vice-chairman of AYD, secretary-treasurer of the History Club and president of the Marxist Discussion Group, a fervent body of 25 who are organized, according to a bland official university description to "discuss the ideas of Karl Marx."

Fogel's description is only slightly more realistic. "Our object," he says, "is to lay the philosophical and political theories of Marx before the campus for consideration." But the Cornell group—like its counterpart at Harvard—conducts weekly campus classes in Marxism which do not wholly disparage the tenets of *Das Kapital*. They also organize meetings and debates on abstruse topics such as "Ethics of Socialism," "Oppression of Negroes," and "Is Socialism Possible in America?" During the past year 1,500 students have attended such meetings, and, Fogel hopes, been influenced by them.

In the Northwest at the University of Washington, Communist activity is somewhat more marked but no more effective. Edwin Alexander, organizer for the Communist party in Seattle, who coordinates student activity with headquarters policy, claims there are thirty Communist members in the party University District Branch and probably another twenty in Union Bay Village, university housing project. In addition there is a Communist faculty club with perhaps a score of members. These groups meet privately, keep their membership secret and only occasionally get behind a public meeting, as when the Communist national chairman, William Z. Foster, spoke at the Seattle Civic Auditorium, September 24th.

But student Communists at University of Washington have an unhappy, even perilous time. When caught distributing handbills by other students, they are subject to extralegal but thorough and immediate punishment.

The dean of one liberal college told me that campus Communism would neither undermine our schools nor convert our students. "What is more likely to do harm," he added, "is the alarming increase in anti-Semitism among students. Intolerance has always been a more formidable enemy to society than Communism ever will be."

Signs of Anti-Semitic Feeling

I looked into it. In the East, gentile undergraduates generally are undisturbed by the increase in Jewish students. But they seldom seek out their friendship. In the Middle West, there is often an open hostility toward "Eastern Jews." But this has less to do with race than with individuals. Said one college official, "We get the second-raters. The best of them get their pick of Eastern schools and the rest come to us. They have a superior attitude and try to run everything on the campus. They look on us as dumb farmers. Naturally we resent it. They give us trouble."

At the University of Missouri the editor of a student publication made a personal check on undergraduate attitude. "For a week, every time I talked with other kids," he told me, "I made it a point to make some disparaging remark about Jews, obviously going out of my way to make cracks. Ninety-nine times out of 100 my remark was not criticized but was actually used as a foundation for a further slur. We may not be typical but we're sure anti."

At the University of Iowa resentment flared to such an extent that a Jewish faculty member was attacked and beaten by students.

Not always are violent demonstrations indicative of a general attitude. At Minnesota, offensive signs were painted on campus buildings, the mildest of which was "Kill the Jews." The F.B.I. found the outbreak to be the work of only one student, a veteran who claimed he had been oppressed by Jewish officers during the war.

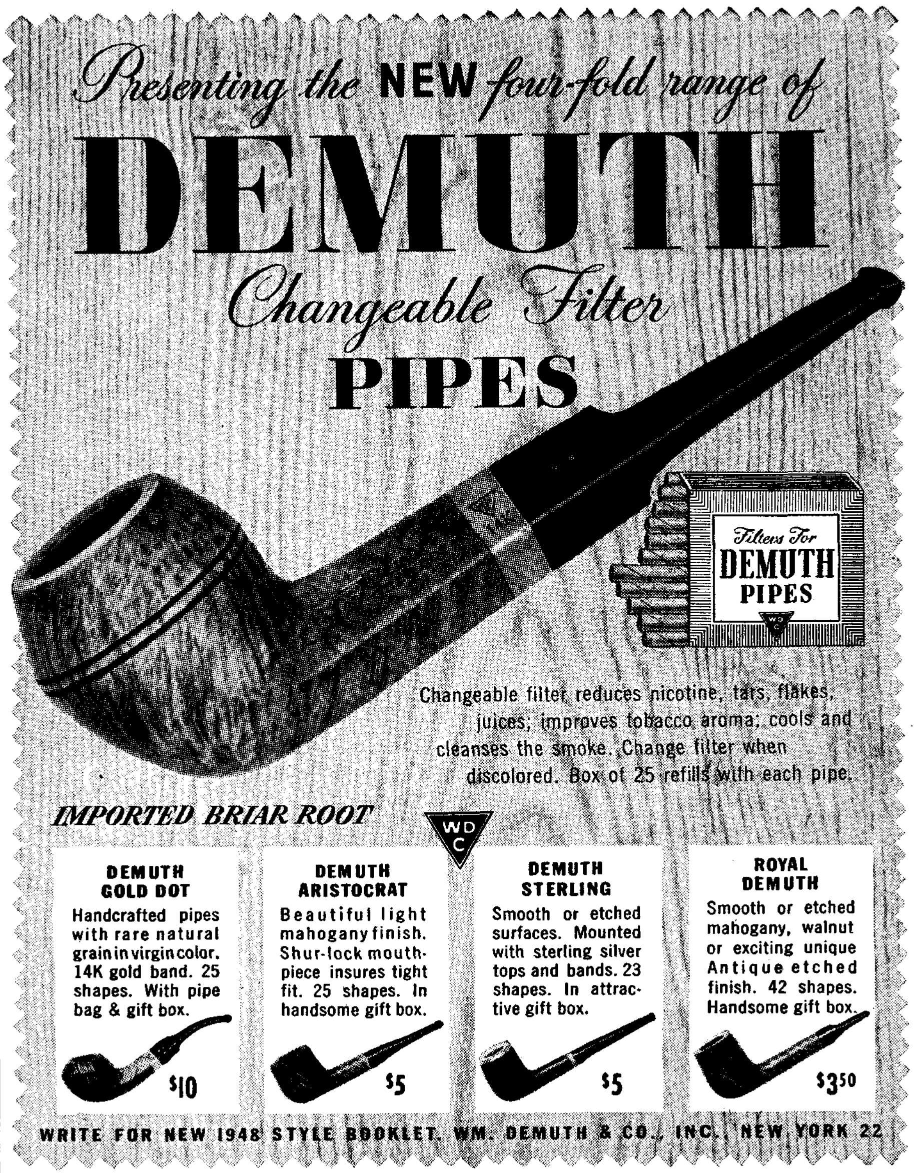
Anti-Semitism is a social problem and rarely stems from campus leaders. The veterans don't believe in it; they think they went to war because big was pushing little around. Nonveterans find such concepts in conflict with the ideals which stimulate their thinking.

Extremes of intolerance and of radical thinking are as rare today as is the raccoon-coated Joe College of the goldfish-swallowing era. There is still plenty of college spirit, but, inside, it has crystallized the new idea expressed by one student: "So little effort, so few changes, would make such tremendous improvements in this world. It seems we all ought to try to do something."

That young man—and the 150,000 other leaders like him—will come out of college better equipped to make those changes than any other group of students in history. Never was our academic atmosphere more favorable; never have young people been more receptive. Neither Roosevelt nor Truman nor Marshall nor Dewey nor Taft nor any other leaders today developed from surroundings of such favorable portent.

And perhaps there is the extra promise of realism in the remark of a young World Federalist. "I don't want to be President," he said fervently, "but please, God, just for a little while, let me be Secretary of State."

THE END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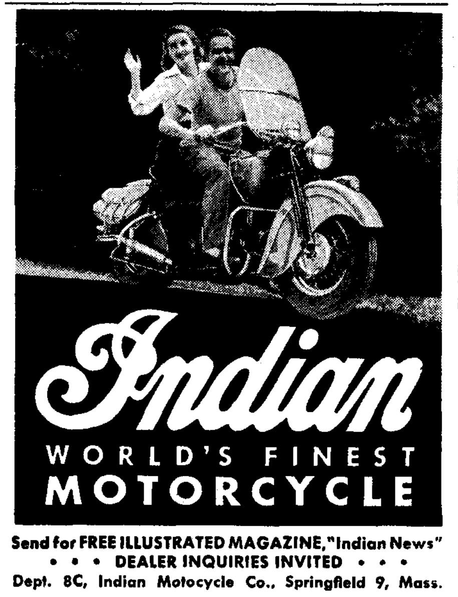
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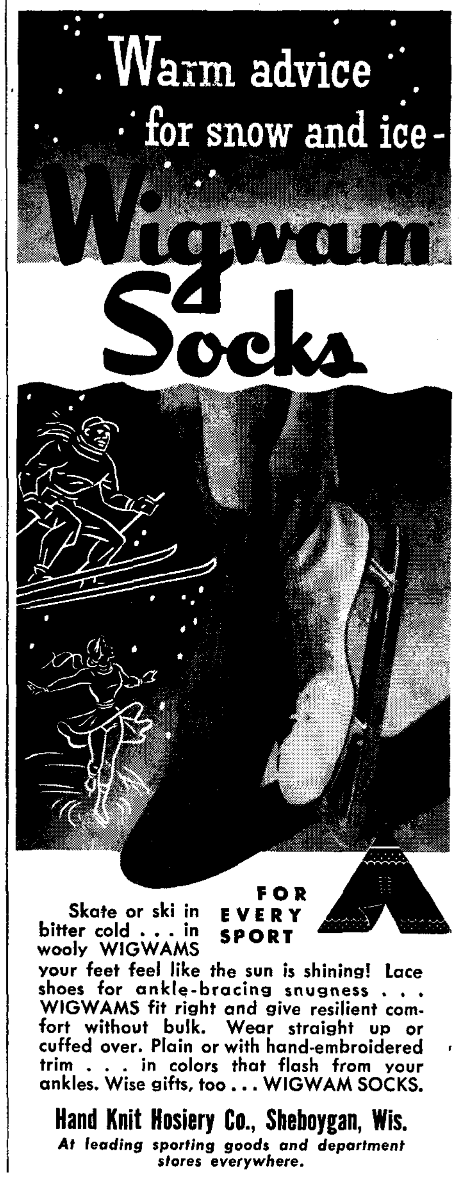
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A DISH OF APPLES

Continued from page 80

"Just till you get the book finished?"

"That's it," I said, "just till I get the book finished." I didn't tell him that now the book would never be finished.

Well, that had disposed of Chris, but I felt like a lying heel for putting it over on the kid that way.

So that was my start at facing realities. I followed through by going back to the office. The boys were swell—no prying and probing, no windy condolences. Just a handshake or a touch on the shoulder, and, "Sorry, Ken" or, "A tough break, guy." And after that, strictly business. As Harriet said, life goes on. . . .

I turned out the light and closed the door gently on that room. I stood in the dark hall, thinking about Chris. A quiet boy, Chris—nice manners, a nice kid.

I remembered Irene saying one time, "Ken, I wish you and Chris knew each other better." No, Irene wasn't complaining. It was just a wistful thought. I always got on fine with Chris, but with the hours I had to keep, we never had much chance to get chummy. And sometimes I felt a little awkward with Chris. I figured he might resent my trying the paternal stuff. Chris knew I wasn't his real father—that his real father was dead.

Well, the next seven days were going to be a lonely and haphazard time for the boy. Anyway, Chris wasn't a jittery kid. He was sturdy, self-reliant. Irene's recipe for children was lots of love, but no coddling, no wrapping up in apron strings. All week I'd been amazed at the way Chris could look after himself.

I went into the little sewing room I'd fixed up as an office when I started writing my novel. I had to get busy and turn out my fight story for the morning column. But it knotted up my insides to look around the little room again, to see the manuscript of my half-finished novel stacked neatly on the desk.

THE book had been Irene's idea. I'd told her about a man I knew—the story of his life, the inside story. And I laughed when Irene said I ought to make a book of it. Knocking out a sports column was one thing, writing a novel was something else. And where would I get the time?

"You could do it, Ken," Irene said. "Start it. Write a couple of pages a day," she pleaded. "Just to please me?"

So that's how the book got started. It was tough work, and I bogged down badly until Irene came to the rescue. Irene told me to pretend I was just talking to her, telling her the story. And the idea worked—it worked out fine.

"Now you've got it, Ken!" Irene said, and there were tears in her eyes. Irene was so proud of the book—so proud and happy every time I added another page, another chapter.

I sweated over that book every night, after I came home from the paper. And no matter how late I finished, Irene always came in with a pot of black coffee and a dish of apples on a tray.

The coffee was for me, the apples for Irene. While I sipped my coffee, she'd sit there across the desk, biting into a big red apple while she read the new script. Now and then she'd glance up at me and smile, with a slow dimple breaking in her cheek. Then she'd take another crunch of apple and go on reading.

We didn't have a title for the novel. It was just The Book. It was going to do wonderful things for us. It was going to buy us a house in the country, and leisure time and gracious living. And later, when Chris was old enough for college, we were going to pack up and go see for ourselves if the world was really round.

I didn't know then what an act Irene was putting on. Only later, I found out from Doc Grayson that Irene had known it was only a matter of time for her—a short time. All I knew was that Irene and I had moved even closer to each other, that she had her heart shining in her eyes; her voice was as gentle as the touch of velvet. I looked at the pile of neatly typed sheets and I hated them, thinking of the hours of work they represented—hours I could have shared with Irene.

I slammed the script into a desk drawer. I opened the typewriter and started pounding out the story of how Red Cavanagh had knocked out Danny Petrucci. I didn't give a damn about either of them. I didn't give a damn about anything in the world.

So I finished the job, and slapped the cover back on the machine. I was checking through the story when I smelled something. I jumped up, sniffing, startled. It smelled like coffee.

It was coffee, and the smell of it gave me an awful jolt, as if time had suddenly turned a somersault. I went down the stairs on rubber legs. There was a light in the kitchen, and Chris in pajamas and bathrobe, making coffee on the gas stove.

"What goes on, Chris?" I asked.

"Coffee," he said. "It's for you." He looked at me, sleepy-eyed, half grinning in a sort of embarrassed shyness. "Mom—Mom told me that any time you were working late on the book, and I was awake, I was to get up and put the coffeepot on." I guess Chris saw the queer look on my face, because he added anxiously, "It's—it's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure—sure it's all right," I said, trying to get the choke out of my voice. Everything inside me was suddenly topsy-turvy.

"It'll be ready in a minute," Chris said. "I'll bring it up."

"Okay," I said, and I got out of there fast. I needed a minute or two alone to get myself pulled together.

In a little while Chris came up the stairs. He had the stuff on a tray, fixed just like Irene always fixed it—coffeepot, cup, saucer, spoon, napkin. No sugar, no cream. And Irene's little silver dish with the apples. Three apples—always three apples. "One to eat, two to look at," Irene always said.

It was like seeing a ghost. My hand was shaking as I poured the coffee. I stared at Chris. "When did your mother tell you about this—about the coffee?"

"Oh, a long time ago," Chris said. "It was the day Mom sent for Doctor Grayson. After he went, Mom told me she might get sick and have to go away—and if she did, I was to help you—"

Chris' eyes began to moisten, and his tongue stammered, and I said quickly, "So she showed you how to make coffee, Chris?"

The kid nodded, biting on his lip.

"It's fine, Chris," I said. "You certainly made a good job of it. . . . And she told you about the apples, too?"

Chris nodded. "Mom said not to forget the apples. Three apples, in the silver dish. And always wash them first—"

I couldn't say anything, I couldn't even swallow the lump in my throat. To Chris it was just three apples in a dish, but to me it was Irene speaking—Irene whispering to me to remember, to pretend that she was still there, across the desk from me—

BUT it wasn't Irene. It was Chris, eleven-year-old Chris, and all the sleepiness in his eyes couldn't cover up the loneliness and lostness that was hidden there. I blurted out the first thing that came into my mind—I asked Chris if he'd like to have an apple.

He reached out and took one. He bit into it, a slow, crunching bite, just the way Irene used to do, with the same absorbed, meditative look. I noticed his lashes, long and curved. Irene always said Chris looked like his father, but I saw now that he had Irene's clear brown eyes, and Irene's lashes.

And I saw something else—that as long as Chris was in this house, there was something of Irene, too, something that even death couldn't take away. Irene must have known that, when she whispered, "Never forget the apples, Chris—three apples, on the silver dish."

"Chris," I said gently, "maybe I've made a mistake. About sending you off to Aunt Harriet's. Maybe you'd rather stay here—with me. Just the two of us, together. Would you like that better?"

Chris made a choking sound as he gulped the bite of apple. He bit hard on his lip, trying not to cry. But two tears came sliding down his cheeks. "Y-yes!" he stammered. "Oh, yes!"

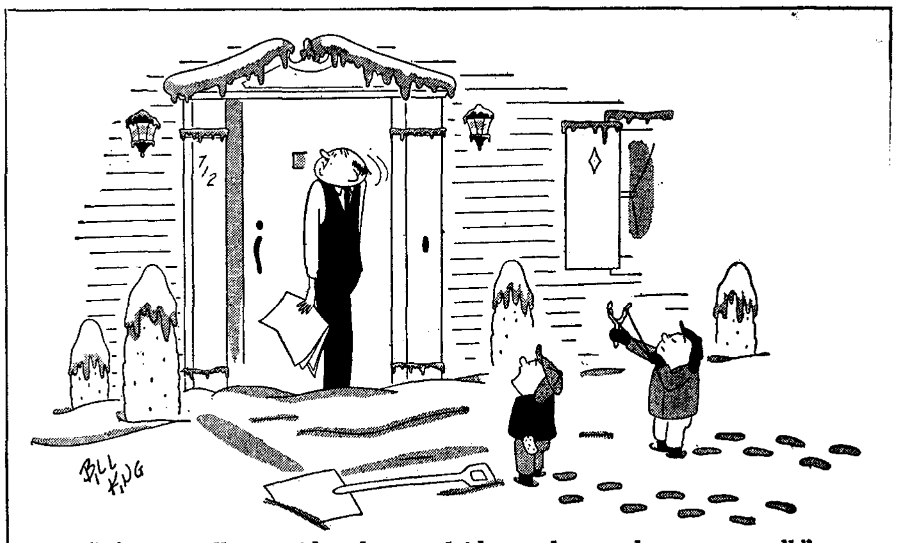
"Okay, Chris," I said. "We'll stick together. We're going to run into some knotty problems, but we can make it sort of a game, Chris. And once we get that book finished—"

I saw it all clearly then. I could do more for Irene than just finish our book. Chris was also writing a book—the book of his life, a page a day. I could help Chris through those first faltering chapters, show him how to hold the pen, teach him to write with a firm, bold hand. Irene would like that, best of all.

Chris' voice cut into my expanding dream. "Dad, your coffee's getting cold."

I lifted the cup and drank. It was terrible coffee, overbrewed, strong as acid, with sludge on the bottom and loose grounds floating around on top. It was the finest cup of coffee I ever tasted.

THE END



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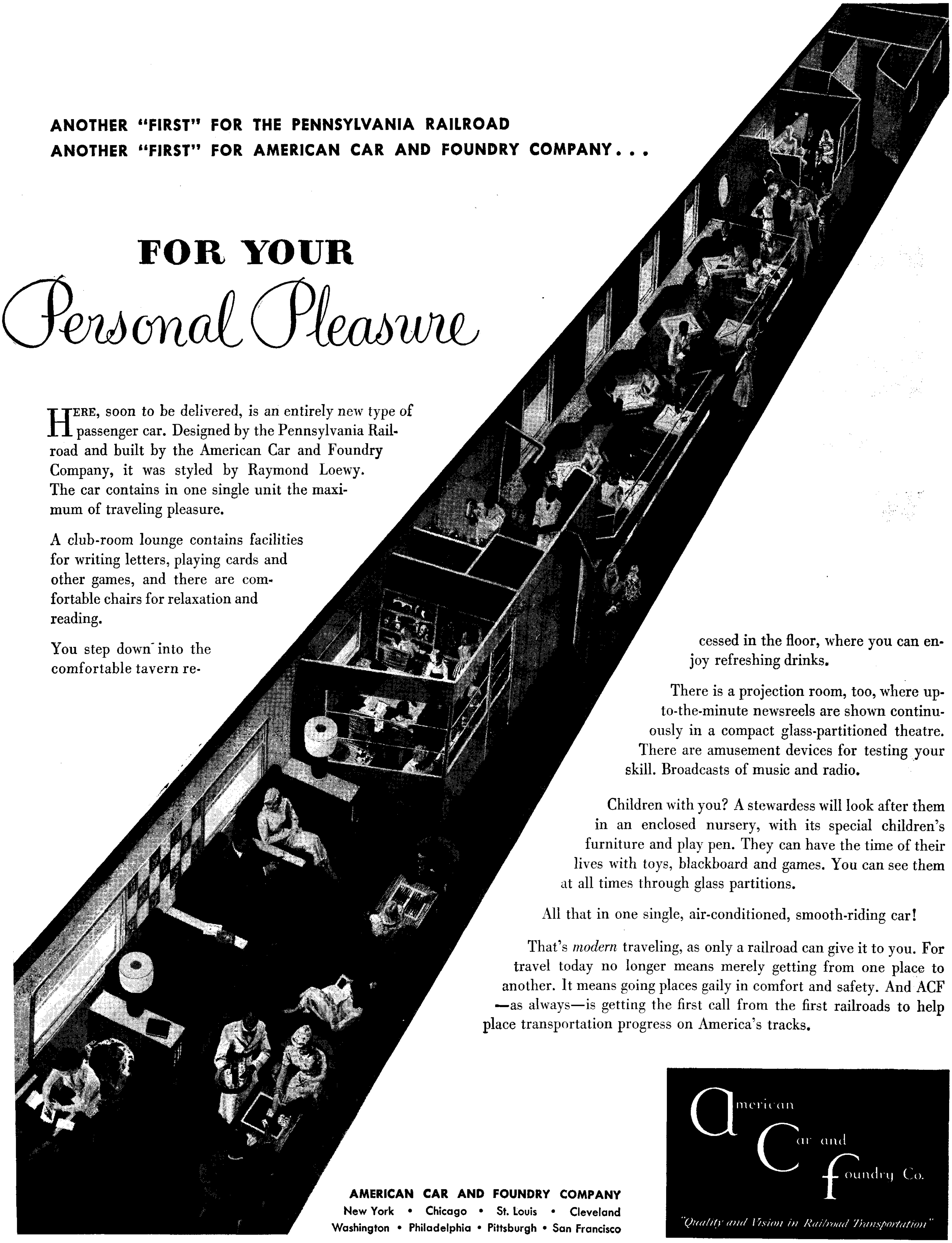

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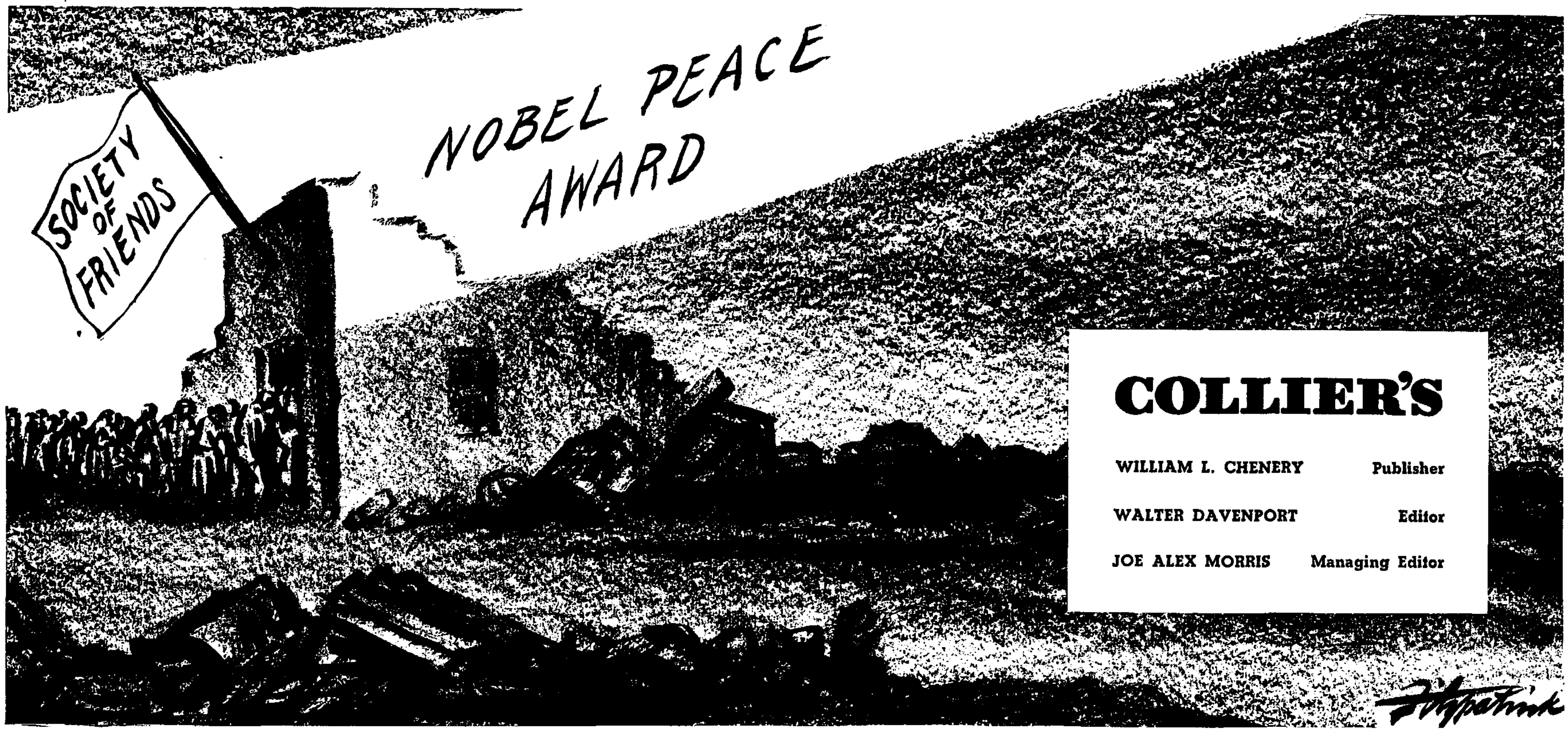

COLLIER'S

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REAL PEACE WORKERS REWARDED

WE DON'T know when any news item has gratified us more than the recent announcement that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1947, by unanimous vote of the prize committee, had been awarded to the London Friends Service Council and the American Friends Service Committee—share and share alike in the total prize of almost $40,000. The Friends are far better known by the familiar name of Quakers—meaning the church adorned by such members as Herbert Hoover, Dr. Rufus Jones, Clarence E. Pickett and David Hinshaw, among many others.

For our money, these people are genuine believers in and workers for peace. They have been at it for 300 years this year; ever since the Friends' founder, George Fox, laid down the principles that war is an egregious crime any way you look at it and that the highest human virtue is practical helpfulness toward one's fellow man, no matter what his creed or color or politics or how he wears his hat.

The Quakers haven't succeeded in abolishing war, God wot. But in and between wars they have conducted huge and shrewdly managed relief operations—more than $60,000,000 worth, for example, in more than 20 countries since World War I. They were even able to get permission from the thoroughly brutalized Nazi government to do some important charity work in Germany in the last few years before World War II.

We aren't trying to proselyte for the Quakers don't belong to the group ourselves, and have n present notion of joining up. We just want t proffer the sincerest congratulations to both th Friends and the Nobel Peace Prize Committee o what seems to us as fitting and merited an award a that committee ever has made.

LET'S BE NICE TO DE GAULLE

AMONG the safest bets one could make at this writing would be a bet that General Charles de Gaulle, for better or for worse, is the coming top man in French government circles. De Gaulle's sensational successes in the recent French municipal elections, on a straight-out platform of no compromise with Communists, brought his political stock overnight from far below par to far above.

That being the case, wouldn't it be politic for our State Department to hush-hush such of its employees as dislike De Gaulle?

True, the general is a moody, opinionated France Firster who likes to compare himself more than favorably with St. Joan of Arc, and with whom many a diplomat finds it hard to get along.

It is also true, though, that this wartime inspirer and heartener of the powerful French underground is in peacetime the idol of great numbers of French voters. If anybody can save France from the Communists, De Gaulle can. The cardinal aim of the Marshall Plan is to save all Western Europe from the Communists.

Why, then, shouldn't our government overloo General de Gaulle's peculiarities, pay due respect t his crotchets, and treat him with the deference whic he considers his due? We shouldn't give him to much, of course, if and after he becomes the officia headman in France; but it would be foolish to snoo or irritate him unnecessarily.

The man is pro-American politically, and Europ is so short on pro-Americans just now that we'll b smart to butter up any and all of them that we ca find.

MAKE IT UNANIMOUS

IT'S much to be hoped, we think, that Congress at its next session will make the community-property principle applicable to all federal income taxes.

Under this system, now in force under the laws of only a few states, husband and wife can file separate returns on one half of the family income apiece, and thus keep the total tax lower than if only one return were filed on the entire income.

These state laws are 99 per cent certain not to be repealed. Why not, then, make it unanimous, and thereby wipe out this unfair advantage in favor of taxpayers in the community-property states?

True, the proposed change would not benefit taxpayers in brackets below $3,300 a year. Therefore, to make it palatable to all federal income taxpayers, it would have to be packaged with other reductions in favor of the low-bracket group.

But it looks like a highly desirable change non theless. It would do two things:

(1) take an estimated $700,000,000 to $900,00 000 worth of pressure per year off middle- ar upper-bracket people, increasingly hard pressed inflation, and

(2) release a considerable portion of that amou for investment in new enterprises or business e pansion. Let's have it.

KEEP PUNCHING AT T.B.

JUST a reminder: Don't forget to buy plenty of National Tuberculosis Association Christmas seals this year, for decorating Christmas packages, letters, cards, etc.

These little stamps help enormously in financing one of the most important and effective crusades in the history of U.S. medicine—the war on T.B.

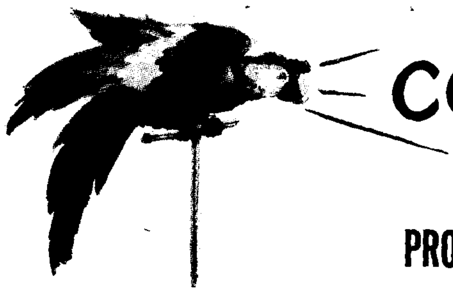
When the NTA was formed in 1904, tuberculosis was the champion killer among diseases in this country. Since that time, T.B. has sunk to seventh place.

The disease still, however, is far too prevalent—knocks off about 50,000 of us a year—and persiste public education in its early detection and treatme is a MUST if T.B. is eventually to be cut to t irreducible minimum in the United States.

Why not double your customary Christmas s purchase this year?

CORBY'S
CORBY'S
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS BARCLAY

"Thanks-and the same to you"

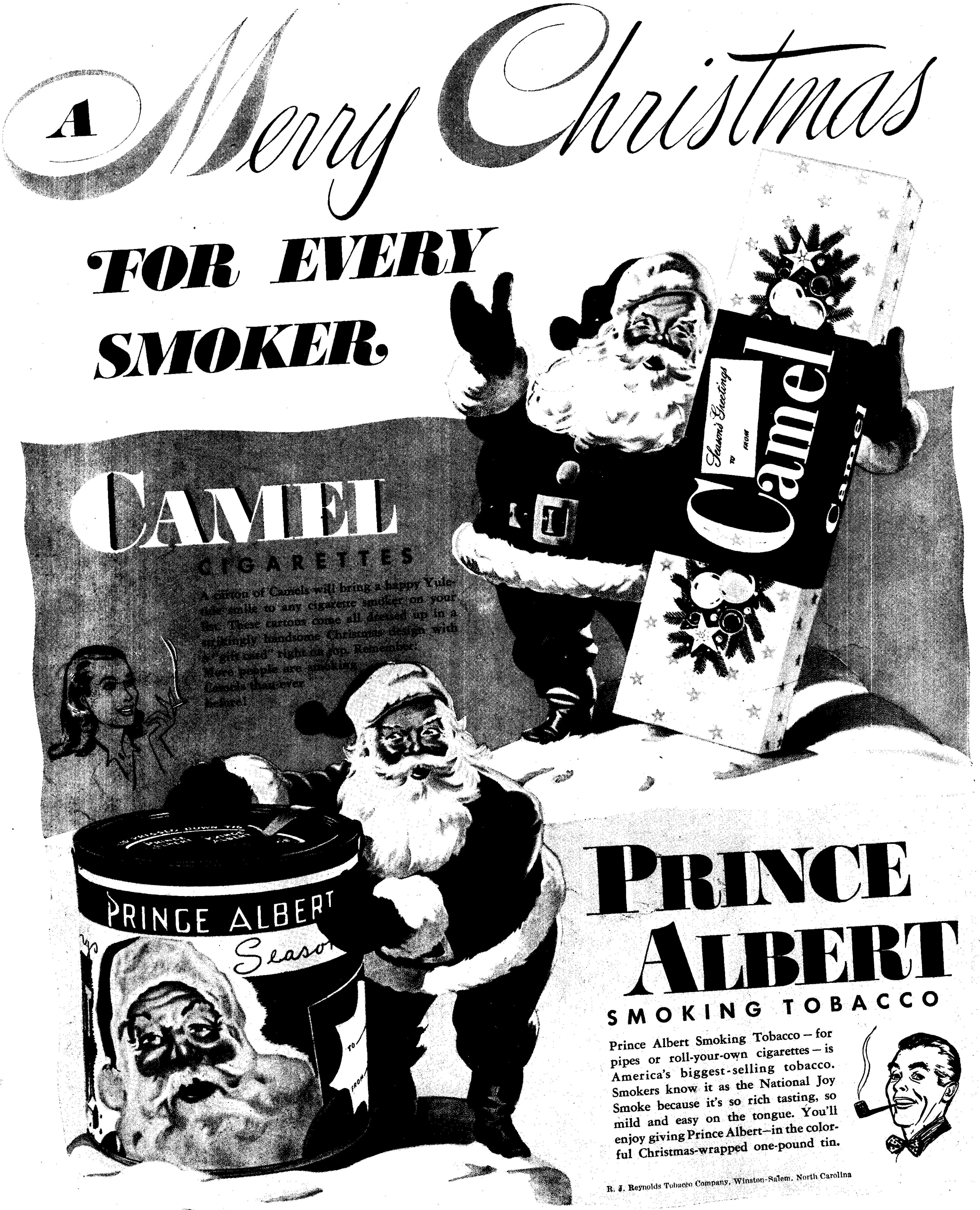


CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



A Merry Christmas

FOR EVERY SMOKER

CAMEL

CIGARETTES

A carton of Camels will bring a happy Yuletide smile to any cigarette smoker on your list. These cartons come all dressed up in a strikingly handsome Christmas design with a "gift card" right on top. Remember: More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco – for pipes or roll-your-own cigarettes – is America's biggest-selling tobacco. Smokers know it as the National Joy Smoke because it's so rich tasting, so mild and easy on the tongue. You'll enjoy giving Prince Albert–in the colorful Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina